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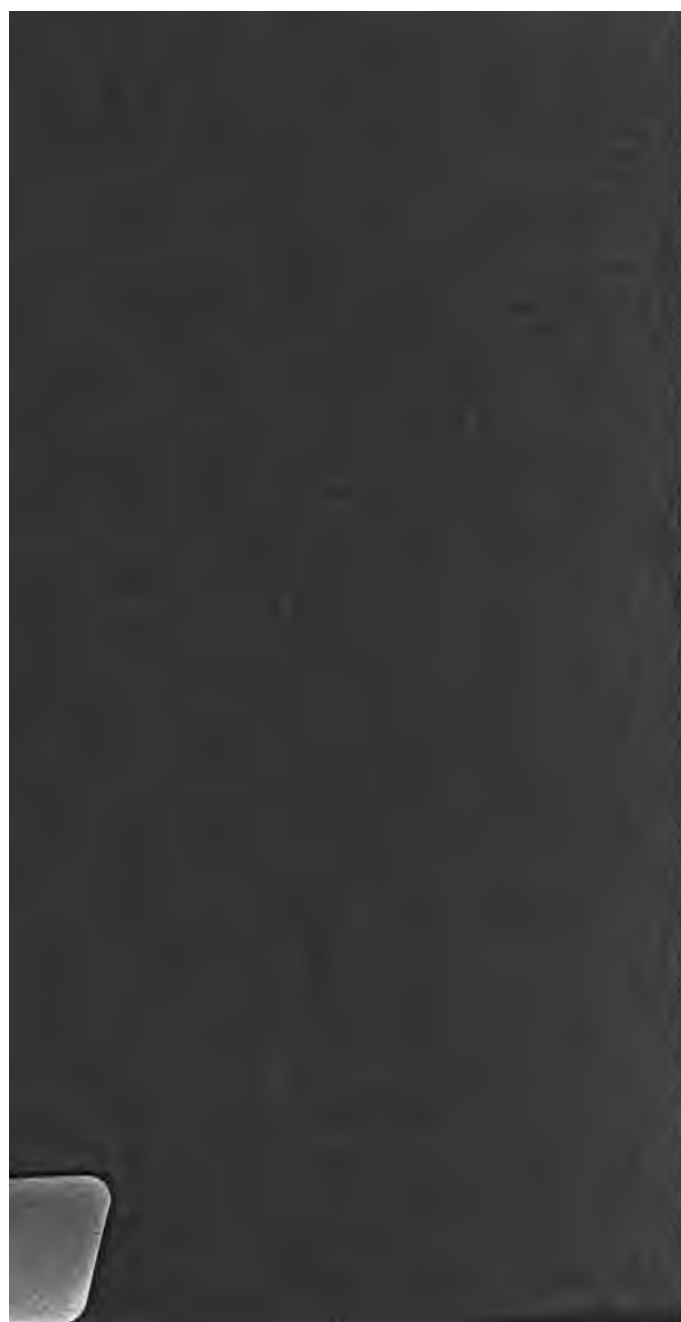
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A
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HOME THROUGH SPAIN.







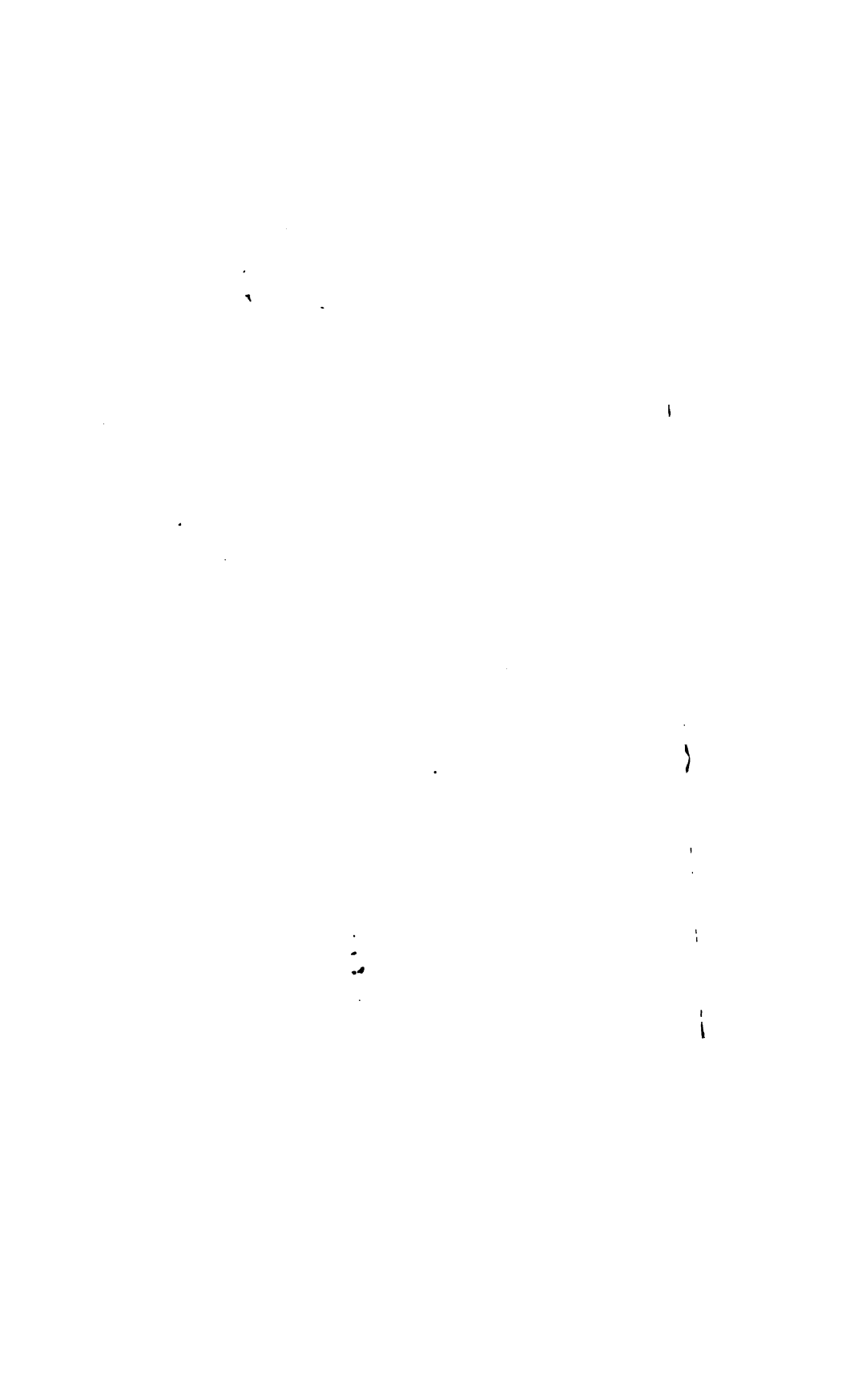


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A WINTER IN TANGIER

AND

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BY
MRS. HOWARD-VYSE.



LONDON:
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1882.

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Tower Street Upper St. Martin's Lane.

DEDICATION.

I dedicate these, my 'Rough Notes,' to you, my dear

Lady Drummond-Hay,

without your permission, trusting to the same invariable kindness towards them which we ourselves met with from you, Sir John, and your Daughters, and which contributed so much to the enjoyment of our Winter at Tangier.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

L. HOWARD-VYSE.

THE MANOR COTTAGE,
OLD WINDSOR.

Easter, 1882.

PREFACE.

WHEN I began to keep these Rough Notes, as a journal, I never contemplated producing them in print, and I am only induced to do so at the present time, because I believe that little is known of Tangier, and the surrounding country, and still less of its climate. The latter, I believe to be a most equable one; and from my own experience, in spite of an unusually wet winter, to have a wonderfully beneficial effect upon delicate lungs, or bronchial tubes, although a bracing one is far more congenial to my own feelings.

I have therefore thought that the account of our daily life, weather, and expenses, may be useful to some, who seek for a mild winter climate, and, like ourselves, are not over-burdened with this world's goods.

Two new hotels are in progress of being built. The 'Villa de France,' situated on the hill, overlooking the town, is not only well managed by Mons. Bruzaud, but his wife and family are most obliging and considerate at all times, for those who occupy their rooms.

L. H. V.

A WINTER IN TANGIER

AND

HOME THROUGH SPAIN.

TANGIER:

‘THE CITY PROTECTED OF THE LORD.’

DEC. 7th, 1880.—‘*Bruzaud's Hôtel, Villa de France.*’—Up early, preparatory to leaving Gibraltar at 11 o'clock to-day for this place. Very sorry to say ‘Good-bye’ to this lovely climate and scenery, to say nothing of all the kindness we have received from Lord and Lady Napier of Magdala, and the naval and military society here. We went on board the *Little Hercules* soon after 11 o'clock, but did not get under weigh till 12.20! Blowing hard from the east, and a very rough sea, even in harbour, which caused great difficulty and delay in getting the merchandise on board. ‘The Rock’ and the distant coast, with the neutral ground and Algesiras, as we left the bay, were looking very beautiful in the alternations of bright sunlight and passing shadows. The wind increased, and heavy scuds of rain added to our

discomforts. The Captain kindly took us down from the little bridge-deck to his small cabin under it, and next to the paddle, where we got air and were sheltered from the rain.

Happily, 'Time and the Hour run through the roughest day,' and, in spite of the rough sea and wind we arrived only a quarter of an hour after our time, viz. at a quarter-past three o'clock. And in this bay, our vessel being very small, we were able to anchor close in shore, which, from the rocky nature and shallowness of the bay, no large vessel is able to do. And now began a wonderful scene. The vessel was surrounded by boats, which had been awaiting our arrival, and we were soon boarded by Arabs in all sorts of picturesque costumes. Some in loose white shirts, and full drawers, reaching to just below the knee, bare necks, legs, and feet, and shaved heads and scarlet fez. Others in long, loose burnouses or gelabs, and white turbans. An Arab from Bruzard's Hotel brought us a note from Sir John Drummond-Hay, the British Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary, saying that he had secured rooms for us at this hotel. We had great difficulty in getting into the boat, into which our luggage had already been slung by ropes, owing to the very heavy swell, which rose and fell so rapidly. An Arab seized me by the waist, as I stood on the companion-ladder, and tossed me to another in the boat, at the imminent risk of my dropping into the sea, and my companions followed in the same way. It

was a great relief to find ourselves in the large flat-bottomed boat, having escaped from the mass of shouting, screaming, and gesticulating Arabs on the deck.

The large French steamer, which had preceded us, was, as we expected, lying a long way out from the shore, and the waves were breaking in sheets of white foam over the bar. We, ourselves, were landed at a high, rough sort of wooden pier, but the boat went on to the shore, and it was a curious sight to see the Arabs rushing and wading through the surf up to their waists, and bringing off our luggage to the beach on their heads and shoulders. The largest pieces were left at the Custom House. We then set off on our walk through the town, accompanied by our bearers, carrying our smaller pieces of baggage and balancing the larger ones on the backs of donkeys.

We were extremely surprised to find no conveyances, and still more so to learn, as we afterwards did, that such a thing as a carriage—not even a wheelbarrow—is known throughout the kingdom of Morocco! Everything is carried on the heads and backs of men and animals. Passing through the seagate, ‘Bab-el-Marsa,’ which is very ancient, and which is locked every night, we ascended a steep, paved street, passed by the great Mosque, and emerged into the ‘Sok Srare,’ or little market, a small ‘Place,’ partly surrounded with shops, much resembling small open sheds. Everything appeared most curious

and picturesque, and totally unlike anything I have ever seen. The buildings, the bright-coloured dresses and turbans, all looking so Oriental; the mules and donkeys loaded with every variety of produce; the shops, like little, dark, square recesses, in which their owners, clothed in flowing white robes and turbans, sat cross-legged upon their shopboards, surrounded by their many-coloured wares,—all brought the *Arabian Nights* to one's mind. Very rough walking, and, in parts, not particularly clean, although we had got into the principal street of the town, after leaving the little 'Sok.' Thence, passing under a very narrow, arched gateway, we found ourselves in a sort of open yard, with sheds on two sides, to which all the animals here are brought to be shod, either on arrival or before leaving the town. Leaving this, we passed out of the town under the great gateway, 'Bab-el-Sok,' which is also locked every night, on to the great Market-place, or 'Socco,' and gradually toiled up the steep slope, at the top of which is Bruzard's Hotel.

The approach to it is up a narrow lane, which was ankle-deep in mud, as far as a gateway, which led into a pretty terrace-garden, full of all sorts of flowers. I was most thankful to reach the hotel after a most fatiguing walk of more than a mile. The hotel is quite a small house, what would be called an *auberge* in France; but a large wing is now being added to it. It has a fine view of the town from it,

with the sea and coast of Spain in the distance ; but all the best rooms face the north, which in winter is a serious objection.

Dec. 8th.—In spite of fatigue, found the beds too hard for much sleep. Dined last evening at the table d'hôte, and were eight at dinner : Mr. and Mrs. Weeks (he is the well-known American artist, who has exhibited his Moorish scenes in our Royal Academy, and is still better known in the *Salon* of Paris) and four officers of the Artillery and Rifles from Gibraltar, on leave for a few days' shooting, which is good here. Arranged with Mons. Bruzaud to have a sitting-room and live *à part*. We have two windows looking to the east ; but the sun is gone by ten o'clock, and there are no fire-places. Our other windows are to the north. Happily my maid has a south room.

We have engaged Hadji, the Arab, whom Sir John Drummond-Hay sent to meet us on our arrival, as our servant, guide, and interpreter : an intelligent man of twenty-eight, who has been in the service of Europeans all his life, and can speak good Spanish and a little French, and is very smart and clean. He is to wait on us entirely ; we are to give him three *duros* (dollars) and a half—namely, fourteen shillings per week—without food, which we were told are very high wages for Tangier.

In my interview with Mons. Bruzaud, in order to settle the terms for our expenses here during the winter, they appeared to me rather exorbitant, and I

could not prevail on him to take less, than two pounds per day ; which is certainly dear, as everything here is wonderfully cheap—and, of course, this does not include wine and many other items. Our apartment consists of a bed, and dressing-room, my maid's room, and a very small, narrow sitting-room. We have lovely views from both north and east windows. The early morning sun came in at our windows most pleasantly, and the white buildings of the town below stood out brightly against the dark-blue sea beyond them, whilst to the right, close to the garden of this hotel, was a picturesque mass of pine-trees, belonging to a villa occupied by a French family.

Mons. Bruzard has just brought me in a quantity of real summer roses, deliciously sweet mignonette, heliotrope, and many other flowers.

We went down to the town after our 12 o'clock *déjeuner*, and bought some Moorish brackets and pottery to decorate our sitting-room, as the white walls look very cold and bare. We saw a great many very original-looking lamps, made of brass, and all sorts of coloured mantas and rugs from Rabat. Delighted with the beauty of colour and form, and greatly struck with the men's magnificent heads ; the multiplicity of costumes and fine figures ; the flowing burnouses, and broad white turbans, surmounted by the red fez and large blue tassel ; the characteristic faces, some with long, black, gray, or snow-white beards ; the brilliant colours, especially a sort of light

blue worn by some of the boys and young men ; were a constant and endless interest. All the characters in the Old Testament seemed to be passing before our eyes. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were personified at every moment ; and I think it probable, that the costumes are now almost identically the same, as those of the old Biblical age, for nothing is so changeless as the dresses, habits, and costumes of Oriental life.

As we were returning across the Sok, on our way to our hotel, we came upon the first group of camels, which we have seen, just arrived from Fez, all unladen, and lying down in rows, attended by their Arab drivers, who, wrapped up in their white burnouses, or brown gelabs, were squatting on the ground near them. They had all come from the interior with goods for Europe, and for the great market to-morrow. We passed through a narrow, sandy lane, the hedges of which were composed of gigantic aloes, tall, graceful canes, and masses of huge prickly pears, amongst which rose scarlet geraniums to the height of twelve and even fourteen feet. The hillside between this spot and the town, as well as a great part of the country immediately surrounding it, appears to me to be one vast cemetery—as, indeed, we are told, it has been for ages. Graves on all sides : some edged with a few stones, others have only a small piece of wood at the head. The graves of the richer class of Arabs are enclosed by a wall of about three feet high at the upper end, gradually diminishing in height towards the front. In general the graves of recent date

have many branches of myrtle laid upon them ; and near the gates of the town, we saw women selling myrtle-boughs for that purpose. The women in the white hawks, as they moved amongst the graves, looked like the shrouded ghosts of those who lay below. On one grave near us was a woman wailing and praying, raising and clasping her hands, and bowing her head, until it touched the ground. Hadji told us, that she had lately lost her child. All the graves point towards the Prophet's tomb at Mecca, and they imagine, that Azrael, the Angel of Death, hovers around every freshly made grave.

Since Europeans have come so much amongst them, they have less dread of the Nazarenes, as they call us ; but many still imagine, that the faithful dead are troubled, when an infidel passes over their graves. The luxuriant growth of the chamærops palm and aloe soon covers the uncared-for graves of ages past, and all are green with grass and weeds ; amongst them, quantities of the pretty yellow oxalis, small brown arum (known in Italy as the 'capucino'), blue periwinkle, purple iris, &c. ; and, here and there, one comes upon fine bushes of bramble (our blackberry), covered with its blossoms of a deep pink colour, mastic, and lentisk. On the graves the Arabs plant a great deal of sage. Hadji says, that, during the scarcity of bread three years ago, the Arabs dug up the wild arum roots, dried them, and ground them into flour, and that they lived on the bread made of it ; but it was very bitter. No root was ever touched that grew near a

grave. The wind was cold to-day, and there was a good deal of it, and towards the evening the sky became cloudy.

Dec. 9th.—Strong gusts of wind all night, and a great deal during the early part of the morning, but delightfully bright and sunny, and the wind not at all cold. After our usual early breakfast, we went down to the hillside, where the great market was being held. A most extraordinary sight! Two or three thousand Arabs, many amongst them being women, all in haiks or burnouses, more or less clean, were assembled, numbers having come in from the interior, bringing with them all sorts of commodities for sale. We first reached a group of camels lying down, and on Hadji forcing one to rise, we found that one fore-leg was tied up, according to 'Rarey's' system, in order to prevent their wandering away, although they could get up and down. Farther on was a group of horses, some of them with the high Turkish saddle covered with red cloth, Turkish-slipper stirrups, and an ornamented head-stall, with the usual Oriental bit, composed of two iron rings, one being inside and the other outside the mouth, under the lips. This was very loose, but very rough inside the mouth, and must be most severe. The stirrups were very short, as they always appear to be here. We then plunged into the thick of this extraordinarily motley assemblage. Elbowing our way at the heels of horses, mules, and donkeys, who, having their fore-feet hobbled, were perfectly harmless, (even if some of them had not

been already rendered so by fatigue and bad keep), we squeezed through the dirty crowd, amongst whom, however, there were some magnificently fine figures and faces. It was a work of not a little difficulty, but Hadji, by dint of pushing and shouting, made an opening for us through the crowd. Many were seated, especially women, on the ground, with the various articles, which they had for sale around them. Enormous heaps of oranges, prickly pears, carruba beans, coarse pottery, a curious sort of oblong nut, bright green, crimson, yellow, and red peppers, large bunches of palmetto shoots, of which they eat the pith raw, together with little brooms made of the leaves, which surrounded it. One man had a large heap of canary seed before him, which is exported in great quantities. All were talking, gesticulating, and making bargains—of course in Arabic, which has a very guttural, but, at the same time, very soft sound. Foremost in bargaining were, of course, the Jews, in the dress peculiar to themselves; namely, black skull-cap, white shirt confined by a broad sash of black or colour, loose white drawers reaching to the ankles, white stockings and black shoes, and a long, limp, open gaberdine, of black or mauve silk or stuff.

We then entered the town by one of the picturesque old Moorish gates, amongst a crowd of people and loaded animals coming and going. Went to some shops. Saw quantities of silks, satins, linen, and muslins, embroidered, in various colours. The rich Arabs use the muslin for curtains to their doors,

as they have no windows ; and cover their mattresses and cushions with these gorgeous satins. I bought a few pieces of muslin and linen, ancient, and therefore not quite fresh. The Arab of whom I bought them was a very handsome man,* and possessing the dignified and courteous manners, which seem to be peculiar to them all. He sat in his little bazaar, with a large bunch of violets and a glass of roses by his side, which he held to me to smell ! He showed us everything, not seeming to mind trouble, or to be offended at our offering much less, than he asked, and which he generally accepted. He then took us to a warehouse full of pottery, where I bought a great many pieces to send to England.

We then diverged from the main street, and passing through some very narrow ones, began to ascend a steep and rugged road to the Casaba, or Akba, which is the Citadel or Fort, the Mint or Treasury-house, the Bashaw's Palace, the Hall of Justice, the Prisons, and a large Mosque. The buildings are most picturesque, and, of course, in the Moorish style of architecture. In the Hall of Justice, as we stood at the entrance, we saw sitting cross-legged, within a rather dimly lighted room, the son of the Bashaw hearing a 'case,' the criminal kneeling before him, the Bashaw himself sitting on one side, whilst a secretary was taking down the proceedings in writing. In the large porch outside sat some

* Si-el-Arbi-Abarodi.

magnificent Moors in their white burnouses and turbans. Entering another part of the precincts, we saw the door of the Treasury strongly barred up, and, near it, the Mosque, with its tall, picturesquely ornamented minarets. Coming back to another building adjoining, and entering a sort of ante-room or porch, our Arab servant, Hadji, told us to look through a large barred window, on the other side of which was the prison. A large room with stone pillars, exactly like that which one sees in a prison scene upon the stage ! In this all the male prisoners were indiscriminately mixed. They were seated about, in groups, on the ground, some making satchels of palmetto-leaves, which they are allowed to sell in order to get tobacco or extra food, and two of which we bought. We saw three men in the distance, chained to the wall by the leg, and one, by an iron collar round the neck to a pillar, these being the worst and most refractory description of prisoners. From thence we went to a small, low building, merely guarded by one man, the female prison, in which were four women huddled together on the ground, to whom we also gave a few reals. They looked dirty and uncared for.

The view from the plateau outside the Akba gates is very beautiful, overlooking the town and bay at our feet. The houses being almost all flat-roofed, and with few or no windows looking outwards, had a peculiar effect.

As we descended again into the town, we passed

through the most extraordinarily narrow streets, in which, every now and then, we stopped to look at the people working at different trades—embroidering pieces of bright-coloured leather for slippers or cushions, in silk and gold and silver thread, chiselling and hammering delicate patterns on both gold and silver bracelets, made to slip over the hand, and larger ones opening for the ankles. The workshops are small rooms open to the street, with no light, except from the door, over which is often a sort of penthouse to keep off the rain and sun.

As we returned through the town we came upon a man, carrying a long, large, many-coloured rug, in stripes. Not our idea of a Morocco rug, but only 'pile' in parts, and in very brilliant colours. Hadji said it had been put up to auction in the open street (as is the custom here), and that the owner would not take 8 duros (32 shillings), the highest price offered for it. Hadji told us, that if we offered a shilling more for it, we should get it, which we did, and soon after we had reached the hotel the man arrived with it. It is what is called here an 'Arab carpet,' being chiefly used by them. They are made at Rabat, and the colours are quite fast, so that they will bear washing. They make an inferior sort at Casablanca, but a French cheap dye has been introduced there, unfortunately, and the colours fly directly, and run, if wetted. The Arabs are very angry upon the subject of this dye,

and say, that their Emperor ought to forbid its importation, as it gives them a bad name.

We saw in the market, and also in the town, a number of negroes, men, women, and boys, who, Hadji told us, are all slaves, and have been regularly bought. It was curious to see the women, even the old ones, taking up the corner of their burnouses to hide their faces.

At the Arab shop to-day we saw some beautiful silver clasps with long chains, with which the women fasten on their haiks.

Yesterday morning George paid his first visit to Sir John D. Hay, to thank him for all his kind arrangements for us. He told Sir John, that 'we had come here to be baked;' to which Sir John replied, 'You will never be that, for this is one of the most equable climates in the world.' Returned to the hotel very tired, and rather hot, after our long, rough, but most interesting walk. Sir John and Lady D. Hay called soon after we came in, and were most kind in offering us every assistance and information in their power.

Dec. 10th.—Much disappointed to find that there is no English church or clergyman here, which we had heard there was. To us this is the greatest drawback to passing a winter here. I have no doubt, that it is difficult to find a good man to come here, as appointed chaplain, there being so very few English; but surely, for the winter months, some one might be

found, who would be glad to come for health, feeling at the same time, that he was not entirely idle ; but it appears, that the Colonial Office have withdrawn the salary, which seems very hard upon the English, American, and German Envoys and Consuls, and their families, who, we hear, all subscribed liberally to the salary of the chaplain, when the Home Government sent one here.

Again saw a group of negro slaves, which have been bought at different times. They seem very happy, and it appears that they can always appeal to the Bashaw, if either ill treated or ill fed. They are all Arabs and Mahomedans. Their masters become so attached to them, that they constantly 'free' them. This treatment of the slaves here is such a wonderful contrast to that, which we both saw and heard of in Cuba. The Slave-market at Havanah is a sight, which, once seen, can never be forgotten ; but as above forty years have elapsed, since I was there, it is to be hoped, that civilisation has produced an improvement. Hadji took us to see the grave of his little child, whom he lost a few weeks ago, at the age of two years. We met his mother, and wife, and a negro woman, going there to pray. The negress had been bought by his father for eight pounds, to act as his wet-nurse, and was afterwards freed by him. She has since married Hadji's uncle, and they are all greatly attached to her. They were carrying myrtle-boughs to put on the little grave : both very pretty

women, for they actually showed us their faces, which enabled us to judge of them. To-day, being Friday, is the Arab Sabbath, and Saturday the Jewish, consequently Sunday is a very busy day here: the largest market in the week.

This is a most lovely morning; clear blue sky, bright sun, and deep blue sea. We got down upon a paved road, called the 'Ambassadors' Road,' which is so called, as being the approach for any Embassy, coming from the court of the Sultan or Emperor of Morocco. Continuing on this road, we passed the entrance to a Villa belonging to Sir John D. Hay, called the 'Wilderness,' which he has given to his married daughter, Mrs. Brooks. Farther on, to the right, we came to the Villa of Mons. Daluin, the Belgian Envoy, a most gentleman-like man, and of a very refined, cultivated mind, but, unhappily, having very delicate health. We made acquaintance with him on board the *Verité*, one of the Compagnie Paquet's steamers, at Marseilles, and had four days together, during our very rough and disagreeable voyage across the Gulf of Lyons. The hedge next to the road is entirely of plumbago, with its beautiful clusters of pale blue flowers.

Arriving at the iron gate and lodge, a very English-looking building, the *custode* begged us to come in. A small house, in the Moorish style, is now being built on the plan of one lately pulled down. The garden is very extensive, and in it is every

kind of orange and lemon-tree, now laden with both fruit and flowers. Trees of the beautiful scarlet bignonia capensis, datura, and plumbago ; masses of geraniums of every shade, from white to scarlet, double and single ; the Barbados aloes, with their grand spikes of scarlet flowers, and gladioli, all in full bloom, with many others ; while the different palms, bananas, cannas, &c., all grow in luxuriance ; and violets, pinks, and yellow oxalis, enamel the ground. The gardener gave us some Mandareen oranges, which were very acceptable after our hot walk, and we sat under the trees to eat them. In the afternoon a donkey was brought for me to ride ; but I soon got off and walked, expecting to roll off the Arab saddle, or pack, every moment. One ought to begin very early in life, to ride on these packs ; there being no stirrup or pommel, one's seat depends entirely on balance, and going up a steep hill I expected each moment to slip off behind. We walked down into the town and went to the English Legation, where we left our cards on Sir John and Lady Drummond-Hay, no one being at home ; then did the same on Mons. Daluin, at the Belgian Legation ; and afterwards at the French Legation, on Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Rothays, who are on a visit there, and who were also our fellow-passengers on our way from Marseilles.

I never saw anything like the constant movement in the streets here ; it is like a kaleidoscope in the

variety of face, figure, costume, and colour, and is most interesting. We met a string of camels, with their empty pack-saddles, coming through the gate, as we had just passed out, and we stood and watched them. With those already on the hillside, we counted forty-eight in all. Coming up the path to the hotel, a little to the right, in the midst of a circle of seated Arabs, stood a most picturesque-looking Moor, in a white turban and burnoose, who, with bare arms, was gesticulating and violently discoursing, until he became quite hoarse. We were told that he was a 'story-teller.' The Arabs seem never to tire of listening, nor, as it appears, does the story-teller of narrating; for they will go on for three or four hours continuously, without any apparent fatigue, except hoarseness. He finally receives a small contribution from each of his listeners. It was a curious scene, showing how little the nature of the people is changed since the days of the *Arabian Nights*, and one longed to be able to understand the language.

Dec. 11th.—A lovely, bright morning; but very cold during the night, and much colder in the house than out of doors, owing to the aspect of our rooms, and there being no fire-places there is no ventilation. Longed for a good fire. As soon as we had had our coffee we went out for a walk to warm ourselves. Leaving the hotel garden we turned up a narrow lane of deep sand, very pleasant to walk upon after

our experience of the rough stones of the streets. It lay between high hedges of aloes and canes, festooned with two lovely creepers, one being a clematis with beautiful wreaths of dark green foliage and a small cupped white flower, very graceful and pretty ; the other bearing a little pitcher-shaped flower, of a dark pinkish brown, with a crisp, heart-shaped, dark green leaf. They grow to a great height, and even covered the top of a large carruba tree. It was delightfully warm in this sheltered place.

From the end of the lane we looked down over an expanse of wild, poorly cultivated country, with some beautiful distant ranges of high mountains. On both sides of the lane were a collection of odd-looking huts, made of reeds, mud, and grass, half hidden amongst masses of aloes and prickly pears, which grow to an enormous size here. Hadji said that it was an Arab village. Many picturesque groups of Moors, with mules and donkeys, passed by us ; and with them a fine, distinguished-looking man, in a white burnoose and turban of the finest materials, mounted on a good-looking gray horse, with a Turkish scarlet saddle and ornamented head-stall. Hadji told us that he is one of the richest Moors in Tangier, and is contractor for meat for the troops at Gibraltar.

As we descended into the town we passed some curious stone buildings, looking like covered wells, and on asking Hadji what they were, he replied 'Ce sont les lousps.'

George said, 'Est-ce que vous avez des loups dans ce pays ci?'

He replied, 'Mais, oui, Monsieur le Colonel, il y en a beaucoup qui descendent tous les hivers sur la ville.'

It turned out that he meant to say, 'Les eaux.' Poor Hadji's French is not very perfect, for he will always persist in calling horses 'les cheveux.'

Dec. 12th.—Another lovely sunny day, but chilly wind ; but one need only look at the tender plants to believe that there is never any frost here. Read the Church Service together, and then went down the hill. On our way home, hearing a great noise of wild instruments, we went towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, and found a crowded circle of spectators, three or four deep, within which five or six musicians were seated on the ground, playing on tambourines, and rude pipes made of the wild cane. In the centre were two savage-looking, half-naked Arabs, also seated, having wisps of straw crammed into their mouths. After a few minutes one of them began to walk about, making all sorts of extraordinary gesticulations, talking rapidly at the same time, in spite of having the straw in his mouth. Hadji said, that the basket which we saw in the centre contained a serpent, which the man would cause to dance after a time ; but we waited in vain to see him do so.

We extricated ourselves with some difficulty from

the crowd—such a variety of countenances, and figures, and colours—little or nothing to be seen of the women's faces, but they appear to have fine eyes, and some of the young children are beautiful, with the loveliest little curly heads. There was one little thing in its mother's arms, only six months old, looking up into her face with its full, dark eyes, that would have made a painter's reputation if he could have painted them as a Madonna and Child. The infant had a perfectly Divine look, so mild, and soft, and trusting, was the expression of its eyes. They are generally slung, in a long towel, on the mother's back, and are sometimes seated on the hip, with one little naked leg in front and one behind. If the weather is fine, the haik is folded back; if wet, the child is quite hidden.

The Arabs seem to be devoted to their children. Whenever we pass a pretty child, Hadji rushes up to kiss it, saying, '*L'âge de mon pauvre petit !*'

Met a water-carrier for the first time. They are in constant requisition, as by the law of their Prophet the Mahomedans are forbidden to drink wine. They carry the water in a pig or goat-skin, slung across the back, having in the left hand a pair of cups of bright engraved brass, connected by a chain, and in the other a small brass bell, with which they announce their approach. I never saw any animals looking more starved and overworked than the horses and donkeys, which were tethered outside the crowd, the

donkeys being the smallest that I ever saw—smaller even than the little black ones in Malta. The camels seemed the happiest and most contented of the whole, as they stood or lay, with their languid, long, black eyes, apparently chewing the cud.

Dec. 13th.—Went to see the German Envoy's garden, which is just outside the Bab-el-Sok, and opens on the Ambassadors' Road. Very pretty and shady. Besides a great many fine stone pines, and rare deciduous trees, and large magnolias, there were masses of geraniums, plumbago, heliotrope, and great bushes of yellow *revoluta* jasmine in full bloom. Amongst the other rare trees was a magnificent *dracæna*, or dragon-tree, larger than any I have ever seen, even in Jamaica; much higher, and larger, by two feet, in girth, than the one in the Convent Garden at Gibraltar, which is affirmed to be two thousand years old! The gardener told us that this *dracæna* is only eighty-five years old, the man who planted it, and who has recently died at the age of ninety-five, having told him the year in which he did so. We went into the stable, and saw two rather good-looking Moorish riding-horses (no others would be of any use here), a gray and a black. There is a great rivalry amongst the foreign Envoys respecting their horses, and some of them are very handsome. In the stable were stretchers, on which the Arabs, who look after them and work in the house, sleep. Going home we again came across the same story-

teller. These men must have great powers of imagination, as well as of description, for this one never appeared to hesitate for a moment, and the interest which he excited amongst his audience was intense.

Dec. 14th.—The morning beautifully sunny and still, but cold during the night and early morning. We therefore went out, as soon as we had had our coffee, to warm ourselves. The sunless aspect of this hotel is a terrible drawback for any one making use of it during the winter, although very comfortable in every other respect. Mons. Bruzard, the proprietor, having been messman to an English regiment, thoroughly understands our ideas of comfort, as far as it can be procured in this country, and he, his wife, and family, are most obliging people.

This is the Moorish New-year's Day, and a fête is celebrated for the children, who come in crowds to the Socco, dressed in all kinds of finery. The principal amusements appear to be merry-go-rounds and a sort of boat-swing, which turned completely head-over-heels, and looked very dangerous; but the children, especially the boys, seem to delight in them. We are told that this fête is to continue for a week. Some of these little people's dresses were really lovely—such picturesque apposition of colour—white and deep yellow on orange; some with mauve and scarlet, and a wonderful greenish-blue, very pale, a pale rose colour, and sometimes carmine and orange worn together, all with bare legs and bright-coloured pa-

pouches. We made another, I think, last attempt, at a donkey-ride. George and his little steed got on very well together, but I tried an English saddle ; but as there was no possibility of the girths being sufficiently tightened, Hadji was obliged to hold on by the pommel on the off-side to prevent the saddle turning. In spite of it we got down, on to the sands on the beach, and beautiful they are at low tide—the smoothest of carpets. We rode on for about two miles, until we reached the curious remains of an old Roman bridge across a river, which here flows into the sea. The day beautifully clear, and the coast of Spain with Tarifa, and in the further distance ‘the Rock,’ very distinct.

Dec. 15th.—The fair at the height of its fun! Boys on an extraordinary sort of machine, which revolved by means of a large wheel, so that the boys, seated in boxes, incessantly turned head-over-heels, over and over again. It looked most dangerous ; the boys seemed to delight in it, and not to become dizzy, and we never heard of any accident.

Waited in vain for the mules which we had ordered, and at last, in despair, set off on foot to the ground to which the camels and other animals are driven out to feed. We came to a grassy plateau, from which was a pretty view of the distant mountains and country. Sat down on a bank, and whilst we were there the camels passed us, stopping every now and then to browse the tops of the aloe leaves, which, with

their very sharp thorns and fleshy leaves, I should have thought must be very tough eating.

Monsieur and Madame de Rothays paid us a long visit. Most agreeable people. He told us that in two hours, the other day, he killed thirty partridges, besides other game, and that to-morrow there is to be a *chasse aux sangliers*, to which Sir John Hay is devoted.

Dec. 16th. — Went to Mons. Daluin's house in the town, which he kindly allows to be shown, and, whilst we were occupied in looking over it, he came himself, and explained everything. It is a beautiful specimen of a Moorish house, and was built by himself. It is built as usual round a court, with a fountain in the centre, but glazed in above ; which is a great improvement on the ordinary plan of leaving it open, which allows the rain to pour in in wet weather, and make every part of the house damp. The entrance arches are beautiful, and the delicate tiling in brilliant colours tells out well against the quantity of white on the walls, and round the arches and doorways. The wooden ceilings are well painted in arabesque patterns by a clever artist from Fez, who passed three years at Tangier, working in this house. The most comfortable rooms are built round the gallery, which is supported by twisted, bright-coloured columns, and, while retaining their Moorish character, have been judiciously connected. The walls of the galleries are covered with antique pottery, musical

instruments, arms, women's ornaments, frames of looking-glasses, lamps, candelabras, and numerous other interesting things, all Moorish. Amongst them is a very handsomely embroidered green velvet saddle, with large Arab gilt stirrups, which the Sultan gave him at Morocco. In the rooms are some very interesting pictures, one of a handsome Moorish girl in the white haik, and wearing one of the enormous straw hats, ornamented with silk cords, to draw up the sides, and numerous tufts of black and coloured silks. We asked Mons. Daluin how he managed to persuade her to uncover her face. He laughed, and said, '*Un peu d'argent.*' Another picture represented himself and the members of his Legation being received by the Sultan at Fez; he is in his diplomatic uniform, as well as his staff. The Sultan, a very ugly, almost black old man, in a white burnoose and turban, is seated upon a white horse, with his Prime Minister (an old man in spectacles) standing near him, whilst ranged on each side the soldiers of the guard, in white, long dresses, looking like Turks, and wearing a sort of red mitre on their heads, are presenting arms.

Went with Mrs. Weeks to her husband's studio, at the American Consul's house, to see his beautiful sketches, not only in Morocco, but in Spain, especially at Seville, Cordova, and Granada, and both in oils and water-colours. We were delighted with them: his camels are especially good, and must have

been rapidly done, as their owners object to their being drawn, imagining that it will bring on them the evil eye. How curious it is that this prejudice should exist in so many countries, even amongst Christians, as the *yettatura* in Italy! Here, of course, the evil eye is that of a Nazarene.

Went to the English, or, rather, I should say, European Cemetery, though I believe that it belongs to the English. It is just under the wall of the German Legation garden, and is very badly kept, being overgrown with grass, Marvel of Peru, and weeds of all kinds. There seemed to be a great many Spanish monuments and very few English, but it looked and felt damp and miserably neglected; and made one sad to walk about it. I was glad to leave it, and felt thankful that no loved association linked me in affection to it.

Returning to the road, we began to ascend between masses of prickly pear, aloes, and canes, with the steep walls and towers of the Casaba, or Alcazar, rising on our right. Having passed a corn-mill on our left belonging to Mons. Daluin, we came out upon a broad plateau of pasturage, called the 'Marcham,' from which there is a lovely view of the coast of Spain and open sea. Hadji pointed out to us where Tarifa and Cadiz were.

We crossed the plateau, and went into the garden of a small Villa, which formerly belonged to the Spanish Consul, who sold it to the Sultan of Morocco.

The Sultan placed an Englishman in it, who, Hadji said, was a captain of artillery, and is now in charge of some great guns, which have lately been brought out from England, and are placed in the front of the Casaba. The place looks as if it had been neglected for many years, but no doubt a very short period of neglect produces a state of things which in the West Indies is called 'ruinate.' A few rare plants still speak of better days gone by. We saw Mount Atlas in the extreme distance.

Dec. 17th.—Dark and gloomy morning, and rain began to fall heavily, just as we were starting for the English Legation, to lunch with Sir John and Lady Drummond-Hay. His house is most comfortable—a mixture of English and Moorish, and contains much that is interesting, especially presents to Sir John from the Sultan. We were seven at luncheon—Sir John, Lady, and Miss Drummond-Hay; Madame de Mauboussin; Miss Hamilton, a niece of Captain Edye (the senior naval officer at Gibraltar); and ourselves. After a pleasant luncheon, when, besides many other good things, we ate some excellent wild-boar cutlets (part of Sir John's *chasse*), I set off with Miss Hay and her two friends to the Grand Bashaw's Harem, the Legation soldier (one of the Bashaw's body-guard, who is appointed to the service of Sir John), in white burnoose and turban, leading the way. It rained in torrents, and, curiously enough, it is the first rain that has fallen since we

landed here. To me, unused to the ill-paved, narrow streets, it seemed a long distance, the water pouring from the roofs and rushing down the streets in small rivers. At last we reached a pretty Moorish archway, and taking off our dripping jackets in the porch, where we left the soldier, we entered the passage leading to the square court, round which the house is built, which in this case was open to the sky! Here we were met by the Bashaw's eldest daughter, a pleasant-mannered girl—I should think, somewhere between eighteen and twenty. She had a pretty fair countenance without much real beauty, and was very courteous and dignified. She was dressed in a pink-and-white silk waistcoat, caftan, and petticoat trousers, below which appeared the bare ankles and feet in embroidered papouches. She wore a pink silk handkerchief bound round her head, and enormous earrings, with three large Oriental pearls and an emerald in each.

The rooms, of which there appeared to be four on each floor, were built round the square court, and the rain poured down on the tile-paved centre, where a sort of well carried it off. It is exactly similar to the courts in the centre of the Pompeian houses. All round was a gallery, supported by twisted wooden columns, which were, as well as the roof, painted in arabesque patterns. Our hostess first took us into a room on the ground-floor, at each end of which was a bed with mattresses and valances, covered with em-

broidered yellow satin. In these beds no one ever sleeps. The walls were white, with a painted ceiling, and a matting of about four feet wide was hung as a dado, and on the ground, ranged around the room, were mattresses, with pillows at intervals.

After remaining a short time here, the lady took us upstairs, to the upper gallery, with the pretty columns and more richly decorated ceilings and ornamented wooden balustrades. A pair of large folding-doors (in one of which is always a wicket) open into a room on each side, and these give all the light and air which these rooms receive, excepting that occasionally there is a slip in the wall high up for ventilation, when the doors (which is very rarely the case) are closed. A large muslin curtain, embroidered in coloured silks at Fez or Tetuan, is generally the only substitute for the doors when open. After having been shown the rooms on this floor, we were taken into what was evidently the principal receiving-room, a long, narrow one, with a sort of small ante-room on each side. Here our hostess dropped her papouches (slippers) and entered bare-footed.

This room resembled the others, except in being more richly decorated. At four feet from the ground was a narrow cornice of wood, painted in arabesque patterns, on a scarlet ground, like the ceiling and doors, and suspended to it, an arras of cloth and silk, with patterns in red, green, gray, and gold. The mattresses were laid down, as in the room below, but covered

with a white material, and divided at intervals by long cushions of rich brocades. The gallery (as well as the ante-rooms), was beautifully paved with very small encaustic tiles, in various designs ; on the floor was a Morocco carpet. Chairs were brought for us, but we declined them, and they were removed. We were then begged to sit down, and I think the lady and a pretty little boy and girl (the Bashaw's youngest children), whom we found in the room on our arrival, must have been much amused at our awkward way of doing so, accustomed as they are to do so without the slightest effort : but it is a very different affair for us, with our boots on, compared with what it is for these bare-legged and footed people, who have been accustomed to drop down on their crossed legs and bare heels from their earliest childhood.

Miss Hay, who talks Arabic with perfect fluency, acted as our interpreter. Gradually other members of the family came in,—a dark-complexioned girl, said to be the daughter of the Bashaw's negro wife, and a pretty girl of fifteen, who, as our hostess told us, had only been married to the Bashaw a month ago. She was very shy, and never once joined in the conversation. Soon after, the sister of the Bashaw joined us : a pleasant, intelligent-looking elderly woman, and her nieces seemed quite to enjoy talking to her. After a little while, a negress, with a little black boy, came to make preparations for tea. First, upon a silver tray, a teapot, on a rather gigantic scale, a tumbler with a

teaspoon in it, and a plate piled up with enormous square pieces of sugar, were brought in. Next came a huge urn, with a tall chimney sending forth a great volume of steam. Of course, everything was placed on the ground.

The dark sister, who was tea-maker, then put the tea into the teapot from a decanter, pouring a little boiling water on it, which she directly drained off into the tumbler. I am told this is to take off the 'raw' taste of the tea, which is chiefly green. She then put several of the pieces of sugar into the teapot, which was filled up with boiling water. She next tasted the tea with the spoon, which stood in the tumbler, and left it to stand. Very diminutive coffee-cups were then brought in, and a tray of cakes and sweetmeats. The tea-maker then arranged the cups around a brass Moorish tray, and filled them with the very sweet, strong tea, of which the little negro brought us each one, and the cakes followed. We each drank three cups, placing them on the ground, as a sign for their being refilled. (Miss Hay informed us, that this was the etiquette on these occasions.) Before we left, our hostess took out one of her large earrings to show me, and also showed me how she passed the large gold end through her ears, which she did with ease, although it seemed to me impossible.

She told us that they were never allowed to go out except entirely enveloped in a haik, and then only as far as the Casaba Gardens. In the spring they go

to the Harem in the mountains, where they delight in being, as the garden is large, and they have much more freedom.

She then took us up a narrow staircase to see her brother's bedroom, which was made like the others, with the exception that it had a small window ; and finally accompanied us to the place where she had met us on entering. Here, on our thanking her for her kind reception of us, she wished us good-bye, saying how much she had enjoyed our visit ; and I can well understand, how any change must be enjoyment in so monotonous a life.

The rain continued very constant to us during our walk back to the Legation, and from thence to the hotel. Before going to the Harem, we went to see a small house adjoining, and belonging to the Hôtel de France, kept by the brother of Alexis, who now has the Hôtel Victoria (successor to Martin, the black man, who had been steward in H. M. S. *Euryalus*). It is too near the sea, as well as to a tannery, from which the smell was most disagreeable. The little *succursale* of the Hôtel de France did not look very attractive : but in a torrent of rain what does ?

They assured us, that we shall have all the south and west sun, and the house entirely to ourselves. Sir John most kindly sent for the proprietor to the Legation, and made an arrangement for us. We are to pay thirty francs a-day instead of two pounds : a great difference, which will suit us much better—

though, before all things, we think of the more sunny and sheltered position for George, as his cough does not cease.

We paddled back through the streets, which were horribly slippery and overrun with water. A number of camels met us coming through the gate, going to a place of shelter from the rain in the Corn-market; but there was a large number lying down upon the hillside, who would be out the whole night. When they are extremely tired, they lie upon their sides, as if they were dead, and with their long necks and heads stretched out flat upon the ground.

Dec. 18th.—A dreadful cold, shivering all over—the result of yesterday's rain, I conclude. A bright day, but cold wind after the wet of yesterday. We only went out for a very short time. The sound of a tambourine drew us to a circle of people, and we found the same snake-tamer, who was there the other day. He had a handful of them, and was rushing about, talking and gesticulating. He opened his mouth and applied the head of a serpent to his tongue, which the creature seized, and after a short time a little blood trickled down from the man's mouth. He then proceeded to uncover the upper part of his body, and placed a serpent's head to his breast. But we thought it a very disgusting sight, and came away. The serpents, no doubt, would have been poisonous, but their fangs had evidently been drawn. This exhibition has extraordinary attraction for the natives.

The view of the town beautiful to-day, with the deepest blue sea, and the coast of Spain wonderfully clear. Very cold in the house. My eyes most painful, to say nothing of my throat, which prevents me from swallowing, even water, without difficulty. George's cough very bad.

Dec. 20th.—A lovely hot sun, but very chilly in the house. Went with George to get some money from the Jewish banker, Moses Parienti, recommended by Sir John. He showed us his house, an excellent one in the Moorish style. He was very proud of the furniture of his rooms being English, but I thought it was quite out of character with the rest of the house. He told us that the doors of one of his rooms were made of teak, which he had bought from a shipowner, when the ship was broken up.

The whole of this quarter is inhabited by Jews, who wear their peculiar dress, which I have already described. Some of the older ones remind me of Shylock. Mons. Bruzard and his family are most obliging, and all that good cooking can do for us is done to make the food tempting. We have woodcocks, snipes, partridges, quails, and hares ; but they are not always good. The beef is hard ; veal does not exist, as the calf here is simply a young bullock. The mutton, some tell me, is good ; I have never found it so. Fish is abundant—too much so, for I am quite tired of the sight of red mullet, which are the fish we generally have, and, there is no doubt, are

excellent here. I have also seen 'loup,' and 'Dorey,' and many others, for which I can get none Arab names.

On our way up the hill, amongst the camel were much amused by a struggle between one of them and the boy in charge, who endeavoured for a long time to make the animal lie down, in order that some wounds, which he had got upon his head in fighting with another, might be dressed with some bleeding stuff out of a bottle.

George's cough very troublesome : so I am not sure we are right in trying if he will get better in an exposed situation. I went with Howe to see our future quarters, and to say that we should not come there until to-morrow. They look better under a bright sun, but still not attractive : however, we have no choice, and must make the best of them. Just as we were returning home, we heard a monotonous chant from a hill behind the house, when Hadji exclaimed

'Voilà un mort qu'on va enterrer !'

And going on a few steps we saw, at some distance below us, a number of Arabs, in white burnouses, carrying upon a rude sort of bier a body swathed from head to foot like a mummy, in a dingy looking cloth. On arriving at the grave, they commenced another chant—a rapid, almost jovial one. The priest was only distinguished from the others by wearing a brown burnoose. The body was stripped of this dingy covering, which Hadji said

his gelab, and then appeared in pure white linen, and was deposited in the grave, all repeating a few sentences of the Koran, in which (even in the distance) Hadji joined, the attendants remaining, until the grave was filled in. Bread was given to all the poor, who followed. With very rare exceptions, the Moors are buried on the day of their death.

Dec. 21st.—A delicious day. Sent for some donkeys and Arabs; stripped the walls of the brackets, painted shelves, and other ornamental things, which we had placed there, and sent off Hadji with them and the other luggage on the donkeys to our new apartments in the town. Paid Mons. Bruzaud, who was full of regret at our departure. He presented me with a large plum-cake of his own making, and a quantity of lovely roses and violets, and hoped we should often come up to his garden. We walked down to the Hôtel de France, as soon as Hadji returned, and took possession of our new home, and set to work to try to give it a comfortable, homely look. It is a small Moorish house, and is joined to the hotel by an archway across the street, over which it is built, and, joining the other rooms, forms my bedroom. A more extraordinary little suite of rooms I have never seen in all our many wanderings, or any so hopeless in the way of comfort. The floors all being composed of tiles, we have been obliged to buy extra matting and carpets, to add to those already laid down.

Still, the sun blesses us with its presence, and that will compensate for a very great deal. I hope that we may be warmer—we can hardly be colder—than we were at Bruzard's. Certainly, the view from there was lovely ; but the want of fire-places was a dreadful drawback. There are none here ; but, then, there is the dear sun here, better than any fire ! Went out after luncheon and bought some coloured blankets and other stuffs ; nailed a large Arab rug over the great double door in George's room, which opens into the court gallery, and the blankets over the lower part of the windows, which is of wood, and the boarding having shrunk in the hot sun during the summer lets in both light and air. Our brackets and pottery are all put up ; table-covers, miniatures, books, and work arranged, and we really begin to look at home. Hadji very handy. I find he was second steward for two years in a Spanish man-of-war, which accounts for his speaking such good Spanish.

Dec. 22nd.—Driven almost distracted by the pandemonium of the noise of children under our window. This place is called 'Howma de Venida.' An Arab school is also just opposite our west window, across a narrow lane, where they teach the Koran the greater part of the day, in a sing-song, monotonous chant, and we see the teacher and children, sitting on the ground within, rocking themselves backwards and forwards, the teacher telling his rosary at intervals.

In the afternoon the children are incessantly playing at tops, which seems to be their one favourite amusement, with a Babel of cries and screams, which really puzzle one's brain, and do not cease until they can no longer see, or they return to the Koran repetition. At night sleep was impossible, for a series of dogs barked and fought, and cocks crowed and answered each other from various quarters of the town. It put me in mind of our sufferings at Kingston in Jamaica, where sleep was almost impossible. The house feels very damp, but is bright and sunny. Walked up to Mons. Daluin's garden, and by the roadside we gathered a beautiful pure white narcissus, and some plumbago. Crossed the hill to call on Mrs. Weeks at Bruzaud's, and sat in the sunny garden with her. Bruzaud gave me some lovely roses, so our room is now full of sweet flowers. Went to call at the British Legation, but found the whole family had gone to camp out, for some days, boar hunting. This proves the weather is really not cold, if houses were only built so as to exclude the draughts.

Dec. 23rd.—Being Thursday, market-day, we went to the Socco. I bought some homespun towels. The women bring two or three at a time to sell. They weave them by hand in their grass-and-reed huts, and wear them tied by two corners in front, just below the waist, so they serve as petticoats. The children wear them over the head and shoulders until they take to the haik, when they are made to cover their

faces in the presence of men. They look more picturesque in them. I have bought four, all that I have been able to find. The patterns are beautiful, woven in, in red and in lines of open-work. They are made entirely of thread, which they prepare for themselves. A nearly plain one, with very little red, cost about half-a-crown; and a more elaborate one, ten shillings, or eight shillings. They are generally two yards long. All sorts of odd things were offered to us for sale as we came down the great street on our way home: carpets, rugs, gelabs, &c. One man had a poor little porcupine; another, a pretty little dove in a wicker cage. We bought one of the carpets, 15 ft. by 5 ft., quite unlike any I have seen before; but the Moors consider what we think the right side, the wrong, and use it accordingly. Amongst other fruits in the vegetable market, were large quantities of the butus strawberry, lovely to look at in their scarlet colouring, but very tasteless. I greatly admire the magnificent negroes here, and their sweet little children. One man, whom we saw to-day, must have been at least six feet two inches high, so light and active in his movements, and so perfectly black and polished in his skin. All have such amiable countenances. The plain race here is decidedly the Jew. The women, whilst quite young, and the children, are very handsome; but I have not seen a man amongst them yet with a pleasant countenance. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks came to us for five-o'clock tea, and told us

their plan for starting on board the French packet, the *Souerah*, for the West Coast of Africa. She wished to wait for an English vessel. She said 'they had made a great many voyages in both English and French ships. The French feed you best, but the English never lose their heads in danger.'—N.B. The *Souerah* was afterwards wrecked on her return voyage at Casablanca, but all hands were saved.

Dec. 24th,—Christmas Eve, and how unlike Christmas, and how much one misses one's country church ! I went alone to Mr. Weeks's studio, to fetch a sketch of his, of camels at the Holy Well at Salé, which he most kindly let me select out of a number of beautiful drawings in his portfolio, for me to give as a Christmas present to George.

Very damp and cold in the house, but pleasantly mild out of doors. We walked up for the first time to the Powder Magazine, a picturesque, square, white building on the Marcham, the road to which lay between hedges of gigantic aloes, prickly pears with stems as large as one's body, scarlet geraniums, some of which must have been ten feet high. The Bashaw's nephew and his sons passed us on horse-back : a most picturesque group, having, in addition to their usual costume, large yellow boots. They were mounted upon their high Turkish saddles and slipper stirrups, the points of which they also use as spurs, which must cruelly punish the poor horses.

The head-stalls were ornamented more than usual, but the bits were the ordinary iron rings round the lower jaw, which are very severe : in fact, if the animal does not answer to the hand, he must have his jaw broken. Passed over the open space of green down, near which are a few Villas. From here, we looked down into the valley—small houses and orange-gardens being scattered over the opposite slope, whilst above, rose the hill of the burial-grounds, amongst which many white figures of women, wandering about, looked like perturbed ghosts.

As we returned to the town, and through the second gateway, in the yard, where the animals are shod, we found Mr. Weeks, making a beautiful oil sketch for a background, and soon after, met Lady Drummond-Hay and a large party returning from four days' camping out—a very pretty sight. We next came upon Vicomte de Chavaignac, and a lady with him, who were at the hotel at Gibraltar with us. She has made a great sensation here, as she goes about dressed like a man, or rather boy, from her very small stature. She had on a short, round tweed jacket and waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, black boots, and wide-awake !—a strange figure ! at which the Arabs are still more scandalized than the Europeans, as they think women should never even show their faces, except in their own homes.

Dec. 25th (Christmas Day).—Alas ! could only read the Church Service for to-day at home. George

is delighted with my Christmas present, and went with me to thank Mr. Weeks, for having broken his rule, of never selling his sketches, in my favour, and also for photographs of two pictures which he had exhibited in the Salon, and English Exhibition, and had sent to me this morning as Christmas cards.

A wet, warm afternoon. Does not feel like Christmas in any way. Miss Hay most kindly came, and brought an invitation from Sir John and Lady Drummond-Hay, to dine with them to-day; which we did. We found the house and staircase beautifully decorated with evergreens. Our party consisted of Sir John (Lady Hay was, unfortunately, too unwell to appear), Miss Hay and her married sister, Mrs. Brooks, and her husband, Madame de Mauboussin (Sir John's sister) and her daughter, and Mr. Wood (Sir John's secretary). We had an excellent dinner, and amongst other things mutton and pheasants from England, plum-puddings, mince-pies, and a most enjoyable fire in the drawing-room. There were masses of white arums, arranged with great taste by Miss Hay, about the room and on the dinner-table, which came from 'Ravens' Rock,' Sir John's Villa in the mountains. We passed a delightful evening.

Dec. 26th.—A lovely day. Went down to the beach, where we walked about two miles on delightfully hard sand. As we passed the great Mosque we found the entrance-porch open, and we intended to go

in, but Hadji stopped us : no Nazarene is ever allowed to enter, nor even any of their own women, until after they have reached forty years of age. A sort of high screen being in front of the entrance, we could only see that it was built round a square court, with arches and open arcades, and, apparently, beautiful pavement of coloured tiles in elaborate patterns, and fine coloured matting, as a dado, to the height of four feet. Outside, at the next entrance, there is a bath in the place of the upper step, in which every one washes his feet on taking off his papouches before entering. Saw numerous groups of poor Arabs coming from the country, loaded for the market. The poor women bent double, with their children and heavy sacks on their backs, the enormous straw hats covering their shoulders ; the men generally riding or walking, without any kind of burden. Again heard the sound of music, and on approaching the circle found the serpent-tamer, and amongst the spectators Mons. de Chavaignac and the boy French-woman in her masculine costume. She is not the least pretty when you come near her.

We had just been to look at the tents and animals, which Count C. has bought for his journey to Fez, and, it is said, he intends to try to go across the country from thence to Oran. If he does so, it will be at a great risk. The last Englishman, who made that part of that journey, and against all advice, was Mr. John Davidson, in 1836—a most energetic

traveller and very scientific man. After encountering great hardships and difficulties, he reached Rabat, 150 miles from Tangier, Mogador, and Morocco. It appears, that he put himself under the protection of the Sheikh, which was a very unwise measure, as it relieved the Sultan of all responsibility as to the safety of the Nazarene, for the Sultan had already warned him not to try to penetrate further into the country. The result was, that he was murdered at Swekeya; and, from all accounts, travelling in the interior, except with great precautions, is as unsafe now as it was then.

Dec. 27th.—Noise so dreadful all night, that we decided to go to Sir John D. Hay about it, and he most kindly came himself to the master of the hotel, and told him, that unless he (being a Frenchman) liked him to act, we must go to the French Minister, as, of course, he (Sir John) had no control over a French subject. However, the man said, he would gladly take his advice. So he sent notice to say, that all who had dogs, which they wished to preserve, must keep them at home at night, or they would probably be poisoned; and the children were admonished not to scream so loud.

It appears that some time ago, dogs became such a nuisance, that after notice had been given, pieces of meat, with strychnine, were given to the dogs, who seemed not to belong to any one, and above seventy were found dead, and never claimed.

We did not give any poison ; but in our rides, we certainly saw a great many dogs lying about dead, which was rather a painful sight.

To-day was deliciously mild, and I rode the mule, which I had agreed yesterday to share with Madame de Mauboussin on alternate days, George and Hadji walking with me. We went to an Arab village, built, apparently, entirely of reeds and straw, and surrounded by a rough garden. The prickly-pear trees were magnificent. The Arabs are very fond of the fruit, and live a great deal on it, eating it without and with bread, which is made in the form of flat cakes. There were orange and lemon-trees, laden with fruit and flowers, and all kinds of vegetables. We ate young potatoes, French beans, and green peas, constantly, while at Mons. Bruzaud's, gathered out of his garden, which were far better than any which this hotel supplies us with.

We had a glorious view from this village, of ranges of mountains, with Mount Atlas towering above them in the dim distance. We came back through a lovely little sheltered path, behind the Wilderness, now inhabited by Mrs. Brooks and her family. It is well named, for it appears to be a wilderness of flowers, both inside and outside, for the hedges are festooned with clematis in full bloom, scarlet geraniums, and endless other flowers. A large flight of birds passed over our heads, making wild cries. They looked enormous, and flew in a curiously formed figure.



Hadji told us they were wild geese. I counted seventy-three: but there might have been more.

We went in the afternoon to the French Legation, and found Madame de Vernouillet (the French Envoy's wife) and Madame de Rothays at home. A delightful house, decorated with great taste, with every description of Moorish brackets, pottery, &c.; a most beautiful carpet, almost like an Indian, which was made at Madrid, especially for the Escorial. Mons. de Vernouillet was for some time in the French Embassy there. They had the Azimore carpets suspended upon the walls in place of tapestry, and the effect was excellent. The terrace, on which the rooms open, leads to a well-kept little garden, in which is a small arbour, covered with ivy. We went up on the flat roof of the house, from which we had a glorious view in every direction, over the town below, looking across the deep blue sea and distant coast of Spain, which was wonderfully visible to-day. We returned down into the house, which is the prettiest I have seen here; and the staircase is unusually good, with foliage plants well arranged, and old tapestry hung up.

From the French Legation, we climbed up the steep narrow streets to the Arab quarter, near the entrance to the Akba. Some of the streets, with walls from ten to twenty feet high, were only four feet wide—hardly so much so, for in parts my parasol just measured the width, and a panniered

donkey could not pass us. I was astonished at the cleanliness of these streets, and the absence of bad smells. Some years ago, I am told, the dirt was dreadful, when a committee was formed, of which Sir John D. Hay was the head—as it seems he always is, when any benefit is to be conferred upon the community—and his long intimacy with the Bashaw, and thorough knowledge of Arabic, give him great power of being useful. The Bashaw, at the petition of the committee, ordered a battalion to be formed of men and donkeys, to clear every part of the town daily, and I must say these scavengers do their duty well : without them, these little streets would be unbearable. They all slope down from each side to the centre, which forms a sort of watercourse, and after rain, when the fountains overflow on to the flat ground, it is like walking through a shallow pond.

On arriving at Hadji's house, to which he was most anxious that we should go with him, we entered a little court, through a small, low, arched door in the wall, and from this court opened the usual large double doors, the sole means of the room receiving light or air, in which he with his wife and mother lived. The room looked beautifully clean, and, on a humble scale, was much like the one in which I was received by the Bashaw's daughter. The mother must have been a very pretty woman ; the wife is beautiful. It was quite a pleasure to see these women without their haiks, and so to discover, what they really are

like. Hadji informed me that it was a very great compliment to my husband, his being allowed to enter his wife's house.

The two women rose from the ground, when we entered. The mother with some picturesque white drapery still clinging to her, but with head uncovered, showing the pretty coloured handkerchief tied round it; the wife dressed in her beautiful wedding-dress. I cannot think how they can afford to have these clothes, which are of the very best materials; but they are expected to last all their lives for gala-days. As we all sat down on the cushioned floor, I had leisure to study this wonderful dress, which would be fit for a Royal fancy-dress ball! The wearer was a slight, delicate-looking girl of eighteen, having been married at fourteen, and had had one child, who had died two months ago at two years old, of whom Hadji talks, whenever we pass by the cemetery where the poor little fellow is buried. She had lovely, long, almond-shaped black eyes, a delicate straight nose, and pretty mouth, with beautiful white teeth, and would create a sensation in London society with her youthful beauty. I think she must have had some kohl on her eyelids, but Hadji declared that she had not, and that it was all the natural beauty of her long black eyelashes.

Around her head she had a bright crimson and yellow handkerchief (I believe them all to be made at Lyons, expressly for this country); a scarlet cloth

waistcoat and jacket, both richly embroidered blue, gold, and silver, and edged down the front with endless sugarloaf-shaped buttons; loose white trousers, reaching to just below the knees, and a blue caftan of orange-coloured silk, with spotted white over it, and drawn in by a very broad brocaded sash, which passed three times round the waist; two beautiful silver and gold bracelets, which her husband had brought her from Fez; Venetian gold beads round her throat, and very large earrings with pearls and diamonds, which I passed over my hand on to my wife. The prettiest well-formed little hands and feet I ever saw finish my picture of this pretty, childlike Moroccan girl. Her embroidered red velvet and gold slipper lay at the door.

At each end of the room was a large sort of bench, one for Hadji and his wife, the other for his mother. She gave us tea in one of the smallest of cups, and some delicate little cakes, which Hadji said he had made. The whole was beautifully arranged on a little table, eight inches high, painted in bright colours, and upon the usual brass tray. The floor tiles were covered with a Morocco rug. We had much conversation, as speaking through an interpreter is tiresome work, but both wife and mother had pretty, simple manners, and were quite at ease, doing the honours of the house with perfect grace, both shaking hands with us when we left.

I went into the next house to see a woman

broidering, but she did not work very well. In general, all this work is done at Tetuan, especially on the dark-brown gelabs, which I admire so much, and which are worn by the men.

Came home dreadfully tired; the pain of the pilgrims walking with peas in their shoes, I really think, was a trifle to the pain of slipping and sliding on these rough stones.

Dec. 28th.—Went to see a Villa on the Fez road, built by, and belonging to, a Mr. Perticaris, a Greek, who ran away with an American Consul's wife, and has since married her. He has not been here for three years. The garden is full of flowers, and the soldier in charge, who seems to be a real gardener at heart, gave me quantities of Catalonian and yellow jasmins, yellow and other roses, heliotropes, and geraniums; and, amongst the latter, a great bunch of the old-fashioned sweet-leaved geraniums, many of which are almost extinct in England now. Upon the hill, we saw a number of horses and mules, with very large wooden boxes, slung on each side of them, which looked heavy, but really were not so, as they only contained jewelry. They were escorted by two soldiers, as a guard, and were going to join a caravan of camels on their way to Fez.

In the afternoon we walked to call at the Wilderness. Of course the garden is not kept up, according to the English fashion, as Lady Hay says that it is impossible to make the Arabs work, according to our

ideas, but the luxuriance with which everything in this moist, warm climate, grows, is extraordinary, making a garden a wilderness of indiscriminate verdure. The large yellow oxalis is the worst weed; it is very difficult, if not impossible, to eradicate. All the plants that I have seen elsewhere, and many others, flourish here, as well as some tropical pineapples, which have fruited in the open air. There are some magnificent Oriental planes and trees of great height. I believe all the fine European trees and shrubs were planted here by Sir John Hay's grandfather, who made the Villa. The old house, in which he and his family lived, but which is now deserted, is very like an old Scotch house, a square tower.

As we returned down the hill, we passed a usual spot where some camels, among which was a young one, from whose side Hadji pulled out a tuft of soft hair. It was as soft as silk, and we have preserved it. Went on to see Lady Hay, and found Lord and Lady Breadalbane with her, making arrangements for their expedition to Fez.

Dec. 29th.—Cloudy, with a good deal of wind, and therefore George intended to remain at home, as his cough is still bad; but a mule was brought for him with an Arab saddle to try. So we rode together, intending to go to Sir John's mountain Villa, but before we got some distance across a wild, open, undulating, desolate-looking country, the sky looked so threatening

ening, and the wind was so high, that we turned back, and going up a sheltered lane between cane fences and hedges of aloes and wild vegetation, we emerged into a wide road, and having ascended some little way, we came out on a high plateau of land, from which was a most grand view of the dark mountain ranges above the valley at our feet, with a large group of tall palmettos in the foreground, at the foot of which was seated a little Arab girl—a perfect picture—the dark cloudy sky and deep blue mountains forming the grandest effect.

On leaving this, we crossed by a narrow path to more open ground, which was covered with pure white narcissi, and of which we gathered a large bunch. We rode up to the Frenchman's tents, and saw twelve mules, which he had bought for his intended journey, each fastened by both fetlocks to one peg. He had given 8*l*. each for them : some of them were miserable-looking animals. All the bedding, &c., was already packed for loading.

As we reached the city gates, a Jewish funeral procession was coming out of it, so of course we waited while it passed by. It resembled ours, there being a coffin, which was carried by slings. The followers were chanting, but in so low a tone as hardly to be audible where we stood. Yesterday we saw the funeral procession of a very rich Mahomedan lady pass up one of the streets under our window. The body was carried, as usual, upon

trestles on men's shoulders, having her white hark over her, fastened by crossed bands of the broad brocades which she had worn during her lifetime. They took her to a little mosque close by, previous to being buried.

Rain set in this evening, and the water came in, and flooded the floors near every window in this miserably built house. The lower parts of the windows are nothing but boarded doors, which have shrunk with the sun, and opened out in large cracks; and there is not a window or door-frame which does not let in light and water. We were obliged to shut the outside shutters, and put down sacks to soak up the streams of water, that still came in. Very warm, and the thermometer at ten o'clock to-night stood at 71°. Took our first Spanish lesson this evening.

Dec. 31st.—Poured with rain all yesterday, so that a bright sunny morning was doubly welcome to-day. Walked up to our old hotel, 'The Villa de France,' to say 'Good-bye' to Mr. and Mrs. Weeks; and afterwards, laden by Mons. Bruzard with roses, we walked down with them to the Marina, to see every one embark on board the *Souerah*. Just as we had seen them off, the Shereef of this place, one of the great men here, only second to the Bashaw, came down surrounded by a number of Arab friends and officials, to embark for Oran, in one of the steamers in port. His two little boys—their mother is an English-

woman—wearing little purple velvet fezes, embroidered all over with gold (which, joined to a very ill-made European dress, did not look well), had already come down and were in the boat, manned by almost black Arabs, waiting for their father, whose red flag was flying at the stern. Hadji and other Arabs went forward, and kissed the hem of his garment, as he embarked.

We heard from Mr. Weeks, that the Greek Villa was to be let, and went to see the house, of which the position is certainly delightful ; but we found, that it would not suit us at all. It contains a most beautiful Moorish hall, or dining-room, but there is a general want of arrangement and total absence of comfort, in spite of there being three fire-places, when it is rare to find even one in this country ; but these are all wrongly placed, and none of the best rooms face the sun : in fact, a want of all the necessities commonly found in a well-established house : so we gave up all idea of taking it. Probably it is all for the best, for difficulties seem great here for those, who cannot speak Arabic, in housekeeping ; and we should be quite dependent on Hadji, who occasionally gets up a quarrel with another Moor, or has some other reason or excuse for absenting himself. Of one thing I am certain, it is of no use to be annoyed or to scold. Be kind and firm, and *don't see* when you can do no good by doing so. One lady here, who arrived when we did, has changed her Arab servant five

times, and always for the worse; while Hadji has learnt our ways, and, with the exception of an occasional absence, is a very useful, clever servant. Certainly there is something in this climate which makes one take everything very easily.

Jan. 1st, 1881 (New-year's Day).—Bright and sunny emblems, I trust, of a happier year. As we grow old, our loved ones are taken from us, and the return of such anniversaries as to-day, makes one doubly feel their loss. No kindly greeting from those from whom we most valued them. But let us thank God for the blessings by which we are still surrounded.

The Spanish-chapel bell awoke us early, calling Roman Catholics to mass, and made us feel it very hard that we have neither Chapel nor Clergyman.*

As we rode out on our mules, we met Vicomte de Rothays, who told us, that they had danced at the Spanish Consul's ball, until half-past seven this morning, and that it was all most successful. We had been invited, through Lady Hay's kindness, but we did not feel equal to the exertion. Mons. de Rothays said, that he and his wife were just in time for the eight-o'clock a.m. service at their chapel. The Roman Catholics are building a large church here

* I am happy to hear that the Bishop of Gibraltar and the S.P.G. have appointed a chaplain for this winter, 1881 and 1882.

in the main street, and on every side are Jewish synagogues. We, of the *Anglican* faith, are alone without any church of our own. Continuing our ride, we set out for Sir John Hay's mountain Villa, Ravens' Rock, four miles from this. After passing Mons. Daluin's lodge, we descended the road, leading to the valley at the foot of the hills, and a dreadful state of mud it was in, after the late heavy rains. Sometimes it is rendered utterly impassable. We were obliged to cross the little river in order to get a better path. Some Arabs with donkeys made signs to us to stop, and on joining us, told us, that the river farther on was now too deep to pass. Soon after we began to ascend the mountain, where we got a beautiful view through a gorge (on the left bank of which was a picturesque old ruin), looking over the bluest of seas, with the coast of Spain beyond. Ascending a dreadfully slippery road, we passed the entrances to the Villas of the American and British Consuls, the former having a grand arched gateway, elaborately ornamented in the Moorish style. The lane was shut in on each side by masses of almost tropical growth, with endless delicate flowers on the banks, amongst them in great beauty, the lovely little light-blue *Scilla Sibirica*. Turning to the left, some way higher up, we passed through some gates, which reminded me of England, and which proved to be the entrance to Ravens' Rock. The approach was through a sort of arcade of shrubs,

especially laurestinuses loaded with berries, which in this country have a metallic colour, totally different to those in England. Arriving at the house, we dismounted, and went on to the veranda, from which is a glorious view, with Mount Atlas on one side, and looking over the sloping gardens below, upon the magnificent long rolling waves of the Atlantic. We next went down some stone steps to a very pretty rose garden, with a fountain in the centre, and from thence, into a forest of geraniums of all kinds; orange, lemon, citron, and Chinese medlar, or 'Loquat' trees; magnolias, bignonias, veronicas, jasmines, heliotropes, &c., growing like great shrubs; hundreds of white arums in bloom, and a plant bearing a scarlet flower, much like a gladiolus, for which no one can give me a name. We then passed under enormous arbutuses, laden with their strawberries, and the ground crimson with the fallen ones, and saw above us vines and fruit-trees of all kinds, as well as vegetables. A delightful Summer House, although, of course, we did not see the inside of the house, as all the family are at Tangier. The wind got up, as we were returning, and we were glad when we found ourselves off the exposed ground.

Jan. 3rd.—A very cold wind. Walked with George, who was wrapped up as much as if he was in England! This house is very cold, and full of draughts, and although frost is unknown here, no means that we have tried will warm it satisfactorily.

Mrs. Brooks has kindly lent us a petroleum stove, but we cannot bear the smell of it. She says, if properly managed, it ought not to have any, but *we* find it quite hopeless to attain to that here.

When passing through the Sok Srare to-day, we heard a great noise, like bagpipes, going on there. A man was carrying a large crimson banner, who was followed by others, some beating tambourines and drums, and others playing on reed pipes. They were, we were told, going everywhere soliciting money for the grand Marabout, or saint, the head of the Mahomedan Church here, from all those who had lost friends or relations! It seemed to us very like the practice of asking for money for the souls in Purgatory.

Jan. 4th.—A most lovely, sunny, clear day. Cold indoors, but delightful out. Walked on the beach. The view of the purple line of the Spanish coast and the sunny hills behind Tarifa, with Tangier as a foreground, with its white walls standing out in the bright sunshine against a clear blue sky, with one of the mail-steamers and Lord Breadalbane's yacht lying at anchor beneath it, formed altogether a lovely picture. In the afternoon went out on the market hill, and were lucky enough to see a large caravan arrive from Fez. I must confess, that the camels have an extraordinary fascination for me, and it was most interesting to see them following their leader to the appointed place, accompanied by some Arabs and a

negro or two. They looked dreadfully tired and leg-weary ; they had been twenty-two days on the road, on account of the bad state of it from the quantity of rain which had fallen. It was very curious to see them guided, some by the tail and some by a small cord, just passed round the neck, to a particular spot, where they were ordered to lie down to be unloaded, some of them roaring and groaning, as if in great pain, whilst the load was rolled off over the back from one side to the other, on to the ground. Then the unloaded camel got up, and a loaded one took his place, and so on in succession, until the operation was finished ; and they were all placed in a line, so as to occupy as little space as possible. There were forty-six of them, of different shades of colour, some nearly white and others dark brown. The hair is woolly, long, and soft. Their loads consisted of goatskins for making papouches for Cairo, bales of wool, and boxes of dates for England. Being unloaded, they were all made to lie down, in some instances with one fore-leg tied up, in spite of which, one old fellow contrived not only to get up, which they can all do on three legs, but to hobble after a young one a little way off : but he was conducted back to his place, and the two fore-legs were tied together. They had nothing but chopped oat-straw to-night to eat, and no water, but to-morrow early, they will be driven to the pasture-land, a short distance off. They are never worked until they are three years old, but when

a year old they occasionally are made to travel with the others, carrying an unloaded pack-saddle, which teaches them their future work. There were two calves by the side of their mothers to-day ; such woolly little things, only a few months old. The little things, however, were fifteen or perhaps fifteen-three high ! One of the camels had a sore back, so, much against his will, he was made to lie down to have it dressed, amidst groans and gnashing of teeth, and the pack-saddle was mended, by taking out some of the old straw stuffing, and putting in a large handful of that which had been placed before him to eat. The Arabs eat the camels, when no longer of any use. The other day one died here, and they ate him, all but the hump, which is chiefly fat : that is cut up into pieces and sold. Hadji brought us a piece to see, which looked like a very solid bit of lard. It is much prized here for strains, sore throats, &c.

A small number of camels passed us coming into the 'Fondac' for the night, from the feeding-ground, as they were to leave for the interior early to-morrow ; and donkeys and mules were bringing up the loads, which they are to carry, and which we waited to see piled and covered with tarpaulin, by the side of the hill, while the men settled themselves to sleep by them as guards, during the night. The loads consisted chiefly of European goods, such as sugar, and cotton for shirts, generally striped with red or some bright colour, which, it seems to me, the natives of all

hot countries delight in, and in which I greatly sympathise with them.

As we entered the town gates, a blind man, seated against the archway, begged of us, and I gave him some fous (a copper coin, 116 to a shilling). The man looked so wretched that I asked Hadji for his history, and he told us, that he had been a very bad man, committing robbery, and every sort of crime, short of murder. He was imprisoned, and punished, by beatings, repeatedly, and the authorities did not wish to incur the trouble and expense of these continual punishments, so one night, when he was asleep, two men came with red-hot irons, and scorching his eyes, destroyed his sight, and then let him out of prison! One can hardly imagine such cruelty in these days. The poor man is led about by a child, and lives entirely on charity. Perhaps, however, he is happier, enjoying the sun, and listening to his friends' stories, than the unfortunate creatures are, who are convicts for life.

Met Sir John and Miss Hay on horseback, on their way to Ravens' Rock, and they told us, that Lord Breadalbane starts to-morrow for the interior.

Jan. 5th.—George's cough so bad, and the wind so cold and high, that I went out alone, taking Hadji with me. I saw Lord and Lady Breadalbane and party emerge from the shelter of the Powder Magazine on the Marcham, and descend the hill, and soon after, they passed me on their road to Fez, with their loaded

mules and running Arabs, and a mounted soldier. I rather envied them, and hope that they may have fine weather.

Jan. 6th.—Went out on the mule with Hadji over the wild country beyond the enclosed land. Very deep going, through the green corn. Brought home quantities of narcissi, and a very large iris of a beautiful sky-blue, with large orange blotches.

Jan. 8th.—I took a long walk, with Hadji as my escort. Met Sir John Hay and several other gentlemen on their way to the coursing-ground, and heard in the evening that they had killed seventeen hares. Brought home a great bunch of flowers,—such wreaths of the lovely little trumpet-flowering creeper, and of the white clematis, the latter of which is far more beautiful, when beginning to form seed, than when in its first stage of flowering; the centre, or eye, forming long silver-looking threads, an inch and a half long, and gradually becoming like down. The trees were covered with it. I saw some bignonias to-day, fifteen feet high, and a sheet of scarlet. An old wall, inside Mons. Daluin's garden, was a mass of beauty, covered with ivy and illuminated by the gold-coloured blossoms of the boronia micania. There was no market to-day, yet, as I came over the hill, I counted nearly 200 camels, besides many other animals, there. There was a bull, which appeared to be merely held, by means of a thin cord attached to his horns, by a little boy seated on the ground; but, on going up to him,

I found that his fore-legs were tightly tied together above the knees.

The weather still being unfit for George to go out, I went alone to pay a visit to the Jewish family of our young Spanish master, named Bensalum. The house was like a double Moorish house, with some beautiful horseshoe arches, and the courts well closed in with glass, and lined and paved with coloured marbles and tiles, but without the usual very ornamental painted columns, doors, and ceilings. Unfortunately Arabic and Spanish were their only languages, and I could only hold a rather broken conversation in Spanish. Señora Bensalum, the mother, is still a handsome, young-looking woman, as she well may be at the age—as she informed me—of thirty. Her family consisted of her eldest son (our master), of seventeen, a really very beautiful girl of just fourteen, who has been married a year, and is near her confinement, another son of sixteen, and two little children under three years old!

After a short time, an English silver tray, of the date of Queen Anne (of which they were very proud, as showing the antiquity of the family), was brought in, containing four very small glass saucers, containing preserves of quince and cherry, and an old-fashioned white-and-gold glass liqueur-bottle and glasses, having their ancestors' names in gold on them. The son begged that I would observe, that the name was the same as the one over the entrance-door of the house.

I was then shown the rest of the house. The window of one room was made to open on the Synagogue, which was lighted up—it being their Sabbath—by many hanging brass lamps. They were most courteous to me, but, much to my disappointment, they were dressed in European fashion—all but as regarding their heads; the mother wearing a white and blue silk and gold handkerchief, with a band of jewels in front, a fine sapphire set with pearls, and other ornaments; and the daughter, looking very lovely, with a rose-coloured silk kerchief, fastened behind, her beautiful hair floating over it upon her shoulders, and a large silver butterfly fastened on one side of her head.

Jan. 9th.—As I was getting on my mule this morning, a tall, handsome woman, enveloped in a white haik, after the Arab fashion, was passing by, and Hadji stopped her, asking her to come and show me her dress. She uncovered herself, in order that I might thoroughly examine her costume. Her waistcoat was of cloth of gold, heavily embroidered in silver, with, here and there, a little black silk and colour. The dress was of green silk with the usual Jewish trimming down the front, forming an angle towards the bottom of crimson and silk, edged and crossed with thick gold braid, and a very broad gold sash, or band, down the back, hanging from a brocaded gold waist-belt. Large, heavy, silver and gold bracelets, were on her arms. The earrings, which she

took out to show me, were made like bangles, and were large enough for ordinary wrists, and had in them each three fine Oriental pearls and a very large emerald ; but the value of the latter, which was uncut, was much diminished by having been pierced. She had married a French Oran Jew, but was herself a Jewess and native of Fez. She evidently was very unhappy, for she told me, through Hadji, that she came of an ancient and rich family, but that now all was changed, and that she had nothing but her dress and jewels left, which no one should take from her. She had twice gone back alone to Fez, as she was so unhappy at Oran. She was still handsome and youthful-looking, and had none of the Jewish type, but a very sad face, which quite haunted me for some time. I concluded she had left her husband, but did not like to question her.

Jan. 10th.—Went out early on a donkey, which, on arriving in the little Sok, seeing a group of its accustomed companions, made a dart forward, and placed himself in the centre of them. I had no bridle, there being only a cord, attached as a halter, round the ears and nose, with one long end, which Hadji held. A Jew gave my donkey a blow on the back, on which he kicked up his heels, and Hadji (the Arabs detest the Jews) dropped the halter, leaving me to my fate, and struck the man on the head. Then followed a dreadful jabbering in Arabic, and at last a young Arab took pity on me, and picking up

the end of the cord from the ground, held the donkey's head. Finally, Hadji returned, but on my remonstrating with him on his fighting propensities, and telling him, that he quite forgot that he ought to think of me first, he answered in his Arabic-French : ' Si Madame avait tombée, je lui casserais la tête !'

At last we got away, and rode down to the sea-beach, but found the tide was so high that we could not pass, and turned up a narrow lane at the foot of the old town walls, built by the Portuguese, on to the great Socco, and up to the plateau of the Marcham. On our way down we came past a freshly closed little grave. I should not have particularly observed it, had not Hadji pointed it out to me,—a little, thin wooden post, about a foot high, and four inches wide, with three notches at the top, which, he said, showed that it was the grave of a female. It seems that they bury wherever they choose, so long as the ground has not been bought and enclosed. In fact, looking down over the country from above, all the nearer ground appears to be one graveyard, overgrown with aloes, chamærops, and many flowering plants. The Arabs gather the top shoots of the chamærops, of which they make both large and small brooms ; they also cut back into the thick part of the stem, which appears woody below the shoot, and peeling off the brown skin or husk (which in Jamaica is called 'lace bark'), eat the centre pith raw,—very unattractive food, I should think. The outer skin is manufactured into

most excellent ropes and twine. They never gather the plant for eating that grows near a grave.

It had rained heavily all night, and as we passed down the hill by the enclosed Christian Cemetery, it looked so damp, and the grass and weeds so rank, with every ray of sun excluded from it by the pine-trees in the German Envoy's garden, that I felt that the Arabs did well to choose the dry and sunny hill, where they could go, as they say, to visit their dead.

The weather delightfully mild. We rarely have such a day in England, even in the midst of summer. I persuaded George to come out in the afternoon, and we walked down to the Marina, or landing-place, below the Custom House. The French packet *Amélie* had just arrived from Mogador, and other ports on the west coast of Africa. The men were busy loading the boats with the goat and kid skins, which we had seen unloaded from the camels a few days ago, on their arrival from Fez, while the cargo in other boats was being brought on shore, containing henna from Mogador, carpets from Rabat, and corn from both, as well as other places on the south-west coast, to be used here, and also in the interior. Everything was carried to and fro through the surf, some of the loads being so heavy, that they required four and five men to each ; and one wondered how the unfortunate donkeys, which were waiting to carry up the loads into the town, could bear the enormous weights. The corn was packed in double (what we call) fig-

baskets, straw-plaited covers being sewn over them, and the two baskets being united with a piece of straw webbing, they were thrown across the animals, like saddle-bags.

The henna is a small, dried, green herb ; but I shall have some prepared for use, so as to test the red dye. It appears wonderful, that so large a quantity as we saw arrive, whilst we sat on the bales of packed carpets on the beach, can ever be used up. All the Arabs, more or less, dye the points of their fingers, and many, their hair also. The old men often turn their gray hair and whiskers red by it, and the women and children dye their light hair also. The henna, it seems, will turn brown hair quite black, but it requires to be renewed every four or five days.

The boats became aground as they were loaded, and it was most curious to see fifteen or twenty turban'd or fez'd heads and white-clothed bodies almost under the boats, with the water often up to their armpits, shoving the boats afloat, whilst the Captain of the Port, a magnificent bearded Arab, in snow-white turban, red fez, white burnoose, over which was the blue cloth gelab, with bare legs and yellow papouches, was giving his orders from the shore, with much gesticulation,—a most picturesque figure!

Two little Arab boys came to look at us, one of whom had a small oblong pointed cocoa-nut, mounted with silver and closed with a silver screw-

pin, out of which he offered us some snuff,—rather early for such a child to begin snuff-taking, but the older Arabs are much addicted to it.

Hadji says, that the porters, when trade is brisk, make seven or eight shillings a-day. They certainly well earn anything that they may gain.

Jan. 12th.—The *Risca*, bound for London, arrived yesterday. It rained in torrents, and I passed the wet afternoon with Hadji in packing the things, and everything, which I had collected here, and sent him off to make inquiries about bills of lading and embarkation. Early this morning, before I was dressed, Hadji came to beg that I would go to the Custom House with him. He had already brought a donkey, and had carried down upon it a large box of Moorish pottery, and, secondly, the large bale of rugs, when he found that there was an export duty to pay. I hurried down, as the *Risca* was to sail at ten o'clock. Such a scene of confusion! Arabs, with loaded and unloaded mules and donkeys, hurrying here and there; Jews gesticulating and expostulating with them, all talking at the pitch of their voices, and at the same time. I went into a long, low room, the bureau of the Custom House, and found an officer, a tall, handsome man, in a blue and scarlet dress, an ample snow-white turban, yards of a gauzy white material artistically wound round and round him from his turban downwards, draping his whole figure, and through which the bright colours of his dress

appeared. He was sitting cross-legged, with a book before him. He listened attentively to Hadji's interpretation of what I had to say; asked if my things were for commerce, or for my own use; told me the export duty on the pottery was one duro (four shillings), and that if I had only sent one or two rugs, he should not have charged any duty at all, but that *I* could not use so many; that the export duty on wool, of which they were made, was one real ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) a pound. So the weighers were called to the large scales in front of the door and the bale lifted into it. He did not tell me the weight, but said, 'You are not in the commerce, so you can pay me three duros and a half.' Then I tried to get away, after thanking him for his courtesy, but was besieged outside by numerous Jews, who each entreated me to let them take the things off to the ship. The noise was deafening. Hadji told me to find my way home, and I left him to fight it out, which ended in his taking the things on board himself. I believe our guides all make use of the name of 'Sir Jan,' as they call Sir John, for when I asked Hadji how he freed himself, he said, he told them that 'if they meddled with the Señora's things, Sir Jan would get the Bashaw to put them all in prison!'

A lovely warm summer's day, with the softest of breezes from the south. I went home for George, and we went to the street, in which is the Grand Mosque, to see the Bashaw come away from it on his mule. The guns from the fort were firing, which we

were told was in honour of a letter, which the Bashaw had just received from the Sultan, to read which to the people he had gone into the Mosque.

On reaching the latter, we found the street lined on each side, with people and Moorish soldiers, and heard that he was still in the Mosque, having, after his devotions there, read aloud to the faithful the letter of the Sultan, in which he announced that 'he had had a prosperous journey from Fez to Mackness, and was well satisfied with the great strength of his army and the obedience of his people.' The Bashaw then proceeded to improve the occasion by impressing on the minds of his audience, the propriety of readily paying their taxes. After waiting some time, the Bashaw came out upon his mule,—a fine, solemn-looking old man, with a white beard, wearing the usual turban, burnoose, and yellow papouches, and draped from head to foot with the fine, thin, white woollen material, which is so constantly worn by higher officials of this country. The people and soldiers gave a sort of cheer, as he came out of the side archway. The soldiers are unlike any that I have seen before. They were all dressed in white burnouses over blue cloth cloaks, with crimson scarves round their waists, in which were a sword and silver-mounted pistols and daggers ; and on their heads, some wore the white turban, and others, who were, I believe, the common soldiers, wore tall, conical caps of scarlet cloth.

The procession then set out, the Bashaw heading it (contrary to our ideas of etiquette), followed by his retainers, two of whom walked on each side of his mule; afterwards followed the soldiers, and, lastly, came the band. It consisted of four men with tambourines, which they beat like drums, and four others blowing a rude sort of reed-pipe, which sounded exactly like the bagpipes, minus the drone. As the Bashaw passed us, my husband, of course, took off his hat, which he answered by the very slightest inclination of his head. It was a very pretty and characteristic sight, and one, which I would not have missed on any account.

Went to the bazaar belonging to my first Moorish friend here, and he showed me, amongst many ornaments arrived from Fez, a small silver bottle, the stopper of which was attached by two chains. He told me—for we both spoke Spanish, although neither of us are very strong in it—that it is used for ‘kohl,’ which the Arabs, especially the women, use for their eyes. On my asking ‘if it was not to darken and give effect to the eyes,’ he said, ‘In some degree, but more to strengthen the eye, for which it is very good.’ He said, the eye should be closed and a fine camel’s-hair brush used to put it close to the eyelid.

Gathered quantities of purple violets in Mons. Daluin’s garden, which he has most kindly given us permission to do. I never saw them in greater luxuriance. We measured some of the stalks, which were

ten and twelve inches long, and on our way home a great bunch of the tussilago fragrans and purple iris, the latter contrasting beautifully with the bright yellow oxalis and deep orange nasturtium. We saw in Mons. Daluin's garden great baskets full of Tangereen oranges, which were being gathered for sale in the market. The oranges here are perfection, and I cannot find the slightest difference between the Tangereen and Mandareen, and I believe them to be the same.

Jan. 13th.—I went out riding early, escorted by Hadji, straight up the hill, and away through mud and water, to the village of Swany, a distance of about two miles. Passed some of the finest aloes I have ever seen. As I sat on my mule, which is more than fourteen hands high, by a group of three, they rose more than three feet above my head. We went over some very wild, uncultivated country, and passing through the village, with its enclosed gardens, we came out upon a large extent of ground covered with young corn and green peas. Growing, as weeds, were quantities of the pure white narcissus and large light-blue iris, and where there were hedges, masses of the delicate and graceful white broom in full bloom, so that I returned home, as usual, loaded with flowers for the decoration of our sitting-room.

The village of Swany, which is situated on a hill above the Fez road, has one large white house in the centre, occupied by an Arab of importance, and sur-

rounded by a number of reed huts. Soon after leaving Swany, in order to return by another route, we came upon two women carrying water. I cannot think, how they contrived to do so. They were dressed in white shirts, with numerous little buttons up to the throat, and the usual white-and-red towel as a petticoat, drawn in by a broad coloured belt. A cord was inserted through the belt, and passing over the shoulders, formed a loop, which supported a large, round, earthenware jar, full of water, which rested on the back of each. Above this, on one of the women, sat a lovely little curly-headed child, of eighteen months old, the little hands clasping the mother's head, and the naked legs round her neck. How I have longed to be able to draw figures here ! such lovely subjects meet one at every turn.

Sir Robert Sinclair came to see us, he and Lady Sinclair having arrived from England yesterday at the Legation.

Jan. 14th.—Poured with rain, with little intermission, the whole day. Water came in, in every direction, and nothing availed to stop it. Sacks, putty, list, were all useless. Miriam, our Spanish housemaid, and Hadji, were incessantly sopping it up; indeed we all worked with sponges, basins, and buckets: no sooner had we dried it up, than the water returned again. About three o'clock the rain lessened, so, with goloshes and umbrella, I sallied forth to call at the French Legation. I met Madame de

Vernouillet and her sister-in-law, on their way to us, so we walked for a short time together, and afterwards, still longing for fresh air, I went with Hadji out of the town to the Socco. There were many little tents, with Arabs under them, all made in this simple manner, on the slope towards Sir John's Road, as the Moors call the Ambassadors' Road. The tents are formed by driving into the ground, at a certain distance from each other, two upright poles, about six feet high, with a large iron ring at the top of each; another pole is placed transversely through the two rings. A brown hair cloth is thrown across this pole, stretched and pegged down; at the back another piece is attached, and also pegged. The whole operation only takes a few minutes. On stopping to examine one of these tents, four men, sitting on sacks within, most courteously invited me to enter. I declined, fearing an absence of cleanliness; but I stood by, and saw them cooking their supper of 'kesksoo,' pronounced 'kushkush.' On a most primitive earthenware vessel, which, being filled with hot charcoal, serves as a stove, is placed a large jar of the same material, filled with water; a third vessel of earthenware is filled with meat, vegetables, saffron, and other things, and is put on the top of all to be steamed. A man was turning over and over, with both hands, the contents of a large bowl of semolina, already boiled. This semolina is made from the best part of the wheat. When all is cooked, it is dished up in a pile

in a large bowl, with hard-boiled eggs cut up and placed over it. This kushkush very much resembles the Turkish pillau, only that the one is boiled the other steamed, and that rice in the one takes the place of semolina in the other. When well made of chicken it is a very good dish. The Arabs eat it with their fingers, and it is astonishing to see the large quantity that one man will eat at a sitting. On my way home, I bought two pretty bright-coloured Rabat blankets, which only arrived to-day, as well as a pair of rose-coloured embroidered pa-pouches from Fez.

Jan. 15th.—A tremendous storm during the night and a deluge of rain, which continued the whole day, which was chiefly spent in mopping and sponging up the water as fast as it came in.

Dined at Sir John D. Hay's in the evening, each going and returning in a sedan-chair (I believe the only one in Morocco), which he kindly sent for us, through the almost tropical rain! Met Sir Robert and Lady Sinclair, Mons. Ray (half French, half Portuguese) and his friend, a Spaniard. They played on the piano and violoncello delightfully together after dinner, and Sir Robert, his wife, and Miss Hay, sang duets and trios. All very pretty music. Sir John says, that, as they have had nothing but dry, sunny weather since the beginning of October, we shall probably have bad weather, until the end of the month!

Jan. 16th.—Rain, thunder, and lightning.

Jan. 17th.—Rain, rain, rain! but very mild: the thermometer stood at 72° this evening. All the woodwork swelling with the wet, so I trust some of our troubles from the water may cease. I could no longer bear the absence of air, so I went out alone on my mule. Saw the poor camels lying closely packed together, trying to keep each other dry, and the men in the little tents making themselves white cotton shirts, and most beautiful workers with the needle they are.

No communication with Gibraltar since the 12th, owing to the heavy sea which is running off this coast; so we have been five days without a post!

Jan. 18th.—Torrents of rain all night. Flooded under my bed, which stands between a north and south window! A wonderful climate, for, in spite of the damp, no one appears to be the worse for it. Book-covers are mildewed, bonbons melt away in their boxes, walking-sticks and umbrella-handles, and everything that has any leather about it, are covered with blue mould; but, most curious of all, my husband coughs less than he has done for many months, and in the dry climate of Cannes last winter he was confined to the house for ten consecutive weeks.

At ten o'clock young Solomon came to take us to the Jewish schools, in which the Rothschilds have taken great interest, and by whom they are chiefly supported. They are held in a large Moorish house

with galleries. The first school, into which we went, was the English, and it really was wonderful to hear the boys, from nine to twelve years old, read English, and translate it into Spanish, and *vice versâ*. The boys' native language, of course, is Hebrew, which, their master, Solomon's uncle, told me, closely resembles Arabic. He speaks excellent English. We next went up into the French School, where the boys did even still better, their master being also a very intelligent man. At his request, I took a class, and I was still more surprised, than I had been at the other school, at the facility with which little boys of nine, who only began to learn to read six months ago, read, and understood what they read, perfectly. There is no doubt, that these children have much greater ease, in pronouncing French than English, and I could not help observing to their English master, the necessity of making them read more slowly, so as to pronounce each word separately ; giving his nephew, as an example of having learned English in the same school, and that, owing to his speaking so rapidly, running one word into another, we find it impossible to understand him, and as he is our Spanish master, I am really teaching him English while he imparts Spanish, which we had fortunately worked at, before coming here, from an excellent master, during the ten days we passed at Gibraltar. We finished by going into the Hebrew and English School, where a Bible in both languages was placed

before us. The first class of boys read English tolerably well. The Hebrew language must be very tiresome to write, as, of course, like all Eastern languages, it is written from right to left. The children looked clean and healthy. There does not appear to be any school for girls, as the Jewesses cannot even speak Hebrew, their own language, and are generally most ill-educated. The rooms were all stuffy and full of bad smells, and we were very glad to get into the open air again.

In spite of the downpour of rain in the afternoon, with cloaks and umbrellas, I set off with Howe and Hadji to the house of an Arab, whose daughter is to be married this week. There is no religious ceremony whatever: a simple contract is made up by the lawyers, as agreed upon between the two families. The preparations take some days, and the final signatures are only affixed to the documents on the day on which the bride is to be carried from her own home to the bridegroom's house. On our arrival, we were received by the mother (of course, Hadji was not allowed to enter), and were conducted into a room, where the bride-elect was receiving congratulatory visits. On a raised dais of brick and tiles, upon which was a mattress, sat cross-legged two rows of women gorgeously dressed. At the back, in one corner, was the bride-elect, entirely wrapped up in a hark of soft white woollen material, one eye only occasionally being seen. Three girls sat in a line

with her and three in front, all of them in full dress. They wore quantities of gold and silver jewelry. One extremely pretty little child of seven years old, who came with her black nurse, was an excellent specimen of their usual dress on these occasions. She wore two waistcoats, one of crimson and the other of blue satin, both elaborately embroidered with gold and silver braid and thread, and quantities of small gold buttons down the front. These waistcoats come down below the waist. Then follows a loose open Turkish robe, or caftan, of yellow silk, with open sleeves, reaching to the ankles. Over this, an embroidered white net dress of the same form, and then a very broad, stiff, brocaded belt, passing three times round the waist, drawing in the loose dresses, and being tied with a red-and-gold cord, hanging down with small tasselled ends. Gold-spangled net sleeves from underneath, turned back over the other sleeves, and held up by a double blue cord passing round the back of the neck, and under the arms. Over all this were many strings of seed pearls, gold necklaces, and fillagree and old-fashioned ornaments, varied by coloured stones. The feet were dyed with henna (a dull red) up to the ankles, where the dye was met by large silver anklets, and on the points of the feet scarlet velvet papouches, richly embroidered with gold. This little creature had on a double set of heavy earrings, the upper set being quite two inches in diameter. How the poor little

ears bore the weight I cannot imagine, as the second set of earrings was suspended from the first. Her head was bound round by a blue, white, and yellow silk handkerchief, folded across and passed round the hair and tied in front; over this was a bandeau of jewels, with loops of pearls hanging from it. The little hands were also dyed with henna, as far as the wrists, where the red met the silver bracelets. The solemnity of this lovely little child, as well as of some others who were present, surprised me. They were told where to sit, and from thence they never once moved; indeed, they never once spoke, or moved a muscle of their little faces, during the hour and a half that I was there. The ladies were painted with black (for which women are especially employed) on the eyebrows, forehead, and chin, as well as the hands, feet, and nails. Two very handsome sisters had their hands painted to imitate lace mittens, all except the first finger and thumb, of which the nails only were black. On entering the room they all gave the hidden bride their right hands to kiss.

In another room, on the next side of the court (into which the rain was descending heavily), the visitors sat on mattresses on the ground, and drank tea from very minute cups, with sweet cakes; waited on by black women, while others made music (as they call it). There were two red earthenware jars, attached by cords, the mouths of which were covered with pieces of bladder tightly tied down, on which a woman

drummed with two sticks; another played in the same manner upon an earthenware tube in the form of a gigantic dice-box, one end being also closed with a piece of bladder, and two others on tambourines, while they sang as an accompaniment a sort of drony, drowsy air. The Arab women came and went, but, of course, no man was admitted. I saw the toilette of one of the ladies performed in the room. Owing to the rain she had brought her negro slave with her, who carried her dress in a bundle. Many of them had their hair tipped with henna, which had a most peculiar effect, and almost all, except the children, had their eyelids dyed with kohl. The large lump at the opening passed through the ear, and on some of these gold rings were several gold drops. I learnt to-day how these enormous holes are made in the ears. Having taken the stone of the fruit of the date, they have the courage to force the sharp point through the lobe of the ear, until the hole is completely open, and then to wear this night and day until healed. It quite illustrates the truth of the French saying, '*Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*' All the jewels were real and the dresses most expensive, and had been for many years in their families. Many of these latter had been very rich, but are no longer so. Not understanding the language, I felt very much as if I was sitting there to witness the silent pantomimic action of a ballet upon the stage.

Jan. 21st.—Three vessels arrived yesterday from

Gibraltar—two French and a little English mail-boat, *Hercules*. Most welcome, after seven days without any communication with Europe. Still a great deal of rain.

About seven o'clock last evening, the noise of a great drumming attracted us to the windows, and a curious procession soon appeared. Arabs chanting and carrying lanterns, followed by tambourines and pipes in considerable numbers, passed by, and at the close of the procession came a mule with a scarlet pack upon its back, and on this a square box, draped all over with white, gold, and red materials, and a man on each side of the mule supporting it. They were on their way to fetch the Arab bride, whom I had been to see at her mother's house three days ago. The bridegroom was awaiting her in her future home. The Moorish morals as regards marriage are most peculiar. A man is allowed to have four wives at the same time, though they very rarely avail themselves of this privilege, as they say it is too expensive! But he can divorce them with the greatest ease, and can marry again the same evening if he likes; but the divorced wife must wait for three months before she can marry again, and she cannot be divorced more than four times.

The night was really pitch-dark, there being no moon, and Tangier not being artificially lighted in any way. The only permanent lamps that I have ever seen are over the foreign Envoys' doors.

Our dinner was again interrupted by the most extraordinary noises, and soon a procession of negroes appeared, about thirty in number. They formed a circle in the Plaza under our windows. One very tall negro stood in the centre, where, armed with two sticks, he beat a big drum, and all those around him danced from one foot on to the other on the same spot, beating or clicking together a double pair of a sort of castanet of iron in one hand, while each held a picturesque lantern of various-coloured glass in the other. This procession, we were told, was on its way to the house of an Arab close by who was very ill, and this dreadful noise was to chase away the evil spirits. Wonderful to say, I hear that the man is better to-day, for the noise, which continued the greater part of the night, was quite enough to make a healthy person ill, when close to it.

Jan. 22nd.—A lovely morning, though cloudy, with a very soft wind. Went out of the town early with Hadji, passing up Sir John's Road. It had, they say, become impassable after rain, and Sir John Hay, who is indefatigable in working for the good of the people, persuaded the Bashaw to have it remade. It is a great boon, as it is really impossible to walk anywhere else after much rain. Outside the town the ground is now like a ploughed field, from the trampling of the animals in this wet weather; and even riding, the roads, as they are called, are almost

impracticable : the Fez road quite so at this moment. In fact, I should imagine that these roads are much in the same state as existed in England in the beginning of the last century. Leaving the road, we went up the hill past the arched entrance to the Marabout's mosque, from which we had a glorious view, with a most extraordinary effect of colour, the hills across the bay being of a deep purple and the sea pale green, and the whole line of the coast of Spain magnificently and darkly defined. Here amongst the graves to-day, being the Mahomedan Sabbath, we saw a poor woman literally lying upon her husband's grave, who was only buried yesterday, and near her a whole family of women seated around the grave of a little child, also lately buried. Fortunately I got home before a tremendous thunder-storm with heavy rain.

Jan. 23rd.—Again incessant rain, and the old story of our rooms being flooded, with the usual process of mopping up the water to be gone through. We walked in the afternoon, though the streets were running with water. On our way home we met a man differently dressed from any one we had seen before. He had an elaborate white turban with a white woollen gauzy scarf over it, and reappearing below, a very long, light blue burnoose. Hadji told us that the wearer was the bridegroom of the young Arab lady whom I had gone to see on Tuesday last, and that it is the custom always to wear this dress for

eight days after marriage. It looked much more fitted for a bride. This man has just been divorced from a former wife!

News from Casablanca of the loss of the French steamer *Souerah*: when entering the port they sounded deep water, and the next moment she was on a rock; the engines, going all the time, began to quickly break up the vessel. A young Consul, who was returning in the steamer to Casablanca, as soon as every one was in the boats inquired of the Captain whether he had secured his mail-bags and papers? He replied he had not, as the vessel was fast filling with water, and might sink at any moment.

The Consul said, 'Do your duty; I will return to the ship with you.'

They had just time to rescue these papers and get off again, when she settled down. It did the Captain credit that he sent these details to the French Minister here, though they told against himself. The *Souerah* was the twin-ship to the packet, in which we came from Marseilles to Gibraltar. The *Verité* was commanded by a young Captain Duchèsne, who inspired one with great confidence. He had received a gold medal from our Government for saving an officer and seventeen men on the African coast.

Jan. 24th.—The first without rain for the last ten days, warm and delicious. Miss Hay came to see us this afternoon, and told us that, a few days since,

Lady Napier of Magdala's sister and niece embarked in the steamer at Gibraltar to come here for a few days' visit to Sir John and Lady Drummond-Hay. They arrived in this bay, but the surf was so heavy that they had to return without landing, after a dreadfully rough voyage.

Jan. 25th.—Just as we reached the pretty fountain at the top of the main street to-day, a funeral procession emerged from a side-street. Hadji told us that it was that of an old lady of ninety-two. The only difference from what we had seen before was, that the bier had a sort of tilt over it. We followed as far as Sir John's Road at a little distance, when suddenly the procession halted, and the bier was set down in the middle of the road, surrounded by a certain number of the followers, the rest going up on the bank above, where, amongst the masses of large aloes, was the open grave. Two priests dressed in dark blue burnouses (or negro black, as they call that colour here), standing on one side of the bier, recited a short prayer, after which the bier was taken up and carried at a rapid pace up the bank, to the tune of a lively chant, to the side of the grave. Here four men held out her haïk, which had been taken off the tilt, and others placed the poor body on it, and so wrapped in it she was lowered into her last earthly home. The tilt being then placed over her the earth was thrown in, while all continued chanting parts of the Koran to a still more lively air, till the



grave was finished and all hurried home. Hadji, as before, joining *sotto voce* in the prayers.

We had, on our way back, a little conversation with him about the Mahomedan faith. They believe in Paradise, and future punishment, and also, what is most peculiar, that the Virgin Mary had three sons : Moses for the Jews, Mahomet for the Mahomedans, and Christ for the Nazarenes. Brought home a bunch of chamærops palm which I bought in the market. It is a very useful plant, as, after the leaves have served for brooms, the pith for food, and the lace bark for cord, the refuse is used for stuffing cushions.

Jan. 26th.—We went this morning, a little before nine o'clock, by the invitation of Mr. Moses Nahun, the head preceptor of the Jewish school, to be present at the ceremony of the circumcision of his infant son, a pretty little baby of eight days old. On arriving, we went upstairs into the usual gallery, and were ushered into a moderate-sized, narrow room, where we were received by young Solomon's mother, whom I have before described as having perfect manners, great beauty, and a very pretty voice. The room was full. The ladies being gaudily dressed, entirely in second-rate European fashion excepting their heads, on which they wore the usual bright-coloured handkerchief. Amongst the exceptions to the specimen of incongruous dressing was one very pretty woman, in a really magnificent costume of deep violet velvet ; the

bodice was almost a cuirass of rich gold embroidery, and the skirt had the same, with the addition of broad gold braiding down the front, sloping off to the side, and thus forming an angle; large open sleeves of gold gauze, and gold beads and seed pearls round her neck, and a rose-coloured handkerchief round her head, with gold ornaments attached to it, and violet velvet and gold papouches.

Opposite the door as we entered the room was a sort of altar, on which was placed a candelabrum holding coloured candles (which during the ceremony were lighted), and two tumblers and a bottle of wine. Upon another smaller table, close to it, was a second candelabrum, whilst above the two was arranged a sort of trophy, formed of pieces of rich silk and gold-embroidered scarves. Close to the door was a high seat, which reminded me of a dentist's chair, in which, at a later period, the *padriño*, or godfather, took his seat. On arriving, there was, seated at the open door of the mother's bedroom, a band of music (so called), consisting of seven men playing on two mandolines, a violin, and four tambourines, who between them, singing all the time, and constantly clapping their hands, made a frightful noise, which was quite deafening. The guests went in by turns to pay their respects to the mother, who was in bed in a large recess, partitioned off by large folding-doors, now open. She was a young, pretty woman, dressed in a white camisole trimmed with lace, but on her head the usual silk

handkerchief, and a small wreath of white flowers round it. She looked very much pleased with her baby, which was lying in her arms, but naturally pale and tired with her numerous visitors.

After some time, a number of men assembled near the door, consisting of the Rabbi, a very odd-looking man, in a common sort of robe of black and white stripe; Mr. Nahun, the father; and the *padriño*, a magnificent-looking old man, with a long white beard and robe of purple stuff, with a sort of three-cornered cowl upon his head. When they were all assembled, the little child was brought in upon a cushion, from his mother's side, and delivered into the arms of his god-father, and the service began by a sort of slow chant, alternated at times by reading. The Hebrew sounded very like Arabic: neither has any vowels. During the service the men all put on their hats, and little Moses Nahun had so ridiculously small a one that he could only wear it at the back of his head, which made him look foolish. Every one sat down. When the baby cried, all the women set up a sort of low, tremulous shriek, of the most unearthly description. As soon as the little creature had been brought back to its mother branches of myrtle were brought and little sprigs distributed amongst the ladies. Then glasses of liqueur were carried round, of which each took a sip, to drink the baby's health. We then went and sat for a little while with the mother, when sweet green tea, and cakes (one sort almost entirely com-

posed of almonds), together with little saucers full of preserved fruits, were brought to us ; of all of which, for the sake of politeness, we were obliged to eat a little.

At the end of this very long ceremony, lasting two hours, during which the room had become extremely hot, we were very glad to depart. I was struck with the absence of good looks amongst the men, and comparing them with the Arabs, there is no doubt the latter carry off the palm, being a remarkably handsome race, well made, and active, fine horsemen.

This afternoon we walked out to the Wilderness, and found Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and their delightful little boy of two years and a half old, in the garden. Mrs. Horace White and her son joined us there—the garden in great beauty. There was a white kennedya, which Mrs. Brooks had reared from seed, growing like a large shrub, and a mass of lovely bloom. It was quite warm walking, with a hot sun. I brought home a lovely bouquet of roses, heliotrope, yellow jasmin, geraniums, arums, cyclamens, kennedya, tagete, dianthus, and many others, besides a quantity of violets. As we reached the town gates, a man coming out passed us, carrying something in his arms wrapped up in a crimson and white shawl, upon a common brown rug, and Hadji told us that it was a baby being taken to be buried. On our way to the Wilderness we passed a story-teller on the usual spot ; we could hear his voice distinctly, though a long way off, and



on our return from our visits he was talking with as much energy as ever.

July 27th.—Out early. We met thirty-one camels just arrived in the Socco, and waited to see them unloaded. Owing to the flooded state of the country they had been again twenty-two days on the road, coming from Fez. The poor animals were covered with mud, as well as the lower part of the boxes of dates and barrels of bees-wax. They looked dreadfully tired and draggled. It is wonderful what heavy weights these camels will carry; the weight of one load, namely, two barrels of bees-wax, is more than 300 kilos, which is equal to about 662 lbs. English. The Arabs said that it was one of the worst journeys they had ever made.

From thence we went to the Jewish Cemetery, close to the walls of the town, on the side which was built by the Portuguese, and overlooking the bay. The burial-ground is miserably kept, and there were a great many donkeys feeding on the rank grass amongst the graves. What greatly surprised us was, that although the latter all had stones over them, they were all huddled together without any order whatever. I should have expected that the feet would have been turned towards Jerusalem, as the Arabs face towards Mecca, and we always bury east and west.

Wet set in again at two o'clock. I had hoped we had done with the small rivers in our rooms, and the

mildew also, which has just been cleared off from everything, will certainly return.

Jan. 28th.—Rained in torren-
everything feels as if it had been
even my work-basket, in daily use,
and white mildew. Accounts of v
quarters. Hadji brought me an A
on gala-days. All the broad gold br
with silver twist and thread, and t
succession of circles in both gold
dress is of fine blue cashmere, and i
open in front, in order to show a
waistcoat underneath.

Bought a basket, made of palm
ornamented with coloured velvet
is made to contain a dish, and the
basket, of the same materials, is put
other dish-cover being ever used to
It is also useful in keeping off the f
—not that we have been at all troubl
here.

Jan. 29th.—All last night, and great
it has blown a perfect hurricane, accom
torrents of rain, thunder, and lightning
rooms flooded, and we have been forced
close the outside jalousies, so as to con
the water off; which, as it put us into a
darkness, obliged us to light up the
lamps, as at night. Still the rain poured

the skylight on the little gallery and court below, which were more than three inches deep in water. The poor people in the opposite house (the hotel), are far worse off; the *salle à manger* is six inches deep in water, and they are obliged to have a tin cistern suspended above the dinner-table, to catch the water which pours through the ceiling, and a pipe to carry it off into a tub at the end of the room. Can any discomfort surpass this? Yet the house of our English Legation, which was almost entirely rebuilt by Sir John's grandfather, is as dry and warm as any English house; but the Moors (I suppose from habit) do not care for all these inconveniences and discomforts. The linen, when it returns from the washerwoman, is so wet, that it has to be passed over with a hot iron, before it can be worn. But, with all this, I am thankful to say we are all well. George has ceased to cough, and there is no doubt that this strange climate has an excellent effect on both the lungs and the nerves. Inconveniences fall lightly on one, and it is no great effort to make the best of things, and the moment the sun reappears, one forgets all the preceding discomforts.

Jan. 30th.—It cleared in the afternoon, and we went down to the Marina, the sea quite magnificent—such breakers, mountains high!—and the spray was carried in scuds of snow-white foam straight across the bay. The *Adriano*, mail-boat from Gibraltar, has gone to anchor under the lee of the opposite shore of

the bay ; she can have no communication with land, and has had none for some days. No man can arrive or depart, a great drawback to passing a winter in this country.

We went up to the Batteries, the Shereef's house, and all through the Arab quarter near it. Many curious houses, into some of which I was welcomed alone. Under the picturesque porches formed by the horse-shoe arches were benches of coloured tiles. From this, by a sharp angle, a narrow passage led to the centre court. The object of this sharp turn was to prevent passers-by ever seeing the women when the doors are open ! One house was beautiful, and very ancient, and so much so that the owners are quite accustomed to artists asking permission to make drawings of it ; and, consequently, we were allowed to see it, and it gave George an opportunity of seeing the women in their home costume without the hark, which he had not done before.

The upper gallery was supported by beautiful flying buttresses in the form of fans, elaborately painted in gold and colours, as well as the doors, the wooden caps to the hinges, which rose like little turrets on each side of the doorways, the door-frames being exquisitely tiled, like antique Pompeian ware, and the court also, though the latter is much injured by exposure to all weathers. The outer roofs are flat, whether the house is of one or more stories ; like those in Southern Italy, and Malta, and Gozo.

On our way up towards the Akba we passed the open door of a Mahomedan School ; a little poky place, much below the level of the street, in which was seated an old Arab schoolmaster, surrounded by a number of Arab boys, all seated, like him, upon the floor, some with large slates, some with books, but all rocking their bodies to and fro, as usual, whilst they chanted verses of the Koran.

Turning up another steep street, or lane, which brought us close under the walls of the Akba, a fine, dignified Moor, in a flowing white burnoose and scarfed turban, mounted upon a mule, and attended by two soldiers, one leading the mule and the other walking close to his stirrup, passed us. George took off his hat, as he knew he must be some person of importance, and he very gracefully waved his hand in return. Hadji told us he was Sidi Mohamed Bargash, Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Bashaw. He was formerly Minister for Morocco at Madrid, and is much respected by the Moors, and a great friend of Sir John. I am told that he has had much to do with regard to the negotiations concerning the ' Outrage on a Jewish woman, called Zahra Tolidano.' As far as I can make out, having heard the story from all sides, the one person to be blamed is Mons. Hecquard, who was at one time French Consul, and is now Drogman at the French Legation here. His having been made ' Drogman,' proves how thoroughly he understands Arabic, as it is his duty to act as in-

terpreter to the French Envoy, and be responsible for the correctness of all documents rendered into Arabic, and *vice versa*. I often feel, what a great advantage the British Government possess, in having, for their Envoy, a person who speaks such pure Arabic as to be quoted for his knowledge of it, thus being totally independent of an interpreter, and able to communicate directly with the Bashaw and his ministers. This knowledge of their language, combined with a sympathetic heart, has no doubt rendered Sir John so universally beloved by the people here, that they call him not only 'Our Second Bashaw,' but 'Our Father.'

To return to Mons. Hecquard. His knowledge of Arabic seems, on the contrary, to have given him the power of making himself hated by the people. Endless stories are told about him, and I have never heard Arab, Jew, or Christian, say a good word for him. One story is, that he wanted a mule belonging to an Arab, who would not sell it to him. The Arab became irritated, and insolent, by Mons. Hecquard's persistence, and he (Mons. H.) reported him for punishment to the Bashaw, and got a flogging ordered, which is always inflicted here with sticks. The man was old and weak, and died a few days after. Another story is, that when out in the country he put up his gun to fire at a pigeon, as it rose to fly over an Arab hut. A man rushed up to him, and touching him, said, 'Don't fire! my wife has a newly-born child, and is very ill!' Mons. Hecquard struck

the Moor on the head with his gun. A few days after the man died, but the matter was hushed up : nevertheless the Arabs have never either forgiven, or forgotten, these two instances of persecution.

It appears to me that the Moors are naturally a very kindly people, very passionate, but easily impressed by kindness, and of generous nature, but the Jewish love of money makes the Arabs oppress them, whenever they have an opportunity. The story of the woman Tolidano, as I understand it, after listening to all the Jewish details, and reading their printed accounts, and also hearing the versions of the Moors, is this: The Drogman, Mons. Hecquard, has in his service a negro lad, who is a slave, and was purchased by him (I should have imagined this to be as contrary to the French law, as it is to ours). This youth was inquired for by him, and it was found that he had gone home with the Jewish woman, Tolidano. Mons. H. immediately sent for the woman (who does not bear a very respectable character), and ordered his soldier to take her to the Casaba with a *verbal* message to the Bashaw, requesting that she might be flogged in public, and that his soldier might see it done. Of all half-civilised countries, this is the last in which such an inhuman punishment could be borne, where no Arab woman is even allowed to show her face out of her own house. A handkerchief is usually worn across the face up to the eyes, and another round the head, low upon the forehead.

(This exposure naturally enlisted the sympathy of the Arabs, in spite of the sufferer being a member of the Jewish community, whom they detest.) Therefore, to take an unfortunate woman into the Socco, or large market-place, and there to tear off her clothes, and give her three hundred blows with a stick, was the most thorough outrage possible, wounding all the most delicate feelings of the Mahomedan as well as the Jewish population. To add to the scandal, the time selected for the punishment being inflicted was on a Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, when her co-religionists, being absent in the synagogue, were unable to protest against it : in fact, I believe, they were in total ignorance of what was going to take place. The history of the wrong woman having been punished is a pure invention. Now, to save himself, the Drogman accuses the poor Arab soldier attached to his office as having acted without his orders, which is simply absurd, and so he is sent to prison.

It reminds one of the case of Napoleon the First, and Talleyrand, and their mutual accusations respecting the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. Why should the poor soldier care whether the negro lad was absent or not, or wish that a woman, with whom he had never had a quarrel, should be punished ? Many people say that Mons. Hecquard's* life is unsafe here

* I have lately heard that Mons. de Vernouillet is placed *en disponibilité*, and that the whole *personnel* (Mons. Hecquard included) of the French Legation is changed.

between the Moors and the Jews, who all feel alike about this outrage ; and one cannot be surprised at this, or resist hoping, that the French Government may recall this man, for the sake of their own credit.

Proceeding on our way, just above us we saw a negress standing upon the flat roof of one of the houses, looking down upon us, and close to her one of the boxes in which the bride is carried to her husband's house. Stripped of its gay hangings when in use, it looked like a black pigeon-house or a dog-kennel. One wonders how the unfortunate bride gets into it, and still more, how she gets out. I told Hadji, that I had heard that the women so dreaded this conveyance that they frequently begged to be allowed to walk, and, wrapped in the haik, they could not be detected, when they placed their slave, dressed like themselves, in the box ; but he was most indignant at such an idea, and said, ' No Arab would receive a wife who came to him in any other way, and that they never objected to do so.'

Jan. 31st.—Went down, between heavy showers, to the Marina. The sea still most grand, though not quite so fine as yesterday. The *Adriano* steamed across from the other side of the bay, and we saw some people go on board of her, as well as the mails. They could not embark from the pier, there was so heavy a surf ; so they were carried into the boats, and, I imagine, must have been well soaked. I am glad the vessel is gone, as we may now have a chance of getting some letters

and papers. It seems ages since we have had any ; and it is such labour reading up the newspapers, which one cannot resist doing backwards, by beginning with the latest.

Whilst watching the waves, a boy brought me a basket full of clovises (a little shell-fish, brought to us for luncheon, in a dish full of boiled rice—shells and all included). Hadji took one and opened it with a knife. I concluded, he was going to eat the contents, as we do an oyster, but, to my surprise, he threw it all away. On my asking why he opened the shell and threw it away, he replied,—

‘No Arab ever eats any kind of shell-fish.’

I said, ‘You treat them like pork?’

‘Yes,’ he said ; ‘pork is also forbidden to us. Once, a very great many years ago, a great Marabout (a saint) had a large pig killed, and cut up into a great many pieces, and all the people were assembled, in order that he might give to each person a piece. But when they counted them, there was one woman for whom there remained no portion. So the great Marabout said, Mahomed had commanded, that, as there was not enough for all, none should have any. And from that time pork has been forbidden food.’

We tried to get as far as Bruzaud’s Hotel, but the mud in the Socco was quite impassable, although we are not stopped by trifles. So we wandered about the town, and went to Souci’s, the working jeweller’s shop, who has often very original bits of old silver, in

the shape of Moorish bracelets, &c. To-day he had a very fine pair of antique silver anklets, ornamented with gold, made and stamped at Fez, and some old silver pins, with a curious fastening, which George has been long looking for, to give me. The women fasten their hawks with these pins, without which they could not keep them on, consisting, as they do, of yards of soft, but thick, woollen material, not being made up in any way. They pin the material together on the front of each shoulder, and the pins are linked together by a long silver chain, with a round silver ornament connecting them in the centre. I also bought a silver-gilt Jewish wedding-ring—very inconvenient and fragile, I should think.

Feb. 1st.—At last a mail has arrived, and we have the comfort of receiving news from England. For twelve days we have had only one mail arrive, which departed the next morning. The mass of newspapers arriving at once does not compensate for their long absence. We have now, we must hope, had our full share of wet and stormy weather. To-day, after a wet night, is quite lovely, and I attempted my first sketch out of doors.

Lord and Lady Breadalbane arrived here last night from Fez and Mackness. We met the soldier who went with them, who told Hadji they had had fine dry weather, until near this place; and a letter I have just received from Malta says that there they have had the Church prayers for rain said daily.

For the first time we passed the Mosque at a quarter past twelve o'clock. We heard a bell ring twelve times, and then the quarter, when a little white flag was run up to the top of the minaret tower, and a man, who appeared almost Lilliputian in size, was seen in the upper gallery, from each corner of which, facing to the east, north, west, and south, by turns, he chanted the call to prayer,—‘Allah! Allah! Allah! Mahomet re-zo-la-la!’—‘Praise God, and praise great Mahomet.’ At least, that is the best explanation we could get from Hadji. The ‘Allah Hu u!’ in a prolonged tone, is most impressive, especially when heard from a distance. Later to-day, when we were sketching together on the quiet hillside amongst the graves (for it has dried up quite marvellously), we again heard the Mueddin, from the minaret of the Mosque on the Casaba, at a long distance from us, though we could hardly believe it, so distinct was the sound, as it floated towards us through that pure atmosphere. We also heard again the usual chanting, which denotes a funeral, and saw a long procession winding up the side of the opposite hill with its melancholy burden. As soon as the accustomed repetition of the Koran verses had ceased, there seemed to be a scramble, and great talking, which we heard even at that distance. We found that bread and dried figs were being distributed amongst the poor, who had been bidden to the funeral by the friends of the poor young man, who had

just been buried. The Moors always sprinkle their dead with sweet odours, brought from Mecca.

On our way home, on our attempting to pass the fountain at the entrance of our narrow little street, we found such a crowd, that we got home with some difficulty. On inquiring, we learnt that soldiers were searching a little house close to us, in which three Spaniards have been hiding for some time. Robberies and housebreaking have been reported here, and have caused great anxiety, especially amongst the Jews, who are conscious that their houses are well worth breaking into.

This morning, when the mail-boat arrived from Gibraltar, a Spaniard landed from her, and two others came to meet him. At the Custom House, the Captain of the Port (a very powerful man) begged the newcomer to open his portmanteau (according to rule), and also to produce his passport, which is rarely asked for here, both of which he refused to do. It appears, that when the three Spaniards arrived here, and settled themselves into the small house already mentioned, 'as gentlemen who had no employment,' last week one of them went to Gibraltar, in order to supply themselves, as it now appears, with house-breaking instruments. The authorities then sent information (which they had acquired) by the captain of the mail-boat to the authorities here, which the Captain of the Port had received just before this man landed. On being again asked for his passport, he said,

'If you don't let me pass I will shoot you,' drawing a pistol from his pocket, which in the scuffle went off in the air. The Captain of the Port seized him by the throat, laid him on the ground, and belaboured him with his stick. The second man then drew his pistol, and fired at the Captain of the Port, which missed him, and went through another man's hand, who was arresting him at the moment, while the third Spaniard was also seized. They were taken directly to the prison in the Akba.

The 21-gun salute which was fired from the Battery to-day, was in honour of the anniversary of the birth of Mahomet (1299), and forms, therefore, the first day of the Mahomedan year. Great fêtes are very shortly to take place here to celebrate it.

Feb. 3rd.—Went into the great Socco for the first time since the heavy rain. The fine weather had brought a great crowd, and the ground was like a deeply ploughed field. We had to elbow our way between men, women, and animals, and were covered with mud from the tails of the horses. I bought some bracelets, made at Fez for the peasants. One hardly ever sees a woman or child without one or two on each arm. They are made of copper, as well as the earrings. I also bought of a water-carrier his two brass cups, beautifully engraved. As wine is forbidden by the laws of the Prophet, this trade must be a very lucrative one. One fous is charged for the contents of the smaller cup, and four

for that of the larger one. I never saw anything like the enormous quantities of oranges, hundreds of which, before the day was over, would be spoilt by lying on the wet ground. One immense heap, which, we saw later in the day, was to be had for a few centimes.

We continued our walk up the hill. This lovely weather is most rapidly drying the ground. We found a large number of camels just come in from pasturage, and being fed with oats, preparatory to beginning their journey to-morrow. Amongst the camels was the large savage one, which we had once seen before. He was the only one wearing a head-stall, having one fore-leg tied up, and the other attached to it above the knee. He was in a very bad humour : chewing and churning till his mouth was full of white foam, every now and then groaning, and making the gurgling sound in his throat peculiar to camels when angry, at the same time throwing out from his mouth the rose-coloured, inflated sort of bladder, which we have since ascertained is what is called, erroneously, the second stomach, and which has the power of taking in an extra supply of water for long journeys—a marvellous provision of nature. The owner was there, and Hadji interpreted from him, that this was the strongest and hardiest camel he had ever had ; but from early youth he had always been very savage. The bite is very severe and dangerous, and when they open their great mouths, and show the formidable

teeth, one wonders, how any one could survive an attack from one of them. They are generally gentle, good-tempered, and most obedient to their leaders. We walked about amongst them, and on touching the chest of one of them he immediately lay down, and got up again when told to do so.

Higher up the hill we came to another batch of twelve, and for some time watched two, who were at play together; but it was very rough work, as one got hold of the other by his teeth above the knee, which he returned by a kick from his hind-leg.

Went to a rich Arab (employed by the Sultan) to see a diamond, for which he had lately given four hundred pounds: a large stone, but of a bad colour—very yellow, and shockingly cut. He also showed us some pearls—none of a very good white, or well shaped—and two large emeralds; but it was sad to see the latter ruined by being pierced. He collects them for the Arab ladies' earrings.

Dined at the British Legation, and met Sir George and Lady Clerk, and Lady Hay's brother, Mons. Edward Cautenum, Chamberlain to the King of Denmark. As usual, a very pleasant and excellent dinner. Why is the meat—especially the beef—always excellent at Sir John's house, whilst in neither hotel is it eatable? Talking of how interested we had been watching the camels, Sir John told us how unlike in their nature they are to many other animals; and gave us an instance, that two males will fight furiously

for a female, until one is either killed or driven away ; when, if the vanquished one is the favourite of the female, she will pine away, and literally die of love. He also told us, that on one occasion he was alone shooting snipes in the interior, in some marshes on the border of a lake, when he suddenly saw a large camel come down from a hill with tremendous strides. Knowing how dangerous they are, he retired towards the lake, into which he waded, always facing the enemy, thinking that he would not follow him into the water ; in which he was deceived. The camel continued to come on, roaring furiously, and throwing out the pink bladder with a bubbling noise. Sir John, finding by this time that the water had reached above his elbows, was preparing to shoot the camel, which, he said, he should have done with very great regret, knowing how valuable these animals are, when he heard shouts, and the owner came down in great haste, and called the camel back, who obeyed him immediately, and followed him with the greatest docility. We questioned him about their ordinary height, and he said a full-grown camel often reached twenty hands.

Feb. 4th.—We had mounted our mules by nine o'clock, and rode along the beach for two miles, intending to go over the Roman remains of a pretty old ruin, part of ancient Tangier ; but, on arriving at the river, we found it so deep, as to be impassable, and had to turn back. Passed a Moor kneeling on the

sand at his devotions, repeating the Koran aloud, and touching the ground with his forehead. Two French frigates came in during the night, and one of them fired a 21-gun salute for the Sultan, which was returned from the fort while we were on the beach. The Moors are full of hope that some person with authority from the French Government has come to settle the Jewish outrage affair, and to remove Mons. Hecquard; but I doubt this being the case, for he is too good a linguist for the French Legation to get on without him. I saw the soldier (who was accused of having acted without his orders, and therefore imprisoned) to-day, doing duty at the French Envoy's! This speaks for itself.

Feb. 5th.—A lovely, bright day; but the wind rather cold. Went out of the town early, as usual, and found the largest number of camels which we have ever seen collected, with their suite of running Arabs, horses, mules, and donkeys, preparing to leave this for Fez, having been detained here for twenty-one days by the weather. We watched them being loaded, and soon after saw a caravan of seventy-nine leave, followed by another of twenty-seven. George and I then walked down under the town walls, where another caravan of twenty-two was preparing. An Arab driver touched me on the shoulder, saying, '*Ve, un chiquito,*' and a little farther on we found a young camel of eight hours' old lying on the ground. It was the prettiest little woolly creature, nearly white, with a head the size of

a sheep, a neck like a swan, and very long legs. The parents stood close to it ; the father, a fine old camel, became very angry when any one approached too near to the little one, bellowing and chirruping like a bird, and blowing out the pink bladder at intervals with a bubbling noise. At last, much to his displeasure, he was taken away to be loaded ; and the mother, who was licking her child, was also loaded, uttering great groans. Then followed a long consultation, as to whether the young one should be placed on the top of the load on its father's back, the father being made to lie down again, in order to fasten upon him some large straw-plaited panniers ; but they could not be made to fit, so that was given up. A magnificent-looking negro, belonging to the caravan, came forward, leading a little donkey, on to whose back the panniers were transferred. The negro then took a large, soft woollen cord, and proceeded to turn back the little one's fore-legs under him, and tying them together fastened the cord round its neck, and then, in the same way, attaching the hind-legs, passed the cord over its back, so that all four legs were equally supported, the little animal looking quite contented during the operation. It was then lifted into one of the panniers, and seated comfortably on its folded-up legs upon some straw. The other pannier having been well balanced, a thin plank of wood was tied across to keep it steady. As the donkey was led away, the long neck and little head rose far above

the donkey's back, looking like those of the swan in the distance, and resembling a cygnet very much in colour.

Then all the camels, which formed this caravan, were put in motion. Their loads consisted of sugar from England ; but the camel-mother could not find her child, and went about from place to place in a great state of agitation, the men in vain trying to make her go forward, on the road where the donkey had gone on in advance. She always returned to the spot where the little one had been lying ; and the male camel also came back, so furious, that every one got out of his way, and the driver was compelled to lead him off. At last, they very wisely sent forward for the donkey and little one to be brought back, and the mother went away with it quite contented, constantly putting down her head to lick it.

Of course Hadji was by, and explained to us all that was said on the occasion. We were very fortunate in having the opportunity of witnessing so interesting an occurrence ; but the poor little animal must have thought that it was a strange world into which he had just been ushered.

On our way home, I heard that the two antique gold and silver bracelets, which were put up to auction yesterday, had fallen to my lot. Before bidding, I had persuaded the owner to let me show them to the Sultan's *employé* here, who weighed them, and pointed out to me the Sultan's mark (which is equivalent to

our hall mark), and said that the gold and silver were very pure. A Moor, who had also bid for them, came up to me very much annoyed at finding that I had got them by bidding only two shillings more than he had done.

‘Had he returned in time,’ he said, ‘he should have outbidden me, as he greatly wanted them.’

But so did I! and so I was selfish enough to keep them.

Feb. 7th.—Hadji brought me a handsome old yataghan, with a curved blade, but without a scabbard, for sale, as well as his wife’s hat, though he told me she never wore it; only the peasants who carry fowls, &c., and sell in the market, are supposed to wear these picturesque great hats. I see that sometimes, instead of wearing it on the head over the haik, they sling them round their necks, over that side of the back on which the sun falls. Hadji has stepped upon a cane and broken a piece into his foot, which must be very painful; but he is very brave, and insists upon continuing to walk with us. We set off to ride to Ravens’ Rock, going by a new road crossing over the Marcham, and intending to go down to the river from there; but the paths were so slippery, and the mud so deep in places, that we found the descent was quite impassable, if not dangerous, and therefore turned back, and on our way passed through a village, consisting of wigwams of reeds and grass, inhabited by more than a thousand

Moorish families. They were so surrounded by prickly pears and canes, that we could not see them until we were actually upon them. We were assailed by numerous dogs, which always abound in these villages. Poultry also seemed innumerable, and they chiefly live with them in their huts. The Arabs have a great devotion for cocks, and delight in hearing them crow, or rather *sing*, as they and many other nations describe it. Went on to Bruzaud's, and over the new part of his hotel, which will be very comfortable, and a great gain here.

Feb. 9th.—Walked alone, as Hadji is laid up, and amused ourselves in the vegetable market. Everything in the form of vegetables and grain and fruit abounded; corn, canary seed, millet, semolina, nuts of every kind, young potatoes, cabbages, beans of various sorts, lovely coloured peppers of endless, beautiful shades, beetroot, carrots, turnips, peas, French beans, prickly pears, oranges, lemons, banana, and carruba beans, in their long brown pods. The beans are given to the animals, and the inside of the pod is eaten by the people.

This morning, for the first time, I saw a fine pair of old silver anklets and armlets up for sale in the open street; but every one is selling to get ready money for purchasing dress for the coming fête of Mahomet. We saw two very dark Reefians, inhabitants of the line of mountains between Ceuta and Oran, and a very savage race. Their

heads are shaved, with the exception of one long lock of hair, and they do not cover their heads as other Arabs do. They were dancing in the most frantic manner to the sound of tabor and pipe, at the same time singing and tossing their heads wildly about, their long curls floating like tails in the air, as they moved. One of them had his ankles tied loosely together. They were very dirty, but picturesque, and the circle of Arabs seemed most delighted at the performance.

Feb. 10th.—Going towards the Marina early to-day we saw the Bashaw's nephew on horseback, *en grande tenue*, coming down from the Akba, escorted by mounted soldiers with very long guns, which they carry like spears. Directly after him followed a mule with a scarlet and gold pack on his back, which carried the bridal box, covered with richly coloured hangings of silk brocades: green, the colour of the Prophet, surmounting the whole, and men on foot surrounding it. At intervals they halted, fired off their guns, throwing them up in the air, and catching them again,—an accomplishment of which they are very proud; the drums, fifes, and tambourines of the Bashaw, making a great noise during the whole time. The box was empty. They were on their way into the country to bring back a young lady, as his bride. It was really a very original sight, which we had only had an opportunity of seeing before at night.

We went on to the great Socco, where the

crowd was quite alarming. I bought two red-and-white cloths of two women sitting on the ground together, and not having Hadji with us, I allowed an Arab, who spoke a little Spanish, to interpret for me, and to tell the women that I had no small change, so they must divide the three duros which I gave them between them. Soon after, we were both knocked down by a donkey with loaded panniers. It was really a very ridiculous tumble, as we were thrown down like a pack of cards, I alighting on a gelab, which contained a man, followed by George, and half-a-dozen others. None of us were much the worse for it, except from the effects of the mud. Soon after we got home Hadji made his appearance with a fine-looking young Arab, who said he was the son of the oldest woman, of whom I had bought one of the cloths, and that when we went away the man who had volunteered to interpret for me told his mother that I had given him three duros, two of which were silver, the other only copper, and we, the Nazarenes, had gone off to embark for Gibraltar, and that he would go and stop us. After a little while he returned, saying that he was too late, for we were gone. Then a negress, seeing the poor old woman in trouble, told her that we were the Christians with whom Hadji lived, and that she had better send her son to look for him. This was the cause of their coming to us together. They asked me, 'if I could swear to the Arab to whom I had given the money?'



I said, 'Certainly not ; but I concluded that his mother could.'

They then departed together, and soon found the man, who was identified by the women, but he still maintained that I had given him a bad duro. Hadji then threatened to take him before the Bashaw, when the man, dreading a beating, gave up the duro, which, of course, was a good one. And so the poor Christians were proved to be more honest than the Mahomedan.

Dr. Leude, the great German traveller, arrived to-day from Timbuctoo, after an absence of sixteen months: his journey appears to have been most successful. We met three strange-looking negroes, with *agazeens*, or Moorish hoes, over their shoulders, who had followed him throughout his long journey. They brought with them all their worldly goods, consisting of a shirt and a hoe !

Feb. 11th.—We had a most enjoyable ride to-day. Leaving the town, we turned on to the Fez road, and followed it for some miles over the hills. We met a caravan arriving here, and overtook another of forty-five camels, besides all their followers. It was wonderful to see how they got through the deep mud, for the road is really ploughed land sown with corn. They were very heavily laden ; we saw three of them lie down and decline to get up again. Another evidently found that his load was not equally balanced, and as soon as it had been altered he got up and endea-

voured to catch up the others, which were only to be seen on the sky line of the hill. It was very curious to see the long trains passing over the high ridges. We passed through very deep and wide watercourses, the banks of which, in some instances, were as steep as walls, but the mules are so clever that all you have to do is to give them their heads, sit tightly in your saddle, and ease your mule, as much as you can, of your weight, as they climb up the steep bank.

The views both ways from the height were lovely. In front of us, the fine ranges of mountains, rising tier above tier, and turning round, the coast of Spain and the open sea. As we approached the village of Swaney, returning home, some very large birds floated over our heads, which, Hadji told us, were *cigüeña*, in Spanish. On entering the village we saw several of them building their great rude nests on the reed roofs of the huts, and soon saw that they were storks. We also saw a great many quails and larks. Here the weather began to change, and a few drops of rain fell, but we got home dry after a delightful ride of more than three hours. We brought home a quantity of sky-blue irises and pink asphodels.

In the afternoon we went to see the commencement of Mahomet's fête. Very little to see, except a large horse richly caparisoned, on which were seated two little children beautifully dressed in bright colours. The horse was preceded, and followed, by a

number of men, wearing white gelabs and scarlet fezes, carrying long guns, which they fired at intervals. Every one seemed to have come out in new clothes to-day—in honour of the day. Hadji astonished us by appearing in a magnificent crimson suit, with a new, fine white scarf wound round him, and yellow papouches. An accident happened to a poor boy, who received great part of the charge of powder from one of the guns in his face, but he was not seriously injured.

Feb. 12th.—To-day was ushered in by ten guns from the Akba. We went out riding at nine o'clock. It was like a June morning. We went to Martin's garden on our way to the Marcham, which is now for sale. It belonged to Martin, the black man from the *Euryalus*, who had the Victoria Hotel, and also a delightful Villa on 'the Mountain,' which was bought by a Jew at an auction last week. The garden is full of flowers, allowed to grow quite wild. It was curious to see an ox and a cow and calf grazing, tethered amongst geranium bushes as large as shrubs. The old 'Emily' and oak-leaf geraniums were in profusion. The view of 'Gibel Moossa' (Ape's Hill), the African Pillar of Hercules, stood out very grandly in the distance from this garden.

This afternoon we went to see the children brought down in procession to the Mosque under the Akba walls, for their first introduction to the preliminary ceremonies of their Religion. We ascended

a narrow street, lined with women seated on the ground, having with them their little children, who were to be some of the juvenile, but unconscious, heroes of the day, dressed in their brightest colours, their eyelids being painted with kohl, and their hands and hair dyed a colour between orange and auburn with henna. Soon after the first procession appeared, headed by three or four men carrying standards, came a number of men in white burnouses, in the centre of whom, on a fine black horse, upon a crimson velvet embroidered Moorish saddle, sat a very pretty little boy of about four years old, beautifully dressed in bright-coloured cloth and silk. Two men, one on each side, continually throwing up a silk handkerchief in his face (we were told, to keep off the flies), held the child on the saddle, whilst another led the horse ; after which came a band of tambourines and fifes. Soldiers preceded and closed the procession, constantly firing off their guns, and throwing them into the air, which, after circling several times, were caught again by them above their heads. This was followed by several other similar processions. During the whole time guns were being fired from the Akba, whilst the women were uttering a shrill sort of cry (I believe, of rejoicing), but not so extraordinary a sound as the gurgling noise which the Jewesses make on these occasions. The flat roofs of every house, and the slopes, were crowded with the white figures of women, negresses, with their meagre supply of clothing,

wearing bracelets, anklets, and necklaces, and men in every variety of bright costume.

While we were standing on the high ground outside the Akba walls, we watched the *Sunbeam* yacht coming into the harbour, and soon after descending to the Marina, Mrs. Brassey,* her children and friends, landed. We had not met for a long time, and a warm greeting passed between us, and we accepted her invitation to dine on board at eight o'clock this evening. Does it not speak well for the climate that we can cross the bay in an open boat at night on the 12th of February?

Feb. 13th.—Dined on board the yacht *Sunbeam* last evening. Walked down to the pier, and were soon joined there by Sir John and Miss Hay, and Mons. Edward Cautenum, and left it together in the six-oared boat, which Mrs. Brassey had sent for us, the sea looking like glass, but a good deal of swell made it difficult to get in and out of the boat. The *Sunbeam*, which lay at anchor the other side of the bay, was very steady. She is a beautiful vessel, and delightfully fitted up, and Mrs. Brassey's cabin, nursery, and bath-room, are especially comfortable. The dining-cabin, which is 27 feet by 19 feet, is entirely hung with curiosities collected during the *Sunbeam's* voyage round the world. The dinner-table was covered with the most exquisite roses and ferns, gathered in the open air, and shells from the South

* Now Lady Brassey.

Sea Islands, mounted in silver, which were finer than anything I have ever seen. Mrs. Brassey had on board with her, her two charming little girls, and her eldest daughter, who received us on the deck, and took us to the cabin. Also on board, were Lord and Lady Clanmorris, Mr. Bingham, and Mr. North (late 1st Life Guards). After dinner we went over the yacht, which was lighted up. We had a very pleasant evening, and the row to the shore was delightful, in spite of the swell. Nearly a full moon, and brilliant starlight. In England, in the middle of summer, we rarely have the delight of enjoying so lovely a night as this one of the 12th of February.

Walked to the hill this morning, and for the first time saw a number of camels made to lie down in a circle; then a matting was laid before them as a tablecloth, and separate piles of chopped straw placed before each on it. One camel did not like the place which the driver had assigned to him, and would neither eat nor remain in it; he got up in spite of everything, walked round, and elbowing his way between two others, lay down and settled himself.

Went to the Marina to meet the yacht party, and after seeing Mrs. Brassey and her friends off on horseback to Cape Spartel, we came home with the Fräulein, Mabelle, Monnie, and Baby (as they told me, I was to call them). Here we all mounted on mules and donkeys, and we acted as ciceroni to show them some gardens and the Marcham.

Feb. 14th.—The Foreign Ministers have met and arranged that a paved road shall be made up to Bruzard's Hotel from the town gate. At present, in wet weather, it is quite a sea of mud.

Feb. 16th.—Had some excellent oysters for luncheon, but from their size a large supply is necessary. An Arab woman brought me two small silver anklets, which she said would no longer fit her child, so I bought them of her. George also bought me four Oriental pearls at a marvellously low price, and two carpets, which had just arrived with many others.

Feb. 17th.—Have not been out for two days, owing to a bad sore throat. A deal of rain has again fallen, and, consequently, we are flooded as usual. The food with which the hotel supplies us is also becoming very indifferent. One day, we had a dish of little birds, which were uneatable, and proved to be starlings.

Hadji brought me in a Mahomedan rosary, which he bought off the neck of an Arab arriving from the interior. George went to Mrs. Brooks's weekly garden-party at the Wilderness, and came home in great admiration of the good Scotch cakes there.

Feb. 18th.—A lovely clear Sunday morning. The first of the two great fête days in honour of Mahomet's birth, to-morrow being the actual anniversary—1299. From the first thing in the morning, great guns were fired from the Casaba, and the boys, dressed in their brightest-coloured gélabs, were firing small guns of all

sorts and sizes; and with this, combined with their constant talking and jabbering, the small square below our windows became a perfect Babel.

At a little before two o'clock we went to the German Minister's Villa, just outside the town, and went up to the raised terrace, where Mdlle. Weber had kindly had seats placed, and from which we had an excellent view of this extraordinary sight. The sun was intensely hot, and the atmosphere beautifully clear, with a cloudless blue sky, the mountains lovely in colour : the whole a perfect picture.

On the sides of the hill, sloping down to the Ambassadors' Road, were from three to four thousand women in their white haïks, looking like statues : one of them, especially, as she sat motionless on one of the white low walls surrounding a grave, really looked as if she was a figure carved in stone. Nearer to us the road was lined on both sides by women, who seemed, by their movements, to be more interested in the scene.

There were two ornamented tents pitched not far from us, across the road, at the entrance to which were ranged ten soldiers. In a short time the Bashaw, wearing a turban, and draped in white from head to foot, with his attendant soldier, galloped up, and dismounting, took his seat just inside the tent, ready to receive any complaints which might be brought before him. Next arrived the first of the processions, headed by a led bullock and a company



of soldiers. Three standards, green, white, and red, inscribed with Arabic characters, were carried, side by side. These three colours are those of the Marabout in whose honour these processions are formed, and to whom the bullock is to be an offering. As the soldiers moved along, they hoisted their long guns above their heads, and spun them round like whirligigs, then threw them high up into the air, and discharged them as soon as they had caught them again. Then followed four other processions, each conducting a bullock, whilst two sheep and a lamb were carried on their shoulders. After these came the Arab jeweller's procession, with two oxen. One, he sent as an offering, and sacrifice (as were all the others), to the Saint-House, or Mosque on the hill, near Seedy Mahomed Al Hadji's tomb (the patron saint of Tangier), and the other was killed on the spot, and divided amongst his people.

As they all returned, they danced along the road to the sound of drums, pipes, and tambourines, and went through every imaginable antic: twisting and throwing the guns into the air, and, as they neared the ground, catching them with great dexterity. They formed several of them into a device, and fired them off simultaneously. Then followed the feats of horsemanship, which consisted of five or six mounted soldiers (one of whom was the Bashaw's son), galloping up the hill at a tremendous pace, poising their guns horizontally over their heads, and discharging

them. Their dresses and movements were most graceful and brilliant. All the families of the Foreign Legations were on the terrace; and some pretty children—one, a little Moorish child—was beautifully dressed, even to the hair, hands and feet being dyed with henna, and wearing silver anklets. The Shereef's English wife was there, with her two little boys.

Rather a chilly east wind got up as the sun began to go down; so, as my throat is still painful, we thanked Miss Weber and began our walk home. As we descended the street, we met the Reefians' procession with an ox. They are a curious-looking people, with their heads shaved, all but one lock of hair, which sometimes falls in long curls, and is sometimes plaited. They are quite a distinct people here, and very warlike in their ways.

When we arrived at home we found the last procession getting ready to start, and saw it do so, preceded by a led ox, as an offering for the Mosque near us. The man who headed the procession appeared to be a sort of buffoon. His horse's head was wreathed with scarlet geraniums; he was lifted into a scarlet saddle, his dress being a white-and-green turban, a suit of crimson, and white burnoose, the latter of which he took off before starting. He had a dagger at his waist, and a long gun in his hand. The men around him discharged their guns at every instant, and the noise was deafening. About an hour after they returned, and the noise recommenced; and



we were most thankful, as they reached the Mosque door, to hear the voice of the Mueddin calling the evening hour for prayer.

Mr. and Mrs. White called quite late. Mons. Daluin sent his Drogman to tell us that the procession from the interior would pass in front of his house to-morrow, and he kindly invited us to come there to see it.

Feb. 19th.—Early this morning Mons. Daluin's Drogman came to fetch us, as the street through which the procession was to pass had already begun to be crowded. The hot and bright sun of yesterday had disappeared, and a Scotch mist fell, which soon became a real down-pour of rain.

After some time the sound of Moorish music made us all look out in the direction of the town gate, and soon a crowd of people, with red, white, and green standards, embroidered with sentences from the Koran, came from under the archway, and began to howl and dance in half-circles, always facing the Prophet's colours. There was a degree of grace in their movements. The dancing really consisted in bending and jumping: but the whole performance was that of savages.

These people are a peculiar religious sect. Some of them left this a fortnight or three weeks ago, for Mackness, on a pilgrimage to some Marabouts, in order to take them some money collected here, as an offering. They are now returning, and others of the

same sect, having joined them *en route* from the interior ; they are now met by their co-religionists of this place, and are fêted as far as the small Mosque, to which they go to finish their pilgrimage. As they came through the great Socco a dead bullock was given to them, and they tore it to pieces, eating it raw. Last year a French gentleman gave them a live sheep in the open street. They cut its throat, then tore it to pieces, eating it on the spot. Madame de Vernouillet, who was there, told me (as I can well believe, from what I saw to-day) that it was a most disgusting sight. The costumes were varied, but many had little clothes on beyond a pair of loose white drawers, and their long black hair floated over their faces and shoulders. Just as they reached Mons. Daluin's house a dreadful scene occurred. A man, in the dress of a Jew, rushed into their dancing circle. He was instantly seized and thrown upon the ground, and we dreaded that he would be killed. Some Moors, who were bystanders, tried in vain to interfere. The man was rolled over, and dragged upon the rough pavement, until all his clothes were torn off his back. He proved to be an Arab, who had got drunk—a most unusual thing here—and, for fun, had put on a Jew's dress. If he had really been a Jew, the joining this religious sect would have been a great insult. He was not only bruised, but, we heard, was badly bitten on the shoulder : for these people, when they get excited, hardly know



what they are doing, and when in this state are quite like savages.

In spite of torrents of rain, the flat-roofed houses were covered with people ; and the Jewesses looked very pretty, some of them having the white silk scarf over the head (more like the mantilla), with a little bright bit of colour showing on the forehead.

The procession finished at the Mosque, where they concluded the ceremony by some very wild jumping and dancing ; but as no European is ever allowed to enter a mosque, I only know what I heard from the Moors. Every moment we heard the report of a gun under our windows ; and as long as the people have any powder left, I am told this noise will continue.

Last night, at nine o'clock, the chanting of the Koran began in the little Mosque opposite to us, and lasted during great part of the night ; then the chanters talked in the street, and on their ceasing the dogs began, so that we had not a very enjoyable night. From the Mosque close to us the Mueddin is now (seven o'clock) chanting. The hour of prayer is called eight times during the twenty-four hours, namely,—

12.15, midday.	7.0, p.m.
1.15, p.m.	1.0, a.m.
2.45, „	2.30, „
5.30, „	4.0, „

At 4 a.m. they chant,—‘It is better to pray than to sleep. God is great. Praise Mahomet!’

At 12.13, p.m., the chant sounded like this,—‘*Yayua alguero Mohamet rosulala*,’ which, Hadji informed me, meant, ‘Help us, Mahomet! God is great! Allah, Allah, hu!’

I wish the Moors would go to bed; some of them sit on the steps near here and chant in the middle of the night: good chants and voices sometimes, but it becomes very wearisome. When I heard, in the stillness of the night, the unfortunate little boys in the school still repeating their Koran sentences, I could not help thinking, after their long day’s fatigue and excitement, how thoroughly they must have detested Mahomet and all his works.

Feb. 20th.—Sat all day in a fur cloak, and very cold; better this evening. Had a great many kind visitors: Miss Hay, Madame Mauboussin, &c.

Feb. 21st.—Saw a very pretty exhibition of horsemanship to-day. We went down to the beach for a walk, and almost immediately after, the Bashaw’s son and brother, with eighteen soldiers and two very young officers, passed us. Sir John D. Hay happened to come by at the same moment from the opposite direction, and stopped to shake hands with the young Bashaw. As soon as the latter and his attendants got down on the beach, and had placed themselves in line, five or six, by turns, started off at full gallop

for a race, firing off their guns, and then balancing them over their heads as they arrived at the spot supposed to be the winning-post.

It was a very pretty sight, and we sat on a sand-bank, in the sun, for a long time watching them, and were joined there by Madame Diosdado, the handsome and agreeable wife of the Spanish Minister.

The soldiers' dresses were most picturesque—scarlet, high-pointed caps, long white burnouses, with deep blue gelabs underneath, showing one side entirely as the white floated back, giving room for them to use the arm and gun, and displaying the belt, dagger, and brass-and-leather powder-horn in the form of a cone, while the long embroidered shot-belt hung below. The scarlet saddle, breastplates, and head-stalls, together with scarlet tufts over the horses' eyes (I conclude, to keep off the flies and glare), completed a very Oriental group.

The very short stirrups, with which they ride, are very striking to us, being so short that we saw the entire sole of the foot on the flat Turkish stirrup. Some of the horses were handsome, all were picturesque, from their beautiful, long, floating manes and tails; but, to my eye, nearly all the horses here have the latter set on too low, and are heavy in the shoulders, with upright fore-legs, and, generally, a great want of action.

Later in the day, the noise of pipes called us to the windows, and, with the music, arrived a number

of men in beautifully embroidered gelabs and white shirts, worked in colours, and handsome, long guns. They formed a circle, and one, whom we thought was a girl, but proved to be a boy, dressed in white and embroidery, danced very well and gracefully, while the men fired guns. It really was wonderful to see the manner in which his body moved, with a gliding sort of motion, and without raising the feet from the ground, and at other times quivering through every limb. The dance was carried on for some time without any sign of fatigue, until at last the music ceased, and one of the tribe threw a gelab over his head, and so ended the dancing. The boy wore a coloured handkerchief rolled round his head, wore curious silver earrings of enormous size, and bracelets. They all came from Tetuan for the fêtes, and are now going home again.

Hadji has just come to tell us that these people met a party of Reefians in the Sok Srare, and had a quarrel, which ended in one of the Reefians drawing his dagger, and stabbing one of the Tetuans in the back, which the latter returned ; both were seriously hurt. Many of these Reefians inhabit the mountain lands on the other side of the bay here, as far as Ceuta. They are a very savage tribe, and it is not safe for any European to go amongst them alone : indeed, even the Arabs of this place fear them.

Feb. 23rd.—Lady Drummond-Hay gave a very pretty ball last night. On arriving in the court-yard

of the Legation we found a palm-tree planted near the entrance, and surrounded by masses of arums, with their beautiful white flowers and fine-shaped green leaves. The ball-rooms were beautifully decorated with palm leaves, arum flowers, and scarlet gladioli (for such, I believe, a bulbous plant here to be called), and masses of tea-roses, which came from the Mountain Villa belonging to Mr. White, the British Consul. Nothing could be more effective than the lighting throughout the house. Just as we got there, a number of the Moorish dignitaries, including the second Bashaw, and Bargas, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, arrived, looking magnificent in their soft, snow-white robes, turbans, and yellow slippers. It was impossible not to be struck by the dignified and stately courtesy with which they entered the room, and paid their respects to Lady Hay and Sir John, putting to shame by their manners the ways of our so-called civilisation. All the foreign Envoys, Consuls, and their families, were there. For music, we had the excellent band of the 93rd Highlanders, which played the waltzes in better time than I have heard for years. There was a buffet on the staircase landing all the evening, and a sitting-down supper for 204 people was admirably done. Sir John, in another room, had had prepared tea, cakes, and bonbons for the Moorish notabilities, as they do not care for our suppers. Before we left the supper-table, Sir John rose and proposed the health of the great German

traveller, Dr. Leude, as having just returned from his perilous journey to Timbuctoo. Sir John spoke in excellent French. I cannot say quite as much for that of the Doctor in responding. The Drummond-Hays and all their belongings are so kind and considerate for every one, that one quite understands why they are so much beloved. The Moors, high and low, are enthusiastic about them, whenever their names are mentioned, and proud of the little grandson, who, at two years old, begins to lisp Arabic.

The Moorish guests, as far as I can make out their names from Hadji, were,—

Sidi Hamel Bargas, Minister for Foreign Affairs ;
Sidi Mahomet Lanos Zadrah, the Bashaw's son ;
Sidi Mahomet Brenhah, Minister of the Bashaw ;
Espes Zildi, Minister, late Ambassador ;
Sidha Mahaden, Head Officer of Customs ;
Sidi Mahomed, Minister of the Customs at Fez ;
Raif Azaïs Abslam Bagar, Head Captain of the
Port ;
Sidi Abdillah Zamani, Grand Commissary ;
Sadark a Hadan, Scribe of the Douane ;
Mahomet a Hamel, Grand Negotiant and Banker ;
Mahomet el a Kushnel, Commissary-General for
Gibraltar ;
Abis Espes Zouack, Banker.

All these officials walked to the ball, each attended by a soldier, and as we passed through the court-yard, on leaving, we saw all these soldier attendants (a most

picturesque group) seated on rugs upon the ground, lighted by their pretty coloured lanterns, enjoying tea and cakes provided by Sir John.

Rode with George up to Mr. White's Villa on the Mountain, to see Mr. and Mrs. John Ponsonby, who are living there. The road from the mountain was dreadfully deep in parts, but the mules get most cleverly through mud and over big stones. An exquisite summer's day; the hedges full of the large white cistus, and white May bursting into flower. We rode through the grounds nearly up to the house before we dismounted. Mr. White takes the greatest interest in planting rare pinuses, trees, and shrubs, nearly all of which have been sent to him from Australia, New South Wales, and the Cape.

There are Norfolk Island pine, the Tile-leaf, Australia, Laricio, and Insignis, scarlet Hibiscus, Jamaica bottle brush, large bushes of all kinds of geraniums, quantities of tea and hybrid perpetual roses, double and single violets, &c.

Mrs. Ponsonby had made her sitting-room look very pretty and refined, and they looked delightfully comfortable on the terrace, with their cane sofa and chairs, wearing the Arab women's hats over their own, as umbrellas, to keep off the sun whilst they worked and read. The terrace view is beautiful, but still more so that from the bottom of the garden, overhanging the sea.

Feb. 27th.—Again torrents of rain the last three

days, with short intervals of sunshine. Of course we are inundated with water, and nothing can be more miserable than this house is—my bed literally standing in water. We are thankful to feel we are to leave it on Tuesday next.

We went yesterday to see a young Jewess of 14, with her baby of one month old. Her husband, named 'Hachael' (Hatchwell), a good-looking, pleasant-faced man, is the great-nephew of the 'Sol Hachael' who was decapitated in 1834 by order of the Sultan at Fez, for not abjuring her religion for that of the Mahomedan faith. She was a very beautiful woman, and a Spanish play was written on the subject, called *El Martirio de la Joven Hachael, o la Heroine Hebrea*, by Don Antonio Calle, at Seville, in 1852. She would have been burnt, but her petition, that her head might be cut off instead, was granted to her. The Jews made every effort, by petitions, to have her saved, but in vain, except on the condition of her changing her religion. The execution took place in the Socco at Fez, with a great display of military force and an immense concourse of Mussulmans, who came to see her die. It seems, that when the lovely young Jewess appeared she inspired a deep feeling of pity and admiration in every one present. She was quite calm, and, on arriving on the scaffold, she begged for a little water to wash her hands, according to the Jewish rite, then knelt down to receive the fatal blow. The Emperor

had hoped to save her at the last moment, thinking that, when she saw her own blood, she would recant, and so the executioner was instructed to act accordingly. He brandished his sword, and gave her a light touch, and then said to her,—

‘There is yet time. Become a Mahomedan, and your life is safe.’

But the beautiful Sol answered, ‘Strike! I would die innocent. Don’t make me suffer any longer.’

The sword whistled in the air and the lovely head rolled on the ground. Six Moors collected the soiled earth, with the poor head and body, and carried them to the Israelite Cemetery, where they were laid by the side of a Rabbi, the Moors themselves witnessing the ceremony with respect and admiration. We heard this story from Haygin Hachael, now 25 years old. His wife is very handsome, with a sweet voice, but looks more like 24 than 14. We had no language in common but Spanish, and it appears to me that the boys alone amongst the Jews have any education, and that only in languages. I don’t think that the Jewesses can be compared, in point of beauty, with the Arab women, whose type of features is far more refined, with their long, dark-lashed, almond-shaped eyes and delicate noses, with rarely ugly mouths, and generally beautiful teeth. The Jewish women also have large feet and hands, whilst the Arab women have them singularly small and delicately formed. I often watch them washing their

feet in the running water, just outside the town, & they are coming in from the interior, covered in mud, and carrying their coloured slippers in their hands, which they always put on before going through the arched gateway of the town. The women, too, never look as if used to hard work, although they are never idle, cutting wood, weaving, &c., and when their husbands are mounted on mules or donkeys they are often toiling along by their sides in the mud, with a child seated in a sling formed of one of the pretty red-and-white towels of their weaving, suspended by the neck.

The Jewish women do not cover their heads after they are married, when, for the first time, they put on the pretty coloured silk handkerchief.

Feb. 28th.—Thunder, lightning, and rain, during the greater part of the night. My window burst open and it was impossible to fasten it again. At ten o'clock last evening another bridal party passed under our windows. The box, which was not so highly decorated as usual, I suppose on account of the weather, rocked dreadfully, although there were men on each side of the mule to steady it.

We rode up to Bruzaud's Hotel to say good-bye, should arrive early to-morrow. We saw the rooms in the new wing with east and west aspects; they look rather bare, but the addition of our things will, I hope, soon make them look more comfortable. The house seems to be well built, and there are good fire-places.

The carpenter was, as usual, taking his siesta across his doorway, and I tried to make a sketch of him, as a last remembrance of the view from our windows.

March 1st.—Sent off all the things we have collected for England by the *Risca* this morning. The day lovely, and George and I rode up to Bruzard's Hotel between 11 and 12, leaving Howe and Hadji to wind up affairs and follow us. It was amusing to see them coming up the hill later with Howe on my mule, and sundry donkeys with Arabs in attendance, in order to balance our heavy baggage upon the animals' backs. The dryness of everything, and the wooden floors after the damp atmosphere, and wet, cold tiles, amongst which we have been living, are most delightful. At the same time we cannot regret having passed two months in the town, as, by that means, we were enabled to learn the habits and customs of the people, as well as to witness many curious sights, which we could never have done outside its gates.

Last night we went to a very pretty amateur concert at the Spanish Legation, given by Señor and Señora de Diosdado y Castillo. La Señora de Diosdado is an artiste on the pianoforte. She is a Sevillian, very handsome, beautifully dressed, a good linguist, and with most graceful manners. Variations on a tema of Beethoven for two pianofortes (which were placed on opposite sides of the room), were admirably played by Señora de Diosdado and Señor

Rey. One could hardly believe, that they were not playing upon the same instrument, both their time and execution being equally perfect. It was an excellent concert, and ended by a charming chorus, in which Miss Drummond-Hay and Lady Sinclair sang the solos, and it was encored. The piece was the 'Convent Singing Lesson,' in the Second Act of the Opera, *Le Petit Duc*, by Lecocq.

It was very curious, on coming away, to find two long lines of donkeys, with coloured Arab packs, each attended by an Arab carrying a lantern of coloured and white glass, awaiting their fair riders, Lady Hay's sedan-chair being the only exception. It was a great contrast to the carriages and red boys at a London party. The ladies were quite as well dressed, and their hair as smooth, as if they had come in band-boxes instead of off donkeys' backs. And three young ladies, who arrived in new Paris dresses without a crease in them, told me that they had ridden a race on the Marcham on their way.

Called on Mr. Ayre, Rector of South Audley Street Chapel, who is arrived at this hotel.

March 2nd.—A beautiful, warm, sunny day. This hotel delightfully comfortable, and so clean! The view from these windows lovely; food excellent, and most liberal; and the whole Bruzard family most obliging. Our luncheon yesterday consisted of fried soles, quails, and green peas just gathered. Dinner: soup, fricassée of chicken, a wild duck, asparagus, &c.;

coffee and milk excellent, and the luxury of getting fresh-made butter is not to be described. This hotel has its own cows. Took Mr. Ayre's card to the Consulate, hoping we may have a service on Sunday next.

March 4th.—Laid up all yesterday with sore throat. Rode early this morning with George to the Wilderness, and round by the Marcham and Martin's Garden. Saw a flock of wild geese pass over our heads. The little lane from Mons. Daluin's Lodge up to the Marcham was lovely; the prickly pears, graceful canes, and stately aloes, festooned with creepers. Here and there a blackberry-bush covered with pink blossoms, and scarlet geraniums peeping through it, and lighting it up with their beautiful masses of colour; periwinkles and yellow oxalis filling all the spaces between the other plants. I felt how I should like such a bank, as one side of the lane would have made in our little English garden! Some of the prickly pears and canes were at least 20 feet high.

This afternoon George went out sketching. Hadji and I took a long ride on the Tetuan road, to see what state it was in. We met several separate parties arriving; mules and donkeys heavily laden with oil; and Arabs, whose legs showed that they had gone through mud reaching far above their knees. We went as far as the Lagune, and struggled through a bit of it, till it came up to the mules' houghs. The people, who had just crossed it, said that it was the worst part of the road between this and Tetuan, and

that two more days without rain would make it easy to pass. Some of them looked very tired, who had only left Tetuan at seven o'clock yesterday morning. Two of them spoke a little French. I gave them some money, for which they were most grateful. An Arab, who was standing outside his garden nearer to Tangier, stopped us, and gave me some oranges, and they were excellent. Life is very like a pantomime here, as, with our ignorance of Arabic, everything is carried on by signs.

I joined George on my way home, dismounted, and sent on Hadji with the mules. George had just finished drawing. A woman with a pretty little child came past him, and he stroked the little thing upon the head, when the mother hastily drew it away and covered it with her hair. Hadji told us afterwards that she feared he might make a drawing of the child, which they think brings misfortune on them, always commencing by the remark, in his French,—

'Ils sont bêtes ces gens, ils ne connaient rien.'

All the time George was there an Arab was praying aloud on a recently made grave close to him. Perhaps he, too, feared the effects on his beloved of the vicinity of the Nazarene. On our way home we met Madame de Diosdado, who, with her husband, had just been to call upon us, and she most kindly promised us introductions from Mons. de D., who is Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary here, for Tetuan and Ceuta.

When we got back to the hotel we had a long visit from Signor Scorrasso, the Italian Envoy, a most agreeable and intelligent man. He remained with us until past seven o'clock, when it became dusk, and going downstairs alone, for he would not hear of George's accompanying him (which, of course, he wished to do), he took a wrong turn, stepped out of the frame-work of a door not yet finished, and fell eight feet, but, happily, was not hurt, as he got up and rode home.

March 5th.—An enchanting day. Windows open, even on the north side, at eight o'clock a.m. George and I walked to the Wilderness, and lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and afterwards wandered about the grounds covered with southern vegetation. The largest 'Bougainvillea' I ever saw, which entirely clothed two large orange-trees, forming a perfect sheet of the deepest red violet; an edible myrtle of the size of a large ilex, eucalyptus, large bushes of *revoluta* jasmine, roses, polygalas, wisterias, pinks, sparaxis, violets, snowflakes, which really enamelled the ground in parts, arums in hundreds, and their great white flowers, with the red spikes of the canna, illumined masses of the large beautiful leaves of the acanthus, which spread themselves everywhere under the pine-trees and shrubs. The latter is in such profusion that they are cut and given to the cows, who are particularly fond of them.

Before we left, Lady and Miss Hay, and Sir

Robert and Lady Sinclair, rode up. Our mules met us here, and we rode down to the Victoria to call on Madame de Mauboussin, but found she had gone to see us, so we came home. Arrangements were making for camping out at Awara, 15 miles from Tangier, for wild-boar hunting. All the Envoys and Mrs. Brassey and her party are going to join it from Wednesday till Saturday, and we are also invited by Sir John to do so. But our plans are already made for leaving this on Wednesday, *en route* for Tetuan and Ceuta.

March 6th (Sunday).—Mr. Ayre read the Church service in the morning, in the large sitting-room in the new part of the hotel. We had a congregation of thirty-six people, English and American, which proves how acceptable a regular chaplain would be to the residents here. Rode up in the afternoon to the Ponsonbys for tea, and it was nearly dark before we got home. The hedges are more lovely, eucalyptus, with the hawthorn, and large white cistus and yellow cytissus in full flower, and the most splendid roses, deep yellow, deep red, and the Emperor of Morocco, nearly black! all in Mr. White's garden. We met him and Mrs. White there. He said, he had in vain tried to grow the Wellingtonia.

March 7th.—Weather perfect; glass indoors, 68°. Hadji and Arabs putting up our tents, and getting everything together ready for our start on Wednesday for Tetuan. A brown gelab for George and two white ones for Howe and me, to keep off either sun or

rain. Mules and three extra Arabs engaged, and a soldier assigned to us by the Bashaw as a guard, speaking a little Spanish, and used to travelling with English. Rode into the town, and bought all the cooking utensils, cups and basins, &c., for our camping out.

March 8th.—Left this soon after ten o'clock for the Olive Woods. Parts of the ground still deep, but altogether much drier than we expected. We arrived rather late, and found luncheon just begun. A lovely spot, on the side of a hill, amongst gigantic rocks and old olive-trees, looking over the open country for miles, with Cape Spartel and the Atlantic Ocean beyond. We could see the great waves in the distance breaking on the shore. We had an excellent luncheon, very prettily arranged, with Moorish rugs to sit upon. We waited until we had seen Sir John and Lady Hay and their party start for Awara, and then left with Madame de Mauboussin, whom we escorted back to Tangier. She had with her a young Arab, who had been brought up in Sir John's stables, and been accustomed to go with him to the *chasse*. We saw he was most anxious to follow the hunting party when they started, but she could not spare him.

About an hour after we met Vicomte de Rothays, on his way to join the camp at Awara. He stopped to speak to us, and this was too much for the youth, who pleaded so hard for leave to also join the

chasse, that Madame de Mauboussin, who understands Arabic well, could not refuse.

March 9th (2.30 p.m.)—In tent: Saufa Dwadrass. We were up at half-past five o'clock this morning ; but although ready ourselves, we could not get any breakfast. Hadji had the baggage and tents packed on the mules from an early hour, but we did not get off until a quarter-past seven o'clock.

Our cavalcade consisted of our two selves, on our own mules ; my maid Howe, seated, Arab fashion, upon a mattress in the centre of two others, rolled up and strapped on panniers on each side of a large horse, well used to these journeys. She had two straps attached on either side, to hold on by, in the sudden ascents and descents of banks and watercourses, and had an Arab by her side to lead and take care of her. Hadji on a mule, carrying provisions, &c. ; the other men following with the mules that carried the rest of the baggage (which was certainly put into a very small compass), with the exception of one, called Shereef (who was for many years in Sir John D. Hay's service), a fine, powerful man, who looks after George and me : that is to say, he tries all the banks, watercourses and rivers, with a pole before we cross them.

At daybreak I saw the *Sunbeam* coming into harbour, and not long after Mrs. Brassey appeared, on her way to join the boar-spearing party, and we soon saw the yacht steaming away again to Gibraltar,



for better anchorage. The clouds looked ominous, and a wind got up. We all put on our gelabs, and the capotes as well, to keep on our hats, and shelter us from the wind.

The first part of our journey, through the very wet country and lagunes, was dreadfully deep. Hadji, on one of the baggage-mules, got bogged; and it took five men to lift the poor animal sufficiently to enable him to struggle out of the mud. We were very much struck by the quiet, business-like manner, in which this was done, without either hurry or noise. We sank several times up to our mules' hocks. It was quite a relief to get upon a piece of sound ground. We crossed a great many watercourses and one river, where we happily found a bridge. The gravelly-bottomed streams were easy to pass through, but the muddy ones most unpleasant, for one's mule seemed to be vanishing away beneath one.

We passed through an open, wild country, with frequent marshes and lagunes, amongst low mountains—some planted with corn—and a good deal of very rough ploughing. The plough is of the most primitive description, looking as if it was the original pattern of the plough of the earliest ages, and the counterpart of that depicted in the drawings from the Egyptian tombs. It was drawn by two very small oxen, their horns and faces being wrapped up in a sort of high-peaked shield, made of dried palmetto leaves,

the animals being connected by a very rude sort of yoke. The plough and oxen were guided by a tall, bare-legged Arab, in white turban, loose shirt and drawers, who, by his stature, made the animals look still more diminutive. He seemed to carry on a conversation with them the whole time that he was guiding them. Now and then we saw herds of cattle, and large flocks of sheep and lambs, many of them being entirely white, with the exception of their heads and necks, some of which were black, and others chocolate colour. We also saw three eagles, a raven, and a number of storks, the latter being so tame, that when we disturbed them they rose and only flew a few yards, alighting again close to us. Storks are considered sacred birds by the Arabs, and nothing gives greater offence than one being killed by a European. A great part of the country through which we passed was a mass of chamærops palm, asphodel, now in full bloom, large pink mallows, pink orchises, wild cranesbill, &c.; and in the river-beds were masses of oleander-bushes, and white May, the latter in full bloom, having unusually large flowers.

We reached this place soon after mid-day, having been *en route* just five hours. Saufa Dwadrass is a collection of reed and straw huts, into which the Arabs crawl by an opening of barely three feet high, and there is a small trench dug round the base of the hut to convey the rain-water away. The village is built on the top of a hill, sloping away on all sides,



the mountains forming a higher circle, but giving us no shelter.

Having in vain tried to find a flat space outside the village, we got permission to pitch our tent within it. It is a good-sized double one, and a small piece is divided off for Howe. We have matting, and a Moorish rug, our little camp-beds, one excellent air-mattress (lent me by Mrs. J. Ponsonby), and some air-cushions, a camp-table, three chairs, and two stools. My travelling clock, and many other little comforts, make us feel quite at home ; and very soon after we arrived Hadji gave us a good luncheon of chicken, eggs, fish, and *café au lait*.

8 o'clock p.m.—Just dined. Hadji proves to be an excellent cook. *Potage à la vermicelle*, sauté'd chicken, mashed potatoes, beef cutlets, and oranges—not a bad dinner, considering we are at the top of a small mountain, more than twenty miles from a shop or market. Our only trouble is the wind. We had great difficulty in pitching our tent, but that was nothing to the trouble it has given us since. We have a guard on each side of it to watch its safety. The pole in the centre has plenty of sway, but it all creaks like a vessel in a storm, and the sides shake and vibrate as if the whole thing must come down. They are now putting out extra cords to a greater distance. The second tent is taken down, and the men have got into one of the reed huts for the night. It is almost impossible not to be rather alarmed. Should the

storm increase, I do not know what we shall do, as we cannot keep on our feet outside, and I am sure we could not keep in our saddles, and it would be unsafe to attempt to cross the high mountain in front of us.

The women here are, I conclude, gone to bed in their dark little huts ; but ever since we arrived, until dark, they have been seated under a high cane fence, backed up with prickly pears, the men being employed in getting us green fodder and corn for our animals, which are all picketed close to us. In spite of the wind it is quite warm, the thermometer in our tent being now 71°.

Fondak, March 10th.—Up at six. We found the tent very warm, and our beds very comfortable, but the wind continued so alarmingly violent all night, that none of our men dared lie down. The soldier (after we were in bed) put his head into the tent, and showed us that he was lying in the doorway, as a guard, and we continually heard the low voices of our Arabs outside, who were watching the safety of our tent, which we expected to come down every moment. Dressing, breakfasting, packing tents and baggage, was, in this high wind, although it had greatly lulled, a slow operation, and it was past eight o'clock before we were off. On descending the hill we were slightly sheltered, and the sun came out for a short time, so that we were full of hope that the weather was improving.

We passed at first through the same sort of wild



pasture-ground as yesterday, covered with masses of the finest asphodels I ever saw, and bushes of oleanders filling the watercourses, but the wind soon became such a hurricane that it was difficult to see anything. On first starting, amongst the chamærop bushes we saw some tortoises and storks, and large numbers of cattle and sheep, which supply the Tangier and Gibraltar markets with meat. The wind by this time had wonderfully increased. George lost his hat, and finally all the gelab hoods were put up, and fastened tightly under the chin. I never found it so difficult to keep in my saddle, and it ended by Shereef leading the mule, and helping to hold me on, whilst I clung to the saddle with both hands. The sand was blinding, hurting one's eyes like glass, and at times the animals would not face the wind. In vain we sought shelter, and most thankful we were, at the end of our ride of four hours and a half, to see the Fondak walls. We had intended to get on to Tetuan, but the soldier and all the other men agreed with us, that among these high mountains, and in this hurricane of wind, it would be quite unsafe. The relief of getting shelter was great. The Fondak, as we got near to it, appeared an oblong whitewashed building, with no windows or opening except the large porchway, through which we entered, when we found ourselves in an open courtyard, on three sides of which were arcades, and on the fourth a few enclosed places like cow-houses. This in Spain is called a 'corral,' and

in the East a 'caravansary.' We found no one and took possession of the best of the loose boxes had it swept out, and our mats and rugs laid out, and Hadji did his utmost to promote our comfort. There was no light except through a small hole in the door, so we kept it open until night, when the stuffy smell was dreadful. Our animals are all having poor things!

A fresh arrival of three French and two German prisoners, who have been taken up for the Tetuan, and are on their way to prison at Tangier guarded by two soldiers. Our soldier objects to their occupying the next stable to us, but the gendarmes in charge of them are ordered not to quit them at the moment, and I can't see why there should be any danger for us. In a short time fifty animals of different sorts—bullocks, donkeys, and mules, and others having been driven in for shelter from the storm. The cocks and hens were watching for the drop of corn, and it was most amusing to see them battle against the wind, the poor cock with his broad wings especially, when they were twisted round and round and often carried up into the air.

Tetuan, March 11th.—The wind continued blowing furiously until about three o'clock this morning, when it began to lull. We laid down in our cloths and our mattresses, and the night seemed interminable. I looked at my little travelling clock at almost four o'clock, and was thankful when I saw it was 4.45

The five prisoners had sung, or rather howled, out of tune, all the beginning of the night, which made sleep impossible. At last the braying of the donkeys, the lowing of the bullocks, and the crowing of the cocks, gave one a hope of the daybreak being near. I got up and opened the door; our night guard, who had slept across it, was just removing the straw panniers which stretch across the baggage animals, and which they use as beds at night (and not bad ones, either, in such a case as last night).

When I opened the door, a little before five o'clock a.m., there was only a glimmer of light, and a small misty rain was falling, but all wind was stilled. The soldiers were giving *café noir* to the prisoners, while the horses and mules were being got ready, and in a quarter of an hour they and the bullocks and their attendants had departed. Hadji brought us some coffee, and as there was no toilette to make, while our caravan was preparing I went to talk to the prisoners. If their story is true (which I very much doubt), they are much to be pitied. The three Frenchmen say, that they left Paris because trade is so bad there now, that they could not get any work. They went *vid* Marseilles to Gibraltar, and could find none there, but were advised to try Ceuta or Morocco, and were given passports for Ceuta. On landing there, they were ordered to leave the town, and came on to Tetuan, where, on applying to the French Consul, he gave an order for them to be taken

to prison, and from thence to Tangier, to be tried. Their story is, that they are engineers and braziers (and worse countenances than theirs I never saw). We waited until a heavy shower was over, then mounted, and set off.

The weather was delightful. As we emerged out of the arched gateway of the Fondak the view was very grand, dark, and mysterious, looking down upon the valley and distant mountains, through which we had come yesterday. The road was very rocky and slippery in many parts, and quite unfit for riding over in the dark (setting aside the gale of wind), which we should have had to do if we had come on last night. After passing through ravines, we came down upon open plains, partly cultivated, in patches of corn, millet, flax, and beans, and partly covered with masses of chamærops, mastic, and lentisk-bushes, amongst which, from time to time, rose the prickly cytissus, with its golden flowers, looking like furze, with large pink spikes of the asphodel.

We dismounted for nearly half an hour, after crossing, by a solid stone bridge of four arches, the river Ouad, which was very flooded. The animals were unloaded and turned loose to feed, as they had had very fatiguing work since six in the morning, it now being eleven. Here we lay on the sloping grass bank, in the delicious sunshine, and ate our luncheon. On remounting and ascending another hill, we had our first view of the beautiful town of

Tetuan, with its white towers and minarets, crowning a long ridge of hills, backed and surrounded by magnificent ranges of mountains, rising high and dimly amongst the fleecy clouds. The plain over which we passed, before going up to Tetuan, was covered with *débris* of wood and branches, swept up by the heavy storms of wind and rain, which they have had here. They say, that so stormy a winter has not been known here for a hundred years.

Our Arabs are a merry set of fellows, and seem full of jokes and fun—judging from their fits of laughter—and never tired of talking and shouting to each other, from one end of the line of mules to the other.

Before mounting the hill, on which Tetuan stands, we had to flounder through mud, water, and stones : a most miserable approach to so large a town. We arrived at the south-west gateway at one o'clock. The latter, as well as the walls, with their machicolated parapets, are very handsome, but are rather spoilt by the glaring covering of whitewash, peculiar to Moorish towns. Opposite the entrance is a most picturesque fountain, rendered all the more so by the figures, with their pretty-shaped water-jars, who were around it. After passing through the Socco, or large square market-place, we turned into a series of narrow streets, most filthily dirty, partly owing to the quantity of rain, which it appears they have had here, but a great deal more owing to the usual dirty habits of the Jews, whose quarter this is. Turning away from the dirt,

down a very clean-paved street, we arrived at Mr. Nahun's, the British Vice-Consul, a Jew, and a native of Fez, who takes travellers, who bring recommendations, into his house. It is a regular small Moorish one, with open court in the centre, and stairs, steep as a ladder, leading up to a gallery, into three sides of which the rooms open.

Our quarters were not very satisfactory at first sight. A Moorish arch, which at night was closed by large wooden folding-doors, was the entrance to our room, which was 25 ft. by 8 ft. ! with a bed at one end, and a raised solid dais at the other, of brick-work, covered with coloured tiles, on which a bed was made up. The room had a dado all round it, of painted wood and coloured matting. Suspended from above the archway was a white muslin curtain, and when this was drawn up we lived in public ; and if the doors were shut, in the dark.

We had not long arrived before Hadji and our soldier came to cicerone us over the town ; first returning to the Socco, where we found our large tent pitched and arranged for us, and our animals picketed close to it.

The weather looked very threatening, so we decided to send all our bedding and other things to the Vice-Consulate, which has added much to its comfort. We went on to some bazaars, and saw some most picturesque archways, fountains, and pergolas. This being the Arab Sunday, most of the shops were

closed, but some of the owners kindly came and opened theirs for us ; and while I sat upon the steps outside, in turn, I had my lap laden with pieces of old silver, embroideries, &c., the Arabs saying, the goods were only for me to look at ; I must return another day. One man presented me with a beautiful bouquet of the semi-double sweet roses, from which the *atta* is made, surrounded by the still sweeter Catalonian jasmine. The Moors have an intense love for flowers. One hardly ever goes to one of their little shops without finding a bouquet of some sweet-smelling flowers. Many of these men have the most high-bred manners—indeed, they are entitled to have, being sons of high functionaries, with good educations, who prefer business to idleness.

On our return to Mr. Nahun's, we found that Mr. North* (late 1st Life Guards) and his son had just returned from shooting, and we all dined together. He had brought in a large bunch of orange-flowers for the centre of our dinner-table ; and we had partridges of his killing. Rather contrary to our English idea of game in March ! He and his son brought in twenty partridges, four quails, and two wild ducks, to-day. I find that the whole of the country through which we have passed belongs to the Government, under the superintendence of the Bashaw of Tangier, and is let to the country-people to cultivate, which they do roughly, but, as it appears, successfully, for

* The Honourable William North.

nothing can look finer than the crops, where patches of land are able to be ploughed. We have never been without butterflies all the winter, and to-day I saw one quite new to me, of a deep yellow colour. Yesterday we saw a good number of swallows, and the cuckoo has been heard for some days. There are quantities of nightingales, but I have not heard any other bird sing.

March 12th.—Up early. We find this house very cold. Although we see the sun shining, none seems to enter this house and court. We went first to our tent to look after our animals, who were all most flourishing, and then explored a great part of the town, which has most curious gateways and mosques. The latter are open here, so that one can look down the beautiful arcades, and through to the paved marble courts, with central fountains. Trade is most flourishing here, in many branches of industry. The shops, in one of the small Plazas, are entirely occupied by papoosh makers, almost the whole of Morocco being supplied from Tetuan with slippers, not only simply coloured, but in many cases gorgeously embroidered in gold and silver. One of the narrow streets is devoted to the manufacture of the beautiful coloured matting. We went into some of the shops, and were much interested in watching the manner in which it is made. The rushes come from the interior of the country, and are most carefully dyed in fast colours. The workman is seated on the floor, attended by two

little boys, who bring him the rushes of different colours, while he places them on the stretched twines, and forms the most elaborate patterns. We ordered some for ourselves at two different places. Then came the gun-barrel makers, for which they are celebrated here, inlaying and ornamenting the stocks and barrels elaborately with gold and silver. Then to the shops for pretty painted woodwork, and a sort of fillagree engraving for the bridal trousseau trunks, made of a very sweet-smelling wood, for which I could not obtain a name; little tables of from six inches to a foot high; brackets, &c. Then, further on, we came to large sheds, full of rude terra-cotta water and oil jars, of most picturesque forms; and quantities of small green oil cups, for the brass hanging lamps, which are so much used in this country. From thence, on to the shops for embroidering gelabs; and, later, we took our own to be done.

The bazaars are full of old thick gold and silver Fez brocades, quite unlike the European, and both old and new embroideries in coloured silks. I bought a few pieces of the latter to-day; but those which I admire the most are quite beyond the prices I can afford, being from 10*l.* to 25*l.* each. I also bought some of the best red-and-white towels I have yet seen, and a few odds and ends of old silver, which were weighed in one scale, silver duros being placed in the other, so that I got them by paying their simple value in silver, without including the price of the work.

We returned home for our second *déjeuner*, and went out again at three o'clock, to call on the Spanish Consul, Señor Morphy. He and Señora Morphy are most kind and pleasant people, and, on the receipt of Señor de Diosdado's letter of introduction, were most anxious to assist us in every way. He speaks English, and she Spanish and Italian, the latter being a great boon to me. The two Mr. Norths came home delighted with the scenery during their pig-hunting to-day, but disappointed at having killed only one *sanglier* out of three, which they had seen.

March 13th.—Went at ten o'clock to the Spanish Consulate, and spent some time in the garden there, in which there were bananas in flower, apricots, apples, and figs, already half their full size ; in short, spring and summer fruit coming almost to perfection simultaneously together : the garden is large—strawberries nearly ripe.

From the garden, where the Norths joined us, we went into the Socco, it being market-day. Seated on the ground were numerous women, with cloths spread around them, upon which were piles of orange blossom for sale. One woman gave us handfuls of it. A boy brought us a great many live partridges, which had been trapped, and Señor Morphy bought four to put into his garden. They, like all the others I have seen, are the red-legged ; they cost half a peseta each—about five pence.

Thence we went to the prison, and saw the one

aboveground. They had good beds, on which many of them were lying down. They are permitted to make baskets and sell them, in order to add to their allowance of food, which is chiefly bread and water. Señor Morphy told us, that there is a famous Moorish General confined there, who has been there for some years, and who, he thinks, is most unjustly treated. We looked through the grated window, and saw one or two prisoners within. The prison looked very much cleaner than that at Tangier. The worst characters are imprisoned with irons underground, and their state is a most miserable one. We met the second Bashaw, to whom we were introduced yesterday, and he shook hands with us.

We saw the barracks, which were small, but clean, with arched colonnades. Some of the streets and small plazas are most picturesque, with vines trained across from one side to the other, upon cane trellises.

We came home for our breakfast, and at half-past one we all went with Señor Nahun to see some of the great Moorish houses. We were perfectly enchanted with three, which we have seen to-day; indeed I may say four, as the last house was exactly like another, which adjoined it, and we almost felt as if we had been to Granada. These two belong to the Moorish Minister for Finance and the Minister for the Customs, who have married two sisters; the others belong also to Moors of high position here, and they must all be rich. I find it impossible to describe the beauty

of the form of the rooms, halls, and terraces : they are real palaces. The pavements and dados, formed of richly coloured tiles in the most original and beautiful mosaic patterns—marble fountains and basins in the centre, and at the sides of the halls ; Moorish arches deeply dentelled and highly decorated ; walls hung with rich and brilliant silks and cloth ; ceilings and doors elaborately carved and painted. On ascending the stairs into the gallery, which runs round the court, we were shown into the harem, or ladies' apartments. Around three sides of the walls were mattresses covered with embroideries, and carpets in front of them, with an occasional divan. We were most courteously received in every case by the owners, who showed us these rooms, as well as all the others. The ladies had all been removed, in order that we might be admitted. One of the proprietors, a great friend of Sir John Hay's (who had given us introductions to all these great Moors), spoke fair English, and had been to Paris and London, with both of which he was delighted, but, what he admired more than anything else that he saw in England, was Windsor Park. The ancestors of these Moors originally came from Granada, and they still possess the keys of their old houses there, and are fully persuaded that the day will arrive when they will return to take possession of them again. The Moor who spoke English showed me one room which, he told me, was copied for the specimen of Moorish architecture

in the Crystal Palace, and he went to see it there when he was in England. It is extraordinary to go into these houses from the dirtiest imaginable streets. The entrances were, as usual, through beautiful archways, and massive wooden doors, with large ornamented hinges, and hammers in iron.

Each house had its terrace-garden, in which were fine specimens. Trees, especially of lemon, laden with enormous fruit, orange, pomegranates, roses, Catalonian jasmine, and vines, the three last covering trellised walks. The produce of lemons and oranges from the gardens around Tetuan is surprising, and the cheapness of them also, in spite of millions being exported every year. Each ship takes away on the average fifty thousand.

March 14th.—Very heavy rain all night, but cleared this morning. We went out at ten o'clock, and saw the mule and donkey webbing made, and watched the man working at it, who is totally blind. We think it will be pretty for looping back the Rabat blankets, used as curtains. Went on to our favourite Arabs' Bazaar, where George bought a fine pair of old silver anklets and a few pieces of embroidery, one of which is lovely, used by the rich ladies here to tie over their faces.

The streets were horribly dirty after the rain, more especially in the Jewish quarter. In one of their narrow streets lay a dead dog, and soon after we passed a dead partridge. They kill all their fowls in

the streets, by cutting their throats, and plucking them there also ; besides which they throw out all the offal of their houses, scraps of vegetables, orange-peel, &c., forming a mass of decaying matter all through their quarter. The Bashaw has tried in vain to purify the Jewish quarter, and at last he sent to tell the Jews, that those who did not keep their part of the street clean would be taxed ; to which, in spite of their national love of money, they answered, that they would rather pay a tax than have the trouble of cleansing their quarter—happily, Señor Nahun prefers cleaning his street.

Later we went to see the Bashaw's Palace, which is partly in ruins, but of which the remains are still beautiful. It was the first Bashaw's house, given by the Sultan of Morocco, a hundred years ago. There is a large centre court, with mosaic pavement, and a large tazza fountain in the middle of it. On the first floor, round the court, there are still left some beautiful carvings, paintings, and coloured tiling. The ceiling and doors, and a bath-room, are of exquisite workmanship, but the wooden balustrades, which must have been lovely, have almost perished. The Bashaw's workmen were making tents in one of the lower rooms, and in another, tailors were braiding a caftan for the Sultan, on fine cinnamon-coloured cloth, and also making some hangings for the Sultan's rooms at Fez. The Spaniards took possession of it, when they attacked Tetuan, twenty years ago, and

did great injury during their occupation. Pigeons seem to have taken possession of the upper story of the old palace, and the lower part is principally used by the soldiers, and we saw their muskets hanging up in the entrance. Señor Morphy told us, that there were about sixteen men belonging to this regiment, who are commanded by a general, a colonel, a major, and several other officers!

As we were leaving the Palace, I walked towards a garden-court, and at first I was told I might go in, to see the women who were walking there; but I was stopped by a sentry at the gate, saying, that the Bashaw was there with his negro wives. The pleasant second Bashaw met us again, and shook hands for the second time as we were going away. This is the Moorish custom and etiquette, if you meet a dozen times a-day.

We met a curious old negro, who stopped us, saying that he knew we were Europeans: he came from Timbuctoo, and said he 'was much happier here, where God had sent him.' Directly after, we met a very old negress, a merry old soul, and as active as a young woman, and we were told she was eighty-four. She had six bracelets on each arm, and three on one ankle, and four on the other, all of brass, and some of curious shapes.

We went to Señor Morphy's to get our pass for Ceuta, but found him laid up with ague. La Señora promised to send it us, and, if fine, we are to leave this

at six o'clock to-morrow morning. I made a drawing of our hot-water can.

After buying several things of an Arab to-day, he presented me with a little silver instrument, which looked like a pair of tweezers, with two little hands made to close together by a slide. The hands are intended to keep off the evil eye, and it is a very common symbol among the Moors; but this little machine is really an old cigarette-holder, as the grander Arabs always use them, in order that they may not dirty their fingers.

Ceuta, March 15th.—Up before five o'clock, and ready to mount at six, but it was more than a quarter-past before Hadji appeared with the mules. The Arabs do not know what time means. We have been eleven hours and a half *en route*, and I am so tired that I am not capable of doing justice to the varied beauty of the country. The first part of the road was paved, but had great holes in it, which were full of mud and water.

On leaving Tetuan we passed numerous gardens, full of very fine pomegranate and fig-trees, and banana plants, but not one date palm have we seen since we left Tangier. We fortunately had Shereef with us, who knows this country, for we came upon a great deal of marshy ground, which was most unpleasant to cross, besides some rapid rivers, which were greatly swollen by the heavy rain, and nowhere did we come upon a bridge. The plain, which seemed to be inter-

minable, was covered with chamærops, lentisk, myrtle, cytissus, cistuses, and, creeping over the ground, white and yellow and pink cistuses, intermixed with a plant bearing a beautiful little bright blue flower, and a great many white ixias. The view, looking back upon the white buildings of the town, with its minarets backed by mountains, was very original and picturesque, lit up, as they were, by the early morning sun. The air was fresh, and we were glad to put the hoods of our gelabs over our heads. Although our soldier thought he knew his way—road one cannot call it, for the paths are only made by animals, and are full of deep holes, and sometimes barely a foot wide—he missed it more than once, and had to turn back and apply to Shereef for information. The latter often tested the ground, which is most necessary on the boggy pieces, as well as the streams, before we ventured to cross them. For hours we rode on, without a sign of cultivation or of human beings, excepting occasionally an Arab boy, who was watching herds of bulls, cows, and goats. At last, at ten minutes to eleven, we halted, and dismounted amongst bushes of chamærops and fine short grass, intending to give ourselves and animals a good rest; but we had hardly begun our luncheon, when some muleteers arrived from Ceuta, who told us, that, if we delayed, the tide would be in, and we should not be able to cross the river, or get on by the sea-shore. These men had two very pretty young horses with

them ; one, a little bay about 14-2 or 3, looking very well bred. He was rather spoilt by having his tail shaved : the Moors constantly do this, to make the hair grow out more thickly.

We asked his price, and found that it would come to about 6*l.*, but that the owner would probably take 5*l.* The export duty is 20*l.*, but if we were going to remain in this country it would be much cheaper and better to buy than to hire. Hadji told us before leaving Tangier that, as a large camp was forming for Awara, there was a great demand for mules, so that we had better hire good ones in advance for baggage; and this he did for us. Two days before we left he thought it as well to go and look after them, and found that the man had let them to others for a higher price. Hadji then went off to the Bashaw, taking the mule owner with him, who told his own story, viz. that he had not let them at all to us. Upon which the Bashaw ordered him to go into the Mosque, and there swear that what he said was true. This he could not and would not do ; so he had either to give us the mules or pay a fine of 25 francs for the days on which he should fail us. In twenty-five minutes we were again on our mules. The country became lovely, surrounded by high mountains. On crossing the lower ridges, we came down through a deep ravine, the sides of which, up to the sky line, were covered with great bushes of the white gum cistus, at the foot of which grew many of the so-called cystus fungus,

of the richest scarlet, crimson, yellow, and brown colour; and here, through an opening, we got our first sight of Ceuta and the sea. A most lovely view! Long as we have been accustomed to the beauties of the Mediterranean, I have never seen it of so glorious a colour—true ultramarine. The distance, too, was so clear on all sides, towards Oran and towards Spain. After riding on for nearly three hours, we came to a wide river. After our walking Arabs had sounded it in different places, we crossed it. It was quite a hundred yards wide. The water at times reached above the girths, so that we had to take our feet out of the stirrups, and tuck them up, as well as we could, and have our mules led short by the head, to keep them in the safe line. This, we concluded, was the river spoken of, but we soon found that that one was much farther on. After another hour we met some Arabs with loaded mules and donkeys, who told us that they had been to the river, that the tide was up, and it was quite impassable, and would be so until low water. This was very bad news for us. We soon after found three Arabs, armed with guns, at a hut on a mountain ridge. These men are what are called in this country ‘a guard,’ for the protection of travellers. We consulted them, and they told us that we must cross the mountains, which would add more than two hours to our already long journey. Distance here is counted at four miles an hour, so we knew we had from eight to ten miles to add to the thirty-two miles which we

had already ridden. Ceuta looked an immense distance off, and we were getting very tired, but there was no alternative. By way of change of position, I begged to get off and walk, but the ground was so very rough and steep that I was not allowed to do so. We took two of these men as our guides, and went through a lovely country, putting up occasionally many partridges and quails, and passed a quantity of spoonbills and wild geese amongst the marshy ground. We had to cross some most awkward streams. At one of them the soldier, after it had been well sounded, tried to lead the way down a steep bank, of at least twenty feet in depth, which nothing could induce his horse to do. After going down a few feet he leapt up on the bank again. Then I tried with my mule, but he immediately also sprang up again upon the bank, so we began again to follow the course of the stream upon its bank. At last we met some Arabs, who knew the ford, and we crossed after them, but it was very deep. Then we began to reascend, and at the top of the hill we again saw Ceuta, and then to descend again, and so we continued to do for nearly three hours, until we were almost in despair of ever arriving. We got amongst the most lovely masses of flowers, such quantities of the loveliest statice I ever saw, besides golden zinnias, French lavender, dwarf blue irises, white, yellow, and pink lupins, smylax, covered with scarlet berries, white roses, a lovely little blue star flower, white ixias, and thrift. At last we

came down to the shore, and soon reached the outer gates of the fortress. The town is situated upon a promontory, connected by a very narrow isthmus with the main land, the isthmus being strongly fortified. Boats can pass under a bridge here from one side to the other. Here we were questioned, and sent to a guard-room further on, where they took our soldier's sword and gun from him, not to be restored until we leave the town again, and also our pass. Then we proceeded until we reached the Custom House, where we were again examined, and finally we arrived at the *Fonda Italiana*. We sent Hadji up to see the rooms, as well as to some close by, which, he told us, were better, and which we finally engaged—a salon and two bedrooms, clean, but very rough, with common brick floors, with a little matting in parts. Our dinner was most indifferent. The town is quite remarkably clean, a great contrast to Tetuan, and wonderfully quiet.

March 16th.—Not a particularly good night, and I found a large supply of Persian powder very necessary ; but it might have been worse. Went early to see the market. The one for fish is an old circular lantern building, much ornamented, and erected by the Moors. We saw some enormous fish, like magnified cod, and quantities of mackerel, soles, red mullet, &c. Thence we went to the fruit and vegetable markets, the ascent to which is by a flight of broad steps. It is built like a flat bridge bordered by open shops,

which crosses the isthmus ; and we descended again on the other side by steps similar to those by which we entered it. The town must be as dull, as it is clean. The latter quality it owes to the work of the convicts, who, with the troops, constitute the greater part of the population. We went into the Cathedral, and heard some rather pretty music on the organ. Soon after eleven o'clock we proceeded with Hadji and our soldier to the Government House ('el General Gobernador'), and delivered our introductory letter from Señor de Diosdado to General José de Aizpudria, a most gentlemanlike man, and most kind and dignified in his manner. Unfortunately, he only spoke Spanish, so that our conversation was rather limited. He invited us to breakfast, but we had already had ours. He asked what we wished to see, and appointed a mounted officer of his staff to go about with us, saying we had 'permission to see everything.' The Governor—on our saying how much we admired his magnificent body-guard of fifty men, whom we had seen dressed as Zouaves in the court-yard—told us that they were all Moors. He called them 'men of trust,' and said that he only enlisted those who were married. They have extra pay, and every inducement to value their position. Their dress is very handsome ; only fine, tall men are selected, and they look proud of their privileges. Before taking leave of the Governor, he begged we would look at his garden, in which he seemed to take great interest.

He said, that he considered the climate perfect, but late in the spring, *Hermosissimo* (most beautiful). His garden is beautifully kept, and a mass of flowers—daturas, heliotropes, bignonia capensis, geraniums, carnations, verbenas, marigolds—in short, every spring and summer flower.

By this time our mules were ready, and Lieut. Diaz soon appeared, he and his horse being in full uniform in our honour! He first took us to see the fortifications, guns, artillery barracks, and the horses of one troop of cavalry of fifty men. The stables were good and airy. We were not much struck by the horses, which are all bought in this country. They were all shod, like all the horses here, with a shoe, covering the whole circle of the foot, from the heel to the toe, with the exception of one small space in the centre.

Our next visit was to the Prison. Señor Diaz, our military cicerone, thought he could speak French, but did it so badly, that Spanish would have been far more intelligible to us. For instance, pointing to the Prison, which we were approaching, he said: 'Ici sont les plus malades.' I answered: 'But we wish to see the Prison, not the Hospital.' 'Justement, ceux qui sont les plus malades.' I then guessed what he meant, and said: 'Vous voulez dire, les plus méchants.' He replied, 'C'est ça—oui, oui.' The mistake evidently arose from 'malo,' expressing in Spanish, 'malade' and 'méchant.'

On arriving at the Prison, which joins a barrack,

in which the 50th Regiment was quartered, we were received by other officers in uniform, wearing the old brass gorget, and very handsome it looked. We waited a little while in an anteroom, from which, through two sets of open ironwork doors, we looked down the arcades in front of the prisoners' rooms. On being admitted, the first room which we visited had been transformed into a theatre, in which the prisoners act, and here, only those who conduct themselves well are allowed to act, or to be present at the performances. The prisoners had themselves painted the scenery and a drop-curtain, as well as the sides of the walls, so as to give the effect of private boxes. Six men, who formed a band, brought forward their brass instruments and played for us. After leaving this room we continued our way down the arcade, into which we found that similar long, vaulted rooms opened, with a single window only at the upper end, which caused them to be very dark and close. A raised platform on each side at night is covered with their mattresses, which we saw rolled up and ranged against the walls. Some of the prisoners were very heavily loaded. Some had irons, attached to rings, round both ankles and knees ; and others, in addition, from the knee to the waist, of both legs. Their punishments varied from ten to fifteen and twenty years, and some, imprisonment for life.

The next prison to which we went contained eight most dreadful-looking men, very heavily ironed,



who are constantly shut up, not being allowed to go out or work on the fortifications, as the majority of the prisoners are. This prison had only two small barred windows for air and light.

Our next was to a cell, in which was only one man, most heavily ironed, who is in solitary confinement for life, and on the silent system as well, for forging Government letters. He is so violent, that the warder went in with us with a heavy club in his hand, and an armed soldier is always in charge of him. I asked Señor Diaz, if madness had not been sometimes the result of perpetual silence. He said, he had never heard of such a case.

It was quite a relief to get away from the sight of these villainous countenances, and to enter the excellent kitchen, in which the well-conducted convicts act as cooks, as a reward; and they were preparing the day's supply of food, consisting of potatoes, beans, and bread. We then returned home,—the last part of our ride being in a gale of wind and heavy rain.

Outside the town, some land has been granted to Spain by the Sultan for growing grass and vetches, which is guarded by several Spanish martello towers, placed on the heights around. The Moors bring their charcoal, poultry, &c. to the market here, but pay a heavy octroi upon everything on their entrance into the town.

They have given us a good *vin ordinaire* here, made at Malaga, of a very pale colour, and resembling

Manzanilla in taste. Water has been brought to us at all hours, in magnum tumblers, containing more than I should drink in a week.

Ceuta and Tetuan, March 17th.—We were ready to start at six o'clock. Blowing a gale, and sea, sky, and mountains a dismal, black-gray colour. Paid our very moderate bill :—

' Cuenta de los Señores Ingleses.			Reals.
Dia 16 a 25 rls. cada uno	.	.	50
Dia 17 a 40 rls. cada uno	.	.	80
Por los chocolates, y viandes per el camino			20
Total .			150

Ceuta, 17 Marzo, 1881,

Ricibi,

DOLORES SALOZON.'

(1*l.* 10*s.* in English money.)

At 6.30, Hadji came to consult us about starting in such disagreeable weather, but we thought it best to go. The two pleasant Spanish ladies of the house thought it impossible, and that, if the rain came on we should be drenched; nevertheless, at seven o'clock we left their door. The little *mosa*, who had waited on us, looked very sad. She was only thirteen, and having taken a great fancy for me, had, last evening, poured out all her sorrows to me. Her father had died a month ago, and her mother not long before that; and so she said, '*Por el comer*' (for the board), she had come to these ladies without any wages, and

she added, '*Mi pegan mucho*' ('They beat me a great deal'). I consoled her by saying, that if she was a good, handy little girl, they would soon become fond of her. The *mozo* (waiter) seemed very kind to her. She laughed merrily at my mistakes in Spanish. After hearing all this, I had fallen asleep in my chair, being very tired with the long day's work. George saw the little Criada pass through the room to put hot water in our bedroom, and as she returned, she came up softly to my side and kissed my cheek. What a link is formed by a little sympathy!

As we left Ceuta, our mules made great difficulties in passing carts, or even wheelbarrows, which they had done from the moment that we had reached the outposts of the town on our arrival, and as they had never seen such things before, this was only natural. My mule had to be led, to induce the others to follow, in passing them, and also in going over the draw-bridges, which no doubt are very strong, but give one the sensation of being quite the reverse. We were twice stopped for our 'pass,' which we gave up at the outer post, retaining the one which we brought from Tetuan, and where we waited an interminable time for our soldier's sword, which was taken from us upon our entrance.

At last we got out of the fortifications, and I cannot say how glad I was to have done with bridges and arched gateways, where the wind was dreadful. After going a very short distance along the shore, as

the tide was coming in again, we turned up over the hill covered with vineyards, in which they grow the finest muscatel grapes, and amongst which stood fine fig-trees, and some very large date-palm trees, the lower leaves of which were tied up to bleach for Easter, or rather Palm Sunday. The tediousness of this part of the journey was much relieved by the beauty of the flowers through which we passed,—lupins, white, blue, and yellow, white and pink alliums, periwinkles, and thousands of stars of Bethlehem, and many others, including a curious evergreen, with leaves like the holly, bearing red berries of large size, shaped like an acorn. Climbing the steep hills against the wind became very fatiguing, as well as crossing the watercourses, marshes, and rivers.

We again had to go the long route on account of the tide; and on arriving at the broad river, wider than any part of the Thames at Old Windsor, we found it so deep, that the water was above my girths, and, tucked up on the top of the animal's back, as I was obliged to be, I still got wet. It was a nervous crossing, for a very little would have caused one to fall off from that position. Shereef led my mule, so I put the bridle over the pommel, placing my hands in front and behind under the saddle. The mounted Arab postman, seated on the mail-bags, here caught us up, and took the lead in crossing the river, begging us to follow in single file in his track,

as on the day on which we had arrived the courier had been carried away by the stream and drowned. The wind continued to increase in violence, carrying along with it scuds of mist ; its noise, combined with the roaring of the sea, made it impossible to hear one another speak. We only halted for a quarter of an hour amongst some shrubs for our and the men's luncheon, and to rest and feed the animals, when we started again.

Passed a few beautiful old olive and cork-trees, as well as tamarisks, covered with their beautiful pink catkins, and oleanders, on the river banks, the latter of which men were cutting and making huts of, at the Spanish outposts. Everything looks sad and gloomy, and quite different from the lovely effects of sunlight, when we passed through this country the other day. We put up a very large eagle from one of the hollows close to the road. Hadji and my running Arab were very anxious to get us into Tetuan early,—the latter proving himself a wonderful walker, keeping my mule in a perpetual jog-trot.

We went through a most picturesque grove of old mulberry-trees, so old, that (no doubt assisted by the sea breezes, though at a considerable distance from it) their large trunks had been split down, and their branches buried in the ground, re-rooting and growing like banyan-trees. On nearing Tetuan, we passed a great deal of garden-ground, in which were very large pomegranate and fig-trees, and amongst

which we saw a number of white birds, which, from what we could make out from Hadji, were spoonbills, which had been domesticated, and turned into the garden to eat the insects.

We arrived at half-past four o'clock, after a ride of nine hours and a half,—the last part in a torrent of rain, which drenched us. This town, though beautiful in the distance, reminded me much of Pompeii, as we approached it, in spite of its beautiful gateway, looking more than half in ruins. The dirty state of the streets is dreadful.

When we arrived at the Socco, where our tent was pitched and the rest of our animals picketed, our mules made a decided attempt to remain there, and had to be forced past their old quarters. Mr. Nahun and our friends were all greatly surprised to see us arrive, having concluded, that we should not dare to face the bad weather. We were all dreadfully tired, and thankful for some tea. Mr. North and his son gave us a warm welcome, and showed us all the pretty things which they had collected in our absence.

March 18th.—Dined at six o'clock last evening. Mons. D'Orval, an agreeable Frenchman, joined our party ; but I was too tired to eat, and went to bed.

I was awakened at five o'clock, by the noise of the departure of Mr. North and his son, and Mons. D'Orval, for Ceuta. The two Mr. Norths have been most agreeable and kind companions, and we are

very sorry to lose them. They cross from Ceuta to Gibraltar on their way to England.

Heavy rain and wind all day, so we rejoice that we came back yesterday.

Our tent was taken down last night, and Arabs and animals all went into the Fondak, and, like ourselves, are seeking the rest which we all so much need.

Señor Nahun is most kind, and makes us as comfortable as it is in his power to do ; and, recalling our first impressions on our arrival, I am surprised how comfortable we are here.

4 Mr. North most kindly gave us all the tea which he had left, as ours was coming to an end. It will be invaluable on our journey back to Tangier.

Señor Nahun has just shown us some good Morocco and Azimore carpets, three of which we have bought,—one very large one cost 6*l.* 12*s.*, which I am sure would have been double in England, even if one could find it there.

March 19th.—Rained all night, and continued to do so until past five p.m. I amused myself by drawing my brass bath and cold-water jug.

We heard to-day, that Mr. North's party arrived at Ceuta without rain, but that they were astonished at the depth of the rivers which they had to pass through. An Arab servant from the Wilderness has arrived here, and says they have had torrents of rain, and that the lagunes between this and Tangier are almost impassable, so that we cannot start on

Monday. Señor Nahun came and sat with us for some time to-day. We asked him to explain the meaning of a little roll of parchment, about three inches long, covered with neatly written Hebrew characters, which we had found in a small hollow niche in the door-post of our *salle à manger*. He brought us an English and Hebrew Bible, having marked the verses, from the 4th to the end of the 9th of the 6th chapter of Deuteronomy, and from the 14th to the end of the 21st verse in the 11th chapter. It is there commanded, that they (the Jews) should write them out, and place them in the door-posts of their houses. Señor Nahun is an excellent linguist, speaking Arabic, Hebrew, English, Spanish, and French. In his *Livre des Voyageurs* we found the names of many dear friends, as well as those of acquaintances.

March 20th.—Heavy rain all night, but has cleared up, and the wind gone to the west : a dry wind here ; but the streets are such a sea of mud, that we have never stirred out since we arrived from Ceuta.

March 21st.—We went to call at the Spanish Consulate. Señor Morphy says, that game is so abundant here, that he is able to go out by the gate, by which we entered, and, in an hour, kill four dozen quails, to say nothing of other game. George went home to draw, and Howe and I, with Hadji, Shereef, and Mouktah, went over great part of the town, and saw many fine gateways, and the Grand Mosque, which was quite open, and looked beautiful. In the

square court, paved in endless mosaic patterns, with the fine-coloured small tiles of the country, was the fountain, around which were many picturesque little Arab boys, bathing their feet before going into the Mosque. We passed many houses in the state of ruin caused by the Spanish war here. The dirt of the streets is so great after the last four days' rain—especially in the Jews' quarter—that it must be seen to be imagined. It is wonderful, when the cholera broke out here, as it did a few years ago, how it was ever checked. Señor Morphy says, that he persuaded the Bashaw to have the whole town whitewashed, which, no doubt, did a great deal towards arresting the progress of the disease.

We went to see the different gradations of ornamental gun-making. The engraving and hammering out patterns on the steel locks and plates, and filling them in with gold and silver, was very pretty and skilful work. The gold embroidery of slippers is also curious, and I was glad to have a lesson in doing it. Our gelabs and my dress have come home from the embroiderers, and I am much pleased with all.

I had almost forgotten our visit to an Arab café, where there were from twenty to thirty men playing cards: they were very quiet and civil, and wished to show us everything. There were Turkish and English coffee-cups, according to the habits of the various customers, and the smallest imaginable little coffee-

pots, made to contain one portion, to be sent to their customers outside. Everything was clean and beautifully tiled, even to the stove on which the coffee was made. Instead of cushions, there were raised brick daises, covered with matting, on which the men were squatted.

On our way home we met three rich Arab ladies. One put out her hand to take some sweet roses to smell, which I carried ; and in return for my offering them to her, she opened her haïk, and showed me her gorgeous dress beneath it. The waistcoat and caftan were covered with gold and silver embroidery : the former was of blue brocade, and the latter of a deep orange colour, and over them a fine muslin, embroidered all over in coloured silks. Further on we met two bright, happy-looking negresses, and I remarked they had the 'Ebo' cuts on the cheeks, which I had often seen amongst the negroes, who had been freed from slavery, in Jamaica. Hadji inquired of them if it was so, and found I was right.

I saw some beautiful dyes being made to-day. The plant that was being boiled, and produced a beautiful crimson, was, I feel sure, pink madder ; but what that was, which produced a rich orange, I cannot tell.

Señor Nahun tells us, that it is quite untrue that the Spaniards shelled and destroyed the houses in 1860, which we saw in ruins to-day, and that the real truth is, that the mountaineers would not take the

trouble to go to a distance to procure wood for the use of the troops, but took it out of the houses, and thus, by removing the supports, they caused the houses to go to ruin. The Spaniards quartered themselves in the mosques, making use of them as barracks. They did them no injury ; but, of course, the Moors were furious at this desecration of them, for they cannot even bear to see us look into them from the open door.

March 22nd (Tuesday).—Left Tetuan at eight a.m., having been ready to start at six o'clock. The rain had caused the joints of the tent-poles to swell, and, of course, this had never been thought of, until the mules were being loaded. Señor Nahun most kindly accompanied us on horseback for a short way outside the gates. We thanked him for all his kindness, telling him that we felt, that originally it was due to the letter of introduction from Sir John, for whom he had so great a respect.

A most lovely, sunny morning, with the softest air, and it continued very hot all day. Nothing could be more beautiful, as we descended into the plain, than the view of the grand line of magnificent mountains to our left, the lower slopes of which were covered with a chequered vegetation of dark-foliaged shrubs, amongst which were bright, fresh, green patches of cultivation.

Met some small caravans of camels, of which the drivers told us we should find the ground very deep ;

which we soon found to be true, for it was a most fatiguing ride. We were glad to see the Fondak on the side of a mountain below ; but on arriving there, we thought it better not to stop, but to get on to our halting-place for the night, where we arrived at half-past three o'clock, which we were very glad to do, after a tiresome ride of seven hours and a half, without dismounting.

Our tent was soon pitched on a small mountain, and, as usual, near a few Arab huts. In a wonderfully short time, Hadji brought us some excellent tea ; but although the hill was covered with cows feeding amongst the chamærops, we could not get any milk. We were amused by the quantities of young kids and lambs, who came to visit us, some of them taking possession of our tents.

The view of the mountains round us was very fine, and we had a beautiful sunset of glorious yellows, pinks, and crimsons. I made a rough sketch of our tents while we were waiting for dinner, in which Hadji distinguished himself, giving us excellent clear soup, chicken fritters, beef, potatoes, and coffee. We were glad to get to our beds early.

March 23rd (Wednesday).—Up before six, and off at half-past seven. A lovely hot morning ; so much so, that we had to put up our hoods to keep off the sun.

At twelve o'clock we halted upon a piece of short grass, close to the steep bank of a clear little river,

along the edge of which were masses of oleanders just bursting into flower. Here we were too glad to dismount, being hot and tired, and Hadji having spread out a shawl and gelab, we lay down upon it, and had our little luncheon—always a pleasant part of the journey, as much for rest as for refreshment. During the whole journey we had been collecting snails for Mr. Ponsonby, and here we found a good many.

In half an hour we remounted and started for the last part of our journey. Our Arabs, as usual, very merry, especially Mouktah, who hardly ever ceases either talking, singing, or joking, being evidently the wit of the party, and keeping the rest in a roar of laughter. Their power of standing fatigue in walking is quite wonderful. Yesterday, we were joined by a fine negro, and a nice little boy, about ten years old, who had left Tetuan after us, to walk to Tangier to see his mother. In the plain we passed by a very large piece of cultivated land, on which were employed eighteen couples of oxen, besides mules, and Hadji told us that it belonged to a Marabout, and a number of the country people had volunteered to plant and sow it for him as an offering! We saw various heaps of stones, looking like small cairns, and we were told they were to mark where a Marabout had rested. We met with, and gathered, quantities of lovely flowers, especially grand bunches of blue ones, which grew from a large bulb. As we

approached the lagune it became chilly, and small rain began, but we were agreeably surprised to find it much drier than we had expected. We passed a great many women with donkeys on their way to Tangier, for to-morrow's market. It was terrible to see the loads (many of them being large baskets of charcoal) which these poor women were carrying on their backs, which literally bent them double, and their ankles and feet were much swollen.

We arrived at Bruzard's Hotel at half-past three o'clock, thankful to have come to the end of our journey, as during the last hour it had rained heavily.

March 24th.—A bad sore throat prevented my sleeping, and I fancied I felt some wet living creature upon me ; and striking a light, I found that it was one of the collection of snails, that we had brought home yesterday. They were in a large fig-basket, and I had carefully covered it with several thicknesses of paper. They had contrived to eat through the whole of this ; and, on a farther search, we found that they had mounted up the walls, windows, beds, in short, everywhere, not excepting George's wide-awake, where there were half a dozen. I shall never again believe the saying of ' As slow as a snail ! '

Sir John D. Hay and Mons. Cautenum came to see us, and told us that they had suffered dreadfully from the wind on the 10th, and Mrs. Brassey's tent was blown down in the middle of the night.

Expenses from 9th March to the evening of the 23rd. From this to Tetuan and Ceuta and back again to Tangier, fifteen days.

Paid soldier, fifteen days, 1 duro a-day	£3	0	0
Present	0	8	0
Sixteen days to Shereef	1	4	0
Present	0	4	0
Fifteen days to Mouktah	1	2	6
Fifteen days to Mohamed Anrad	1	2	6
Ditto, 2 duros and 3s.	0	11	0

£7 12 0

Two extra days paid :

Baggage and Howe's horse, 3 fr. per day	fr.	6
Ditto, three mules, 3 frs. each	51	0
	153	0

Frs. 204 0

Our own mule not included.

Paid for food for five Arabs and seven animals, and, when *en route*, ourselves included :—

March 9th, encamped	fr.	6
„ 10th (brought some food with us)	21	70
„ 11th, <i>en route</i>	} 24	50
„ 12th, „		
„ 13th, „		
Arrived at Ceuta, 14th	} 76	75
„ „ 15th		
Returned to Tetuan, 16th		
„ „ 17th		
16th, bill at Ceuta, French exchange	36	80
Tetuan, 18th	11	50
„ 19th	11	50
„ 20th	13	0
„ Fondak, 21st, and food	16	50

Frs. 233 85

22nd, paid Señor Nahun's bill (eleven £ s. d.	
days for Howe and nine days for us)	9 12 6
Service	1 0 0
	£10 12 6
	7 12 0
204 fr. 0 c.	= 8 3 0
233 fr. 85 c.	= 9 7 4½
	£35 14 10½
Hire of tents, at 21 duros	4 4 0
Total	£39 18 10½

March 25th (Friday).—Rode our mules down to call at the English and Spanish Legations, and found every one at home.

As we returned, the Shereef passed us with two grown-up sons, and his English wife, and a 'guard of honour' of two men. The horses had on them the most lovely saddles and bridles, and all was most picturesque, except the lady in her English dress. The Shereef is a coarse-looking man. As he came by, several of the Moors kissed the hem of his garment.

March 27th.—Rain, wind, thunder, and lightning, for the last two days. We remained at home. The town, sea, hills, and mountains, totally invisible for some hours.

March 28th.—Weather continues very bad. Wind, sunshine, and storms of heavy rain.

We rode in the afternoon to the French Legation, to say good-bye to Mons. and Madame de

Vernouillet and Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Rothays. The rain came on again, and after waiting in despair for some time, we finally returned, drenched.

March 29th.—A gale of wind all night, with rain. Happily, the latter has ceased.

Everything packed, ready for us to leave this for Gibraltar whenever there is a mail.

I rode down to the town to pay P.P.C. visits, taking Hadji with me, on George's mule. Found Sir Robert and Lady Sinclair, Madame de Mauboussin and her daughter, Mrs. White, and Mons. Daluin, at home. Very sorry to say 'Good-bye' to those, who have been so kind to us.

The *Risca*, which left yesterday, came back from stress of weather on the African coast, and the sea is running mountains high.

Paid one month's hire for our two mules.

	£	s.	d.
Fifteen days here, at 2s. each a-day		3	0 0
Fifteen days' travelling, 3 frs. each a-day			
(we fed them whilst <i>en route</i>)		3	12 0
	£6	12	0

Everything summer, except the weather. So hot and oppressive in walking. White lilies and beautiful white amaryllises, with greenish-black eyes.

March 30th.—Wind and rain all night, and continuing without intermission the whole of the day. At times, the vessels in the bay are perfectly indis-

tinguishable. We hear, that the Fondak is fully crowded with weather-bound travellers.

March 31st.—Weather as bad as ever! The *Risca*, *Verité* (in which we came from Marseilles to Gibraltar), *Savernake* of Newcastle, *Adriano*, and another Spanish vessel, all came in here for shelter two days ago; and one half-decked boat, belonging to this place, was wrecked under the battery last night. No life lost. We saw its remains to-day. A gentleman who was on board the *Risca*, lying in the bay, paid 1*l.* to-day to be landed without luggage. He left this place in her on Monday last (this is Thursday), in order to see the coast. She ran back in the gale on Tuesday, and after two nights rolling in the bay, without any communication with the land, he felt as if he should die if he did not get on shore. Since Monday morning he had only eaten two eggs and an atom of bread!

We were to have left yesterday in the *Ville de Tanger*; happily, she has never arrived, for we could not have got on board of her, and, as she draws a great deal of water, she must lie on the other side of the bay. But everything is packed, and this delay is not pleasant.

We went to say our last adieux at the English Legation, and found Mons. Cautenum still waiting for the *Vôsges*, which is to take him to Marseilles. Part of the pier was carried away to-day.

Although this house very much needs furniture

and finishing, I must say, that we have been made very comfortable, and admirably fed: partridges, quails, woodcocks, in abundance, and the meat tender; vegetables excellent; bananas, oranges, and good cooking.

I advise every one coming here to engage a good Arab manservant, and to live in their own apartments, if they wish to be really comfortable. We never go to a table d'hôte. The prices are moderate. Europeans live and manage under considerable difficulties in this country, if they have a house of their own. Much as I like the Arabs, they have no idea of time, and are quite as likely to come to you at nine, as at seven in the morning.

April 1st.—Storm as severe as ever, and tremendous thunder, and vivid lightning, during great part of the night. Still no communication between the vessels and the land. I went up to the Wilderness to say 'Good-bye.' The Banksia roses are lovely, and the whole air is scented with orange-blossom. The wild ground is now brightened by nasturtiums in all directions, and the loquats (or Chinese medlar) are now turning bright gold colour.

April 2nd (Saturday).—This journal is becoming nothing more than a 'Log' of the weather. Another thunderstorm during the night, and such wind and rain as one has only met with before in the tropics. This morning the little *Cambria*, Spanish cattle-boat, left early, but returned here again three hours later.

The poor cattle have been on board ever since last Sunday! The *Risca* is now going out to try her luck, in spite of the west wind being directly against her; but the weather does look a shade better. Certainly the difficulty of leaving and arriving at Tangier is a serious drawback to wintering here. The oats are ready to cut, and the people are in despair at the continuance of rain, as, if much more time elapses before the harvest, there will remain no time for the after-crops before the great heat sets in. Our rooms at Seville are engaged for us, but how are we ever to arrive there?

Early in the afternoon we rode our mules up to the Alcazar, or Akba, to see the Bashaw's Palace. We went by the outer walls, up the steep hill by the corn-mills, to the old arched entrance, passed the former Palace of the Bashaw, and the beautiful Mosque towers and gateway, and then, by a narrow passage, reached the palace-gate. Here our companion and guide to Tetuan and Ceuta, the Bashaw's soldier, welcomed us; and he and a turbaned Arab introduced us to the Bashaw's presence.

He is a fine old man, with a very dignified and amiable countenance and manner. He welcomed us at the door of his room, and shook hands, and begged we would look at it as long as we liked. We made profound reverences, as if we were being introduced to one of our Viceroys. We told Hadji to say, that we had been very sorry to hear of the death of the

second Bashaw (his nephew), during our absence, and condoled with him on his loss. He had two friends with him, but although the Bashaw stood during all the time he was speaking to us, neither of them got up, which seemed very odd to us.

The Palace is very ancient, built round a large court, with columns forming arcades round it, and beautifully paved with coloured tiles, having a white marble fountain in the centre. The room in which the Bashaw received us, as well as another on the opposite side, is a beautiful specimen of Moorish art. The ceilings are in wood, in the form of flying buttresses, with quantities of drops, the whole being coloured. The upper part of the walls is richly moulded, and pierced in intricate patterns, in a material like white cement, which gives the effect of marble, and beneath this is very delicate mosaic tile-work. Going upstairs, we went into a set of rooms built for the confinement of State prisoners, very beautifully decorated, but beginning to show decay and the effect of neglect. The archway doors are beautiful, being carved in open-work, of a different pattern on each side. Amongst the moulded fret-work over one of them, part of which had fallen away, a swarm of bees had settled themselves.

We passed into a small room, which they told us had originally been a vapour-bath. Thence we went up another staircase to a square garden, which might easily be made beautiful, but which is left to fate, and

so weeds, and roses, and geraniums, all grow together in equal luxuriance. The custodian gave us each one of the half-double roses, from which the *atta* is made, and which is, no doubt, the sweetest of all roses. Into this garden the windows of the former Bashaw's harem open ; but the Bashaw only remains in this palace from nine a.m. to five p.m. daily, for affairs of the State, returning to his house lower down the hill.

We came away, as we had arrived, through the hall or judgment-room, at the end of which is a raised dais, cushioned, and having a desk in front of it. Here the Bashaw sits in judgment (as we saw him doing soon after our arrival) on any prisoners that may be brought before him ; and when they are condemned to be beaten, it is done in this hall, in his presence. His countenance certainly gives one the idea of a man who would give the mildest sentence in his power, and the people seem very fond of him.

No mail arrived. How are we to get away ?

The Arab guide who accompanied Dr. Leude, the German traveller lately returned from Timbuctoo, brought us a wonderful shirt to see, which was made there, and for which he asked 12/. It is a very curious specimen of both material and work. The linen is hand-made, and not more than four inches wide, and is, therefore, all sewn together in lines, and cut out in the shape of a *gelab*, but without a hood. It is then embroidered all over in circles,

worked in silk several inches in diameter, with curious bits of open-work at intervals, and quantities of eyelet-holes. Besides the circles, there were double triangles embroidered on it, of the same description as those upon the Arab money, as well as upon their lamps and other articles.

At half-past six, Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby came to say 'Good-bye' to us, in a torrent of rain. I hope they will get home to the mountain safely, but as it must be dark before they do so, it is rather an alarming ride in its present state of deep mud and slippery precipice.

We have just seen the same young man return here who arrived on Thursday from the *Risca*. Having no luggage on shore, he felt he must go on board to bring it away. He accordingly went down to the *Marina*, and persuaded the same boatmen for a sovereign to take him off to her. The *Verité* was just getting under way, and when he got to the *Risca* they told him that they intended to do the same, and persuaded him, as he had already paid for this voyage along the coast to Mogador, to remain on board. They started, and were nearly off Cape Spartel, and saw the *Verité* round it; but after battling against the wind and waves they found it impossible to make it, and returned here a little before seven o'clock this evening. The same boatmen went off and got another sovereign for bringing him on shore; but this time, he brought off his

GIBRALTAR.

'FONDA ESPAÑOLA.'

APRIL 4th (Monday).—Thunder and lightning, with wind and tropical rain, all night; and such a thick fog over this bay at seven a.m., that we could not see the sea! At nine o'clock it cleared, and we got ready to go in case the mail-boat should start. The weather still seemed very doubtful, but Hadji, whom we have decided on taking with us as our courier in Spain, was quite like a child, looking forward to a new expedition, and seemed determined that we should go, if any vessel did; so, at a quarter-past eleven we wished the Bruzauds 'Good-bye,' and mounting our good little mules for the last time, we rode down to the Marina, Hadji and Howe following on foot, accompanied by our baggage, donkeys, and Arabs. The tide was at its lowest, so we had to go to the extreme end of the pier to embark, and were hardly in the boat when a pelting shower came on, with a great deal of wind and sea, thus persecuting us to the last.

When we got on board the *Adriano*, she and the *Jackall* were side by side, both taking in cattle, and we waited, rocking in the bay, until one o'clock, before

we weighed anchor, and the *Jackall* still longer ; but she ran past us, and had landed her cattle just as we arrived. We had thirty bullocks on board, and just before starting one was found to be unwell, so he had to be transhipped to a boat. It looked a most uncomfortable process, as the poor animal was hauled up into the air by a crane, by a rope attached round his horns and under his jaws, so that his head and heels were in a perfectly straight line ; he seemed to struggle very little, and was safely let down into the boat. On going down to the only cabin I found every seat engaged, so I tried to get up to a raised place above. On touching it, it felt very wet, and it looked like a water-bed of India-rubber. On inquiring, I found that it contained leeches ! We were little over three hours, and had so good a passage, that during the last part of it I sat on deck ; and in spite of heavy showers, alternating with sunshine, enjoyed the beauty of the entrance of Gibraltar Bay, Ceuta standing out in sunshine, with the Rock frowning opposite to it, like two lions looking at each other. Gusts of wind and heavy showers made our pull to the shore very wet and disagreeable ; and when we reached the Royal Hotel, where we had written ten days before, to engage rooms, we found every corner occupied, as the master said he had seen no prospect of our arriving whilst this bad weather made it impossible for those who were there to depart. After a search for rooms we eventually came here.

into the Dockyard Creek, which she might have done last night, as the captain had the 'permit' from Captain Fremantle* in his pocket the whole time, by which we should have been saved our dangerous embarkation and all the discomfort of last night. About two o'clock the weather improved, and we were delightfully surprised by Captain Fremantle's steam-launch coming alongside, with a message that she was at our disposal until six o'clock. We went on shore immediately, landing at the Dockyard, and drove up to the Mount, where we remained until half-past five, Mrs. Fremantle giving us tea. We met Lord Napier of Magdala there, who told us that Lady Napier embarks for England to-night, if the P. and O. arrives. We had some heavy showers, but the wind is almost gone. We met Miss Brassey ('Mabelle') 'Baby,' and Fräulein, at the jetty, just embarking for the *Sunbeam*, and we soon went off ourselves, the sea becoming quite smooth. I remained above, while every one else was at dinner, and we moved from the Mole to the outside, in order to start at eleven o'clock p.m. to-night. This ship is very ill-supplied with everything; all that I have had on board is two spoonfulls of coffee and a little very bad bouillon. No comfort and no civility, except from the stewardess. I warn every one against the 'Compagnie Transatlantique,' which is now on trial.

* Honourable Captain Fremantle, R.N.

Malaga, April 7th (Thursday).—Slipped our anchor at eleven o'clock last night, and came into port here at a quarter-past six o'clock a.m., after an excellent passage. George and I lay on the same benches as during Tuesday night, and were most thankful to get up at five o'clock and watch our entrance here. Pretty, but rather disappointed in the scenery, although the morning was lovely. We very soon landed, and went to the Custom House, where we had no trouble. We found it impossible to get even a cup of *café noir* on board, though we offered to pay whatever they chose.

We tried three hotels in vain, and finally came here to the 'Fonda de Lértora,' which is upon the Alameda, very clean, and an excellent *cuisine*. We have a good bedroom and sitting-room, and Howe says that she is most comfortable. We are to pay seven duros and a half (30s.) a-day, to include everything. Hadji, of course, finds all for himself.

We are much disturbed at hearing that the inundations have carried away several bridges on the railways and elsewhere, and that the telegraph wires are broken, so that, at present, there is no communication between this and Granada or Seville.

We have been to see the Cathedral, which contains three aisles, and is very lofty. The ornaments are tawdry, and the pictures, as far as we could see them, most indifferent. It is very striking outside, and the court round it is full of orange and citron-

Three first-class tickets from Gibraltar to	<i>f. c.</i>
Malaga—each 18 frs. 50 c. . . .	55 50
Second-class for Hadji	10 0
Boat to Ville de Tanger	16 0
Stewardess	5 0
Extras	19 0
Landing at Malaga up to arrival at hotel . .	13 0
Carriage to station and cemetery	3 50
	Frcs. 122 0

Several people left to-day for Àlora, *en route* to Granada, but all had to return, the railroad being unsafe. We are prisoners here, and see no prospect of getting away. We could not even reach a villa belonging to Marquese de Casa Loring to-day, which is less than half a mile outside Malaga, as the river has carried away the road. Sir William Clayton arrived here last night from Granada, having been forty-eight hours doing what is usually done in six. The passengers had to sleep as they could at Gabantes, and between Bobadilla and Malaga were turned out of the train five times, and had to walk across the most alarming chasms, down which torrents of water were rushing. To-day a military band has paraded the streets, followed by soldiers, carrying black flags suspended between two poles, on which was a petition in large white letters, begging for charity for the widows and families of the eight soldiers who were drowned the night before last. We are at our wits' end what to do. On all sides the roads for carriages, or even

horses, are broken up and quite impassable. Fortunately we are in a comfortable hotel. Dr. Lértora, an Italian, was born at Gibraltar, and is an English subject, and conducts this house well: *cuisine* excellent—said to be the best in Malaga. The great hotel, the 'Alameda,' looks most imposing, but people staying there tell me, that it greatly needs comfort.

Mons. and Madame D'Orval (she is an Austrian) came to see us last evening, having arrived here with us.

April 9th (Saturday).—I was devoured all night by mosquitoes, and have insisted on nets being put up. Mons. D'Orval came to ask us to join him, and others, in hiring a steamer to go to Motril, and from there to post to Granada; which we declined, not caring for amateur steamer arrangements, and having no security that the road from Motril is not carried away, like all the others.

George being confined to the house, my maid and I, taking Hadji with us, went to see the Plaza de Riego, or Merced, in the centre of which there is a column erected in memory of Torriego and his forty-nine confederates, who were shot down by General Moreno, December 11th, 1831, as rebels and traitors, on the beach. Amongst them was Captain Boyd, an Englishman, who was the first person buried in the English Cemetery, and whose grave we saw there. The English Consul could not even succeed in obtaining a respite of twenty-four hours, so he was shot

without trial. A canal of water surrounds the space on which the column stands. The island is well planted with flowers and ferns, and *jets d'eau* spout up in all directions from the water, outside which willows and palms grow. We went into a great many churches, but they possessed no architectural beauty, and everything was covered up preparatory to the Holy Week.

April 10th (Palm Sunday).—Went early to the Cathedral; the building was crowded, the aisle entirely with women, in mantillas and black dresses, but many used coloured fans, and beyond the aisle more colours were visible. A great number of branches of bleached palm, as well as some formed of the date-palm blossom into curious devices (all of great length), were carried to the high altar, where they were blessed by the priests, who afterwards formed a procession, waving them over the heads of the congregation as they passed. Making the circuit of the whole building within and without, they re-entered and proceeded again to the high altar; then followed a long sermon, parts of which only I understood; and then came a very long service, chanted by three priests, two from the two pulpits, and one from the altar, with only three or four short intervals of very good choir singing. As usual, several dogs (as at Rome) wandered about the church—a practice which I have never have been able to understand being allowed by the church authorities.

When I returned to George, who had not come out on account of a cold wind which was blowing, I found two magnificent bouquets of roses and violets, a present from Sir William Clayton; the most gorgeous yellow roses amongst them.

I went with Hadji to the office of the 'John Hall steamboats,' to inquire about going to Cadiz, in order to reach Seville in that manner; but fortunately, as it afterwards proved, did not take tickets.

The wind having gone down, George came out with us, and we set off to drive to Malaga Velez, but had to turn back on account of the inundations. We went again to the Cathedral; the last service was just over, and it looked vast and magnificent in the evening light. The carvings of the choir in oak, cedar, and chestnut, of between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, are very beautiful. The more one sees of this Cathedral, the more it grows upon one; all but the chapels, which are in very bad taste.

We dined at the table d'hôte to-day, and sat next to Captain Smith, 79th Highlanders, and his pretty little wife, who told us that they have just heard that the railway from Cadiz to Seville is impassable, so that route is out of the question; and also that they hope to go to-morrow by road to Antequera, by which means all the dangerous, or rather impassable parts of the railway, may be avoided, and that if we liked to join them, they would hire a larger carriage and more horses; which we settled to do. Since then we have

heard that a carriage that went from here this morning has just returned, having found the road blocked by water, and no prospect of its disappearing. Now we hear that a train will be run once to-morrow for the first time : so, if all continue to be satisfactory, we shall leave this on Tuesday, as all this delay is becoming serious.

April 11th (Monday).—The fish here is excellent, especially the janquita, which is much like whitebait; as is also a very small kind of anchovy, called boquerones. The oranges could not be better.

We drove this morning to Don José Ramos's wine-stores, where he kindly showed us everything. We were surprised to find that the greater portion of wine made here is really 'Malaga Seco,' or, as we call it, 'Jerez, or Sherry,' many forgetting that Malaga and Jerez are both in Andulasia, and that the whole province grows the same vines. We were shown exactly how the wine is made by a machine of his own invention, which crushes the grapes, and, after having done so, by a rotatory movement throws out all the husks and stalks. He also explained to us the exact process of making 'Malaga Dulce,' which we call 'Malaga.' The Dulce which is made for Spain, and which I much prefer, is manufactured purely from the ripest muscatel grapes, and darkens in colour from age. The other, which is chiefly for the English market, is coloured and sweetened in the following way : A quantity of bunches of muscatel grapes are

placed in layers in the sun for some days, until they have become shrivelled and of a grayish-yellow, and therefore intensely sweet, almost like raisins. They are then picked, and put into the proportion of nine litres (quarts) of the wine, and boiled, until the latter is reduced to three litres, when it is strained off, and poured into the cask of pure Malaga, which it renders sweet, luscious, and dark in colour. He insisted on our tasting from a variety of casks, dating from the year 1830 to the present time, drawing up the wine from each cask by a pneumatic silver pipe, and giving it to us to taste in a silver 'stirrup-cup.' George ordered a quarter cask of excellent sherry of 1865. Señor Ramos very kindly sent us back to the hotel in his own carriage.

The trains to Bobadilla began to run again to-day, and Sir William and Lady Clayton and Miss Mackenzie left by the one o'clock for Granada. We *hear* that we shall have to leave the train twice and to walk to another set of carriages, but we have made up our minds to go to-morrow, *coûte q'il coûte*.

April 12th (Tuesday).—Up before five o'clock, and arrived at the station at half-past six. They told us there, that the train which went yesterday had arrived safely. It took three quarters of an hour to get our tickets and register our luggage. We were pestered by beggars, who came into the station, as they liked. The system of cheating in every

form is disgusting, and Hadji, who has been a good deal in Spain, would not hear of feeling any one. A porter said to me, 'If you will tell him to give me two pesetas (two francs), I will go and get your tickets for you in a moment.' A lady whom I knew, and who stood next to me, did so, and he returned with two tickets for Madrid directly. At last Hadji got our four tickets, and we moved to where our luggage was to be weighed. We had only what our tickets allowed, but the lady had a great deal more. The same man, an official, again said to her, 'Give me two more pesetas, and I will put yours in without payment.' She, seeing how short a time remained before starting, and that Hadji still waited hopelessly for our luggage tickets, gave the two pesetas, and all was done for her at once. She was half Spanish, and spoke it like a native.

We started at half-past seven, and Captain and Mrs. Smith were in the same carriage with us, and she told me a few anecdotes respecting the manner in which one is robbed in Spain—I had first told her, how my maid had been robbed of her purse in the Cathedral, during the service on Sunday morning, and that it had been in an under-pocket, where it seemed to be impossible for any one but the owner to find it. She was amused at this, and said, 'A few months ago, my mother (a Spaniard) was in a church at Madrid, at the early high mass. As she knelt down she observed a very respectable-looking woman

behind her, with her hands clasped before her, and apparently praying most devoutly. Soon after my mother felt something like a weight in her pocket, and seizing it, found that it was a hand, and rising quickly, discovered that it belonged to the woman behind her. This respectable-looking, devout person, had a pair of false wax hands and arms, which she carried before her, and robbed with the real ones. The next day she went to a bull-fight, having put on a pair of diamond earrings with large drops. When she got home, she found in one ear only the gold wire which passed through it. The wire had been cut and her diamonds were gone.' It is certainly most uncomfortable to feel that the Spaniards have two prices for everything.

We passed through Àlora, and since we were in the West Indies, I have never seen such orange and lemon-groves, not even in Italy or Malta. Some were laden with golden fruit, others as thickly with flowers as if they had been powdered with snow, scenting the whole air with their perfume; the Palma Christi, pomegranates, almonds, figs, and date-palm trees, were all growing in the greatest luxuriance. Near the station, there were great piles of oranges, which the peasants were packing for exportation, in the boxes which we know so well in England. We bought a dozen of them for one real, or twopence halfpenny. We passed over some very dangerous ground. A broad iron bridge, across a river at a great depth

below us, had had its piers carried away, and was now only supported by wooden posts, piled upon masses of large stones, at whose feet the water was rushing. Another great chasm, called the *Hoyo* (Hollow, or Grave), was crossed, to all appearance, by nothing but the bare rails. We crossed six of these temporary bridges, and passed through fourteen tunnels, water pouring through all of these, and a heavy waterfall through one of them. We were thankful when this dangerous bit of about four miles, over which we had crept, had been passed.

We reached Bobadilla at half-past ten, and waited there for one hour and a half, for no reason, that any one could discover, the time allowed for stoppage, according to the Indicateur, being thirty minutes. Then, at Antequera, we stopped for twenty-five minutes more ; at Loja for nearly an hour, apparently that one priest in the train might converse with one on the platform, until at last the indignant passengers suggested, that they should give him a ticket to get into the train with his friend. We had been alone from Bobadilla, where the train divided for Madrid, but here an Englishman got into our carriage who evidently knew Spain well. He said that this delay was only the usual '*Cosas de España*. No one hurries himself, and they seem to think that it matters little to any one, least of all to themselves, whether the train arrives at its destination to-day or to-morrow.' Seventeen kilomètres before reaching this, we passed Llorá ('She Wept'), so called for the following reason :

Queen Isabella the Catholic, when riding here, was stopped and told that the Moors had defeated her husband, King Ferdinand, and his troops; on which she burst into tears. 'Llorár,' is 'to weep.'

Near the Pinos Puente station we passed a large house and outbuildings surrounded by olive-groves, and the Englishman told us that it is called 'Solo de Roma,' and is the property of the Duke of Wellington, having been conferred upon the Great Duke by the Spanish Cortes after the victory of Salamanca. It produces large quantities of oil and wine; but the value of the property, they say, is much exaggerated. Every one speaks of it as the Duke's, but whether it is still so, no one could tell me.

Just before sunset we got our first view of Granada, standing out against purple mountains behind it. We arrived here at eight o'clock, having been due at ten minutes past four, and reached the 'Fonda de los Siete Suelos,' inside the precincts of the Alhambra, about nine o'clock, after a most fatiguing journey, and the worst railway travelling imaginable, although the first-class carriages are good and clean.

April 13th (Wednesday).—We have good rooms—a sitting-room and two bedrooms, with everything included—for twenty-five pesetas a-day. At breakfast we have had the first good butter that we have met with in Spain, and were told 'It was English, from the Duke of Wellington's farm!'

We began the day by walking up to the exquisitely

beautiful Alhambra ! It must be seen for the realisation of its extreme beauty. No description can do it justice, and although the lovely Moorish houses at Tetuan, and the Bashaw's old Palace at Tangier, gave one small specimens of the forms and exquisite ornamental work and colouring, the beauty and delicacy of the whole work surpassed anything I could have imagined. Then its position and the view from it are almost, if not quite, perfection. The various courts, with their beautiful fountains and gardens ; clipped hedges of narrow-leaved myrtle, cypresses cut in quaint forms, as we do yews ; all our most charming spring shrubs, such as lilacs, laburnums, Judas-trees, guelder roses, seringas, combined with orange, lemon, and magnolia-trees, and endless others. All this as a foreground to the glorious view below of the old town, situated in the valley of the Vega, encircled by mountains on the right, with the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada bounding the view on the opposite side, form an unequalled combination of the beauties of art and nature. The general effect is much spoilt in the interior by a huge half-finished palace in the cinquecento style of architecture, erected by the Emperor Charles V., and abutting on the Moorish buildings.

In the afternoon we went up to the Generalife, a Villa now belonging to the Count Palavicini, who lives entirely on his estate near Genoa. A deep ravine divides it from the Alhambra. The house is ap-

proached from an iron entrance-gate, by a long avenue of old cypresses and orange-trees, under which were garden shrubs and flowers. The house is an exquisite specimen of Moorish architecture and comfort. The *patios*, or courts, are laid out with stiff gardens and fountains. It is full of interesting Moorish associations. Here, under the wonderful cypresses, was the trysting-place of the Sultana, the 'frail Zoraya,' who is said to have been discovered here with her lover, the 'Abencerrage.' The guide in the Alhambra showed us this morning, in the Sala de los Abencerrages, where Boabdil is said to have murdered the lover, and the stains upon the white marble to have been his blood. One of the cypresses near the house is shown, as having reached the age of a thousand years, and, from its appearance, it may certainly be of any age. On entering the first *patio*, a narrow canal of waterfalls, with small *jets d'eau*, runs in a straight line up to the entrance of the house. On the sides of which, amongst masses of flowers, are cypresses trained so as to form arches. On one side of this court is a long arcaded terrace-wall, from which the views are beautiful. Across the ravine one looks down upon the Alhambra, which, from this point, appears as a fine old fortress, none of the wonderful arches and traceries being visible. The Italian garden, which rises behind the villa in terraces over the hill, is most attractive.

On descending from the Generalife, we went to

Madame Calderon's garden, which is of great extent, but, to our idea, is only a large fruit and kitchen-garden with a shrubbery. Near the house there were two very fine date palms, which I was surprised to hear from the head-gardener (an intelligent old man of eighty-three, who walked like a person half his age), that he planted them out of small pots only twenty-five years ago.

Dined at the table d'hôte, which was as hot and disagreeable as I generally think them.

At nine o'clock we set off with an order to see the Palace by moonlight. Beautiful as it was in the broad sun, its loveliness was, I thought, marvellously enhanced by the soft light of the moon. The reflections in the Baño de los Señores, in the lovely *patio* into which the Sala de los Embajadores opens (even to the lights, which persons were carrying on their way up into the tower), were repeated, as clearly as if in a looking-glass. Even the wonderful clipped myrtle hedges of more than nine feet in width, on each side of the baño, stood out in dark outline against the white columns and tracery distinctly reflected in its waters. But most lovely of all, by this light, was the 'Patio de los Leones,' with its 128 pillars of pure white marble, so light and so delicately united by arches, especially those supporting small pavilions, carved in the most intricate designs, that one wonders where the heads and hands were found, which were capable of designing and executing them. The

young King Alfonzo gave a great banquet in the salas surrounding this court, four years ago, to eighty persons, when the whole was brilliantly illuminated. Before leaving we ascended to a higher floor, and from its different balconies we had splendid views of the distant Sierra Nevada and the Old Tower with its numerous lights below us; the songs of the hundreds of nightingales amongst the bushes being the only sound to disturb the silence of the night.

April 13th (Thursday).—Having heard that there was a small villa under the walls of the Alhambra to be let, we went out early to look at it; thinking that it would be delightful to return to spend two months next spring here. Arriving at the Palace, we descended through the Torre de la Justicia, which was built in 1348 by Yusuf I., who was the chief decorator of the Alhambra. Over the horseshoe arch, the Moors sculptured a hand holding a key, both still there. They believed, that so long as these lasted no enemy could take the Alhambra from them. The Arabs in Morocco believe that the hand will guard them from all evil—a real ‘yettatura!’

On arriving at the villa, we found it as small as a house could be—in fact, a house in miniature; but the garden terraces were delightful. Against the old wall was a vine of enormous size, covering the whole face of it with its gnarled and twisted branches; which is said to have been planted by poor Boabdil, the last King of the Moors, before he and his people

were driven out of their beloved country by the Spaniards. On the broad terraces were orange-trees, sugar-canes, and many flowers, besides ripe strawberries in abundance.

Our Arab, Hadji, was naturally most intensely interested in all that he saw in the Alhambra, full as it is of associations with his people. When we were approaching the Mesquita, and saw the beautifully designed Niche, or Sanctuary, in which formerly the Koran was deposited, he sprang up into it, and placing himself in the attitude of one of his priests, with one hand as if holding a staff, and the other the Koran, he loudly recited some verses of it, which greatly delighted the custodians; and, as he stood there in his Moorish dress, he looked almost inspired.

We next walked down to the town of Granada; first, again to send a second telegram to Seville, to know if our rooms were waiting for us, and next to a banker's, who, we were told, on seeing our letter of credit on Messrs. Coutts, would give us what money we required: as we felt, if our rooms had not been retained for us, we would rather not hurry away from this delightful place. On arriving at the banker's we were told he was ill, and could not see us; but we met a friend of his at the door, who said it was not true, but the servant wanted a *mancia*,—a fee! This we offered him, and he then promised we should see him, if we returned at one o'clock.

Going home for our second *déjeuner*, we ordered

a carriage to be ready for us in half an hour ; when, to our despair, we were told that, except for going to the station, no one could have a carriage in the *Semana Santa*. We were dreadfully tired, but there was no alternative ; so we descended into the town again. Arriving at the banker's, the *mozo* (servant) informed us, that his master could not see any one until after Easter week. Expostulations were utterly in vain, so we had no choice but to make up our minds to leave this to-morrow ; and therefore passed the rest of to-day in seeing all that we could of interest in the town.

In the Cathedral the Royal Vault was closed, and many pictures were also covered up. The aisles, of which there are three, were lighted by thousands of wax candles, as well as the choir ; which seemed to render the rest of this immense and lofty building 'darkness visible.'

The iron screen in front of the Capella Real is quite unique, and very fine of its kind. There are wonderfully coloured carvings illustrating the submission of the unfortunate Boabdil to the King and Queen, Ferdinand and Isabella, and whose monuments in alabaster (recumbent figures in their royal robes), as well as those of their daughter, Juana la Loca (commonly called 'Crazy Jane'), and Philip of Burgundy, her husband, are ranged side by side on high pedestals between the altar and the screen. In going over the Alhambra, the apartments and galleries

which poor Juana la Loca occupied were all closed in for her safety with iron trellises.

In the Sacristia we were shown all the relics and jewels bequeathed by Ferdinand and Isabella, very well arranged in glass cases,—the king's own sword and scabbard, with its singular semicircular guard, his plain silver-gilt crown, and many beautiful articles in silver; the queen's crown, and her own missal.

The avenues of elms, leading up to the Alhambra, were sent from England, in 1812, by the Duke of Wellington, as a present to the Governor.

Ordered our carriage to-night for four o'clock a.m. to-morrow, to take us to the station, and paid fourteen francs in advance for it.

April 15th (Good Friday).—Waking perpetually all night to look at the hour, and got up at three o'clock, and left the Fonda at four o'clock. Just as we were starting an English gentleman appeared, and, although the carriage barely held us, we could not be so uncourteous as to refuse to take him to the station, to which it was a drive of three quarters of an hour. Bright moonlight, and the nightingales singing on all sides. The usual tedious proceedings at the station; but we were off soon after five o'clock.

Besides the English gentleman (Capt. Spearman) who came with us from the hotel, we had an old Frenchman and his son in the railway carriage with us. The old man was in great distress about the manner in which he had just been robbed at the

station. He had brought with him two Granada notes, of one hundred pesetas each. These are not good outside the town in which they are issued. He consequently gave one in payment of his tickets, and the other to be changed. Whilst the surplus of the first was being returned to him, the other disappeared; and, as if this was not sufficient, on his way to the carriage he had his pocket picked of his gold snuff-box! Certainly the Spaniards are most expert thieves, and no one seems to be able to get any redress!

Our route, *viâ* Bobadilla, continued through Roda, Osuna, and Utrera, to Sevilla. Parts of the way were beautiful. We passed through large pastures for rearing bulls, where a great number of handsome, but dangerous-looking animals, were feeding, whilst some of them were standing in water above their middles. These are from three to eight years old, and are bred for the bull-fights. The orange-blossoms constantly perfumed our carriage as we passed, and the acacias and horse-chestnuts were in all their fullest spring beauty.

We arrived at Seville station at five o'clock,—very punctual for Spain, the train being due at 4.40. A long journey of twelve hours, besides having been up two hours before. Not a carriage to be had, so we were obliged to bribe the driver of the postal van to drive us to Mr. Macpherson's, the English Consul's. He proved to have been removed to Madrid two years

ago, which accounted for neither our letters, or telegrams, or letter of introduction, ever having been answered. Here we were given the address of Mr. Johnson, the present Consul, and on driving there, Mrs. Johnson gave us ready assistance, and we drove to the three hotels which she recommended, all of which we found were full, and on to the 'Huespedes de la Inglesa,' in the Plaza Nueva, one of the best situations in Seville. Here, *au premier*, we found an excellent, large sitting-room, and two good bedrooms. They at first asked us 450 reals a-day, for ten days (4*l.* 10*s.*), but I finally got them for 300 reals for eight days (3*l.* a-day), everything included,—not unreasonable for Easter and the 'Féria.' In the meantime, Hadji had returned in the mail van to fetch the luggage, about a quarter of a mile off, the two journeys costing 25 francs 50 centimes!

Late as it was, we had arrived in good time to see the 'Pasos.' These religious representations, which pass in procession, are most curious, but to me, painful, pantomimes. On enormous platforms, from eight to nine feet from the ground, much decorated with gilding, and amidst quantities of tall wax candles, which were most elaborate in form and colour, were arranged immense figures, six and seven feet high. Each platform represented one of the 'Stations,'—but every parish has a representative Virgin, which figures are most gorgeously attired in crimson or purple velvet trains over white satin, both

heavily embroidered in gold, with crowns on their heads,—the necks, waists, and fingers being loaded with jewels, lent by the Spanish ladies for the day; one of whom told me to-day, that she went to the Cathedral at two o'clock a.m. this morning (Good Friday), to see the procession enter to deposit the Host in the 'Monumento,' which is an enormous temporary mausoleum of wood, painted in white and gold, in commemoration of the Entombment. This erection was surmounted by innumerable wax candles, and as the Virgins were being carried past, they were a blaze of jewels.

The streets were crowded to-day with spectators, ladies and gentlemen, but principally the former, occupying chairs, which were placed in triple rows on each side of the streets through which the processions passed. The streets were kept by *caballeros* (gentlemen), dressed in the style of the *misericordia* in Italy, excepting that they are more picturesque. Some were entirely in white, with violet hoods with very high-pointed peaks, and white kid gloves. They wore embroidered coloured shields on one arm, and carried silver bâtons, or lighted tapers, or trumpets, in their hands. As usual, the hoods had two holes for the eyes. Some were entirely in black, excepting a white rim round the high peak of the hood.

Besides these Pasos, there were others, representing the Saviour being scourged, bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Descent from the Cross,

and the Entombment. Between each Paso walked various groups of persons, some representing Roman soldiers, in breastplates, and plaited tunics, helmets with raised vizors, surmounted by plumes of four or five white ostrich feathers, and carrying lances or swords. One man represented Pontius Pilate, wearing a robe of gold brocade, a golden crown, and carrying a sceptre, supported by a Roman officer on each side. One young girl was dressed to represent Santa Fé, another as Santa Veronica, carrying the handkerchief. These girls each received sixty pesetas. Each Paso is carried by thirty men, in relays of fifteen. They receive five pesetas each, and as much as they can eat and drink. They often stop to rest, and occasionally refresh themselves under the platform. We were told that some of the caballeros had conducted these Pasos ever since four o'clock in the morning, as a penance!

It was a very curious sight, but it was very striking to see what a total absence of reverence there was amongst the people, who crowded the streets, and houses up to the very roofs; even those, who occupied the rows of chairs in front, never ceased laughing or talking, nor even rose when the representations of the Crucifixion passed by! A Spanish gentleman was most kind in explaining everything to me. I told him, that I thought it must be very painful (as I felt it so myself) to persons of religious feelings to see their faith so travestied; to which he answered, that it was purely

a matter of commerce, as it attracted all Spaniards, as well as foreigners, and that the funds for it were provided by subscription.

April 16 (Easter Eve).—Went at nine o'clock to the Cathedral, where, after a procession had passed round the nave, there was a representation of the Earthquake, with thunder and lightning. This, together with the incensing of the Crucifix, which was just visible, high above the 'Veil of the Temple,' before it was rent, were, to me, the only imposing parts of the service. It reminded me much of that which we had seen on Easter Day at the Havanah, but not in any way of those at Rome. The whole of the columns forming the centre aisle, and choir, were draped with crimson velvet and gold; and the priests' robes were of the same, with black birretas, surmounted by large tufts of bright green silk.

We called on Mr. and Mrs. Johnson (he is now Consul here). A very pretty well-built house in the Moorish style, with a marble court, surrounded by open arcades and marble columns. All the best houses in Seville seem to be built on this plan. They are well suited to the climate, which is never cold. The upstairs rooms are used for the winter, the lower ones for the summer; the court, being then covered with an awning, rendering it delightfully cool, as the glass often stands at 90° in the shade. The town, however, is said to be particularly healthy in the hot season.

From the Consulate we went to the Paseo, and Plaza de Toros, which we were allowed to see. It is a fine amphitheatre, capable of seating 12,000 people. The arena was being sanded, and the barriers refreshed with red paint, preparatory for to-morrow, when Easter Sunday is to be celebrated by a great bull-fight. We are told that the best places, protected from the sun, are actually selling for 125 pesetas (5*l.*) each. We were shown the ten boxes in which the bulls will be placed between two and three o'clock to-morrow morning ; being no longer allowed to be driven in by daylight, on account of the crowds of people that assembled formerly to see them pass, and the accidents that occurred in consequence. Here they remain in total darkness, without food or water, until the moment when the strong bolts which fasten the doors are drawn up by a pulley from above, and each, in turn, rushes into the broad sunlight of the arena. Next we went into the stable, where we saw thirty-five miserable horses, waiting to become sacrifices to the bulls. Poor, worn-out animals, so weak and starved, as to be quite incapable of withstanding the shock of the attack of the latter, even if they were not blindfolded. The dreadful sight of these poor horses was alone quite sufficient to destroy any wish that one might have previously had of seeing a bull-fight.

From the Plaza de Toros we drove through the pretty Paseo de las Delicias, passing the Palace of

San Telmo, the property of the Duke de Montpensier, and its apparently beautiful gardens, filled with grand date palms, rare trees, and plants. The Paseo is on the banks of the Guadalquivir (now crowded with vessels), and is the fashionable drive of the town.

In the evening we went to the Salon de Oriente, to a Baile de Gitanas. They are allowed to have a few of these dances during the fêtes every Easter; but the one of this evening is in order to collect money for the Gipsies, who have been driven away, by the inundations, from their homes on the low grounds outside the town. All the beautiful national dances were gone through, with the accompaniments of castanets, violin, or guitar, and many of guitar and voice together. It was very pretty and original. The dance called the 'Jota Valenciana,' danced by two little children, was charming.

April 17 (Easter Sunday).—Up at six o'clock, in order to be in the Cathedral before eight o'clock, and had a shower of rain before we got there. We passed through the court of orange-trees, which scented the air, as we went into the beautiful building; but it looked dark and melancholy, scarcely a wax-light to be seen, having none of the joyous look of the season of La Pascua. It was much more like Ash Wednesday. The painted-glass windows—of which there are ninety-three—are, with the exception of a very few, quite lovely: they are said to be

the finest glass in Spain, and the earliest were placed here in 1504. It was too dark to be able to see the pictures, there being no sun. High Mass was being celebrated only in Capella Real, and there alone were a few tapers lighted. There were not more than from twenty to thirty people assembled, many of the ladies being seated on the usual low camp-stools.

We stood on the terrace outside the Cathedral, in drizzling rain, to see the Procession of the Host pass. It was preceded and followed by a military band, the men carrying their caps slung round their necks, in most *unsoldierlike* fashion. The Roman Guards followed, and the whole was closed by officers and soldiers of the garrison. The Host itself was contained in a tawdry-looking receptacle, painted white and gold, and ornamented with silvered figures, and vases of artificial flowers, carried on a stage on men's shoulders.

The Easter-day ceremony here is certainly the least impressive, that I have ever seen in any Roman Catholic country, and there appears very little feeling for any religion at all.

Coming out of the Cathedral, we again passed through the beautiful Patio de los Naranjos, in the centre of which is the ancient Moorish fountain, at which the Moslems performed their usual ablutions before entering the Mosque, and of which the water is conveyed in small channels to the roots of the old orange-trees.

Certainly the most beautiful object in Seville is its wonderful Giralda Tower, rising as it does above the Cathedral, being 350 feet high. 'El Girandillo,' representing 'La Fé' (the Faith), crowns the pinnacle. Looking up from below, one can hardly believe that the figure is 14 feet high, and that it weighs 25 cwt. The name of 'La Fé,' and the purpose for which this figure was erected, appear to be a most incongruous combination—'Unstable as the wind.' On all sides the exterior of the Cathedral is beautiful, and one never tires of walking round it.

The quiet of the town to-day is extraordinary, every one, even the servants of this house, having gone to the Plaza de Toros; and we have allowed Hadji to go also.

One thing that has surprised us is the complete absence of good looks among the Spanish women. Murray's *Handbook* speaks of Malaga, as 'full of bewitching Malaqueñas.' We have looked in vain for any appearance of it, either in face or figure, there or here; but even that most becoming of head-dresses, the mantilla, with the addition of two or three bright, natural flowers, cannot produce the soft illusion. Even the woman, whom I saw making my bed this morning, had three beautiful real carnations on one side of her head. There is no doubt that their manners are universally courteous and obliging.

Hadji has just returned from the Corrida de Toro, and has given us a most graphic account of its excite-

ment and horror. Six bulls killed, and twenty-four out of the unfortunate thirty-five horses, that we saw yesterday. One bull killed eight horses; another would not look at a horse. None of the picadores were killed, or much hurt. He described one bull, as having three times thrown a man, from one side of the arena to the other, where he at last lay as if dead, while hands were clapped, and '*Bravo toro!*' and '*Pobre hombre!*' were heard on all sides, from men, women, and children. He added, '*Une chose vraiment dégoûtante!*' To the astonishment of all, on the bull having been killed, and the man picked up, although his clothes were torn to pieces, he was found, though stunned, to be very little hurt.

April 18th (Monday).—Thunder, lightning, and heavy rain, great part of the night. We went to the Picture Gallery, in the old convent of La Mercéd. The pictures are hung in what was the church and sacristy. There are very beautiful Murillos. In all, the Infant Saviours and angels were lovely. No. 45 ('San José con el Niño Jesus'), 53 ('S. Felix de Cantalicio con el Niño Jesus en los Brazos'), 92 ('San Antonio de Padua, de Rodillas, con el Niño Dios sobre un libro'), three most enchanting pictures. I believe No. 68 (Concepcion acompañada de Angeles') is considered only second to the famous picture carried off by Marshal Soult. The angels are exquisite, but, as usual in Murillo's representations of the Virgin, the face is that of a peasant, with nothing that is

divine about it—a great contrast to those of Raphael and Vandyke. Saw a very pretty Moorish house, partly ancient, belonging to the Marques Palonbara, in the Plaza del Duque de la Vittoria. A beautiful fountain, with palms, and flowers, filled the court, which was surrounded by white marble colonnades, and two large marble lions sat at the foot of a flight of marble stairs. We tried in vain to find Murillo's house.

April 19th (Tuesday).—Torrents of rain from day-break till four o'clock. Though every preparation is made for the 'Féria,' it is impossible that it can take place.

We drove to the Duke de Montpensier's Palace, but were told that it was only partly shown, and then only in fine weather, from two to four o'clock. So we have written to the *jefe* (superintendent). We then drove to the Alcazar, the royal palace, which Queen Isabella occupies when here. The King and Queen were expected to have come here now, but have not done so on account of the inundations. We saw all the ground-floor of the building; parts extremely like the Alhambra, but hardly so beautiful. Owing to the restoration and high colouring, its originality has been rather destroyed. The torrents of rain prevented our seeing the courts or gardens, but we have a private order for to-morrow. Drove on to the Cathedral. We had the little picture of 'La Generacion' (the masterpiece of Louis de Vargas) lighted

up for us, and very beautiful it is, in the Italian style. From there we went into both the Sagrários, and examined their wonderfully rich contents. In the first, the Chapel of Los Dolores, opposite the entrance, is a beautiful crucifix by Montañes, and amongst the pictures several lovely Murillos, and a very touching picture of the German School, of the 'Mater Dolorosa,' with her arms round our Saviour after death—full of wonderful sadness of expression. In the next sacristia is the 'Descent from the Cross,' by Pedro Campaña. He was the first to introduce the style of the Italian School into Spain, and was, probably, a pupil of Michael Angelo. He was born in 1503 at Brussels, and painted this picture in 1548. The picture is hard, and it is difficult to see it; but it is said, that when first painted it was so lifelike, that Pacheco was afraid to be left alone with it after dusk, and 'that Murillo used to stand watching (as he said), until those holy men should have finished taking down the body of the Saviour.' It then was the altar-piece of his parish church, and he desired that he might be buried in front of it. Soult's soldiers broke it into five pieces (it is painted on wood), and it lay in the state in which they left it until the war was ended. It was then restored, and placed in this sacristia; but Murillo's body was taken up by Soult's ruffians, and his bones cast to the winds. The wonderful bronze Tenebrario is of extraordinary beauty. It is 25 feet high, and is richly gilt. It holds thirteen large candles,

and is only used during the Holy Week. On Good Friday, the candles having been lighted, all are gradually extinguished, but one, which is intended to symbolise that our blessed Lord was deserted by all His disciples, and that the Virgin Mary alone remained faithful to Him—a doctrine which I have never heard of in any other part of Europe. There is a magnificent monstrance for the Host, of solid silver, studded with jewels, and which requires twenty men to lift it. Here, also, are beautifully enamelled and jewelled crosses, King Ferdinand's gold crown, wonderful vestments, some of which were 320 years old, as fresh and beautiful in colour as if just finished, the figures looking like miniatures, being all executed with the needle, and many of the grounds being entirely worked in the richest gold and silver thread-diapering: others were like Roman work, in thick coloured satins and brocades. We walked to examine the horse-shoe door, which is beautiful, and on to the Ayuntamiento, which although, unhappily, it has been badly restored, is still very fine.

April 20th.—Rain again all night, but at eight o'clock it cleared, and at ten o'clock we drove to the Alcazar, and saw the suites of apartments occupied by the Royal family when at Seville. The chapel is quite in miniature, the altar and reredos being of fine painted tiles (*azulejos*). The gardens, laid out in the cinque-cento style, are lovely, especially looking down upon them from the second story of the Palace,

in front of which is a broad terrace. They are divided by low clipped hedges of orange and myrtle, as at the Alhambra. There is a garden of clipped box, representing the coat of arms of Charles V. The only thing to admire in the furniture of the Palace is the tapestry, which is Flemish, and very good. The portraits of the Spanish Royalties are indifferent as works of art, and denote an unusually plain family. In the small chapel, the Emperor Charles V. was married to the lovely Isabel of Portugal; but how any other persons, besides themselves, and the priest, got into so diminutive a place, it is impossible to imagine. I conclude the spectators occupied the gallery outside. The chapel is only 15 feet by 12 feet! Fountains and baths abound in the garden, and many hidden *jets d'eau* rise from invisible pipes in the terrace-walks. The flowering shrubs and flowers could not be exceeded in beauty—roses, carnations, lilies, &c. Bushes of the large-blowing syringa, which in England has no scent, is here as sweet as the common one. Date palms of great size and height, very large orange-trees, one with an enormous hollow trunk, out of which a young tree was growing vigorously. The gardener told us, that it is known to be 550 years old! There is a semi-Moorish Azulejo (ornamented Kiosk), in the lower garden, with a fountain bath in the centre of it, and further on is the tank where Philip V. amused himself by fishing. In another large tank, over which was a vaulted pavilion, according to the gardener, the

Moorish Sultana used to bathe; but it really was the Baños of the beautiful and gentle Maria de Padilla, the beloved mistress of Pedro el Cruel. There is also a labyrinth of myrtle, but it has gone very much to ruin. Don Pedro well deserved the surname of 'El Cruel.' In a room in this Palace he gave orders that his brother, El Maestre di Santiago, whom he had invited as a guest, should be murdered. On another occasion he committed another crime, which is thus described in a note in the *Handbook of Spain*.—"Abu Said, el Bey Bermejo, who had usurped the throne of Ishmael II. of Granada, fled to Seville from the rightful heir, under promise of safe-conduct from Pedro, who received, feasted, and then put his guest to death, in order to seize his treasure in jewels, under circumstances of inhospitable and mocking cruelty.'

'Gayangos found in an Arabic MS. in the British Museum a contemporary account of the event. Amongst the gems are specified three huge rubies as big as a pigeon's egg, "Huevo de Paloma." One was a Koh-i-noor, to which Pedro attached such value, that he specified it in his will as the "Balez of the Red King." This particular gem was given by Pedro to our Black Prince after the victory of Navarette. This is the "fair ruby, great like a racket-ball," which Elizabeth showed to Mary of Scots' Ambassador, Melville, and which the canny chiel wanted her to give to his mistress, and is the identical gem which

now adorns the Royal Crown of England in the Tower.'

This afternoon we went to the Palacio de San Telmo, and, by special order, were able to see the private apartments, as well as those generally shown. It is a very handsome palace, and the rooms had a look of great comfort. In the lower suite there were some fine pictures, formerly belonging to Louis Philippe. Several of them were much injured in the Revolution of 1848 in Paris, but have been carefully restored. A very interesting sketch of Philip IV. and Olivares, by Velasquez; a Virgin de la Faja, in Murillo's second style; St. Augustine and his Mother, by Ary Scheffer, of which the engravings are so well known; and a very life-like picture of two ladies looking out of a balcony, by Francisco Goya, are those which I admired most. In this collection was a picture by Señor de Diosdado, Envoy at Tangier, presented by him to the Duke de Montpensier, of which our Hadji was the subject; and a good likeness, too. In the private gallery upstairs, are many family pictures, which interested us much, knowing all the originals well by sight. Those of the late King and Queen of the Belgians were by far the best paintings, as well as likenesses. The views of the gardens from the upper windows were delightful, the palms especially, being the finest possible specimens. We could not go over them, on account of their being almost flooded by the heavy rains, which have only ceased for a few

hours to-day since last Sunday morning. The river Guadalquivir, which is only divided from the garden by a road, is overflowing its banks. The *custode* of the Palace told us, that since the death of the last Princess, which took place here, so soon following that of the poor young Queen Mercedes, the Duke and Duchess have never been here, and are living at a villa about fourteen miles from this. They have now only two children left—the Comtesse de Paris and Prince Antoine.

We met four of the picadores on their way to the bull-fight, in their smartest costumes, blazing with gold embroidery, their hair being turned back under their hats and tied behind in a gold net. I conclude they will end the lives of the remaining eleven poor horses! It must be rapidly done, as a bull-fight is always stopped if heavy rain comes on, which has begun again.

April 21st.—We began to-day by driving across the river to the suburb of Triana, a corruption of Trajana—Trajan having been born here. It is inhabited by bull-fighters and Gitanas, and is called the Trastevere of Seville. Ten days ago, the poor gipsies were driven out of it by the floods, which were as bad as in 1876. The boats came to the Cathedral doors, and three days before we arrived here the Fonda Inglesa, Plaza Nueva, where we are, could only be reached in this way. Yet we found the Plaza full of dust. Now, after three days' rain, the weather

is again lovely, and spring and summer flowers are most abundant.

At the manufactory for coarse pottery, 'Fabrica de Loya, de Antonio Gomez, 31 San Jonge, Triana,' we bought some to send to England. It is earthenware, and artistic in form and colour. It was made in the time of Santa Justina, and Santa Rufina, just as it is now.

From thence we went to the Parish Church, Santa Ana, in which I was much disappointed : very tawdry, and full of life-sized wooden figures, coloured and gilded.

We then returned by the Cathedral, in hopes of seeing the keys formerly presented to Ferdinand (afterwards Sant Ferdinand), the contemporary of our Henry III.—the identical keys that were given to him when Seville surrendered. The one presented by the Jews is of gilt iron, and engraved upon the wards are Hebrew words, the translation of which is : 'The King of Kings will open ; the King of all the earth shall enter ;' which the Spaniards rendered, 'Dios abrira y Rey entrará.' The other key, of silver, was given by Axataf, and has inscribed upon it, in Arabic, 'May Allah render eternal the dominion of Islam in this city.'

The Casa de Pilatos was our next point. This was built in imitation of Pilate's house at Jerusalem, in 1533, by Fadrique Enriquez de Ribera, a great nobleman of that time, in commemoration of his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1519. To those who

have not seen the beautiful houses at Tetuan, or the Alhambra, it must be much more remarkable than it is to us. The mixture of Spanish tiles, and Gothic arches and ornaments, seemed out of place to our eyes. It belongs to the Duca de Medina Celi, a descendant of the builder Ribera, and he and his family occupy the modern part of it, which looks upon the beautiful *patio* and garden.

From this, we drove to the Moorish Palacio of the Duca de Alba, which was formerly occupied by Lord Holland: only parts remain; the Duke lives elsewhere. It must once have been a wonderfully beautiful palace; but the fine columns, of which it was full, have almost all been taken to be used for other houses. The garden is still full of very old orange, lemon, and myrtle-trees, the former laden with fruit and flowers, some nearly as ancient as the old tree in the lower garden of the Alcazar.

We went home for our luncheon and to rest, and drove later to the Cartuja Convent, a short drive from Seville; crossed the river, and passed through Triana (the road was excessively bad, and partly under water); passed over the Cadiz Railway, which is under repair, having been carried away during the late inundations; and following the river bank, where we expected to break our springs, or be upset every moment, we arrived at last at the Convent gate. The Cartuja is now the property of an Englishman, Mr. Charles Pickman (created Marques de Pickman),

who bought it of the Spanish Government in 1839, three years after its sequestration, for 40,000 duros. He has preserved the pretty little chapel, with its beautiful carved choir-stalls. On the east wall he has placed two good copies of Murillo's Sant Antonio with the Infant Christ, and the Virgin with Christ in her arms. There is also a pretty marble group of the latter subject opposite to it. However, the effect is much marred by the introduction of some highly coloured colossal figures in wood, representing the Crucifixion, and one of the Virgin, dressed in pink, with a most ponderous silver crown on her head. The Convent is converted into an enormous manufactory of pottery and china. The potters' wheels are at work in the church, but its walls are in no way injured. Almost the whole of Spain is supplied with china from this place; and with the exception of a few plain white services, it would be impossible to see anything more frightful, than the whole of it. The owner was absent, which we regretted, as in consequence we could not see his fine collection of Valencia-Lustre, and other old Spanish china and pottery. The gardens were some feet under water; and it was a most curious sight to see the magnificent orange and pomegranate-trees, with ducks swimming about amongst them. After dinner, a Spaniard came to the hotel, and played on the guitar, and sang beautifully to us. Later we went to Mrs. Johnson's, the Vice-Consulate, and passed a pleasant evening.

April 22nd.—So tired, that we did not go out early. Went to the Puerta de Jerez, and on to the Féria, which we had passed through several times ; but, owing to the weather, it is a total failure, degenerating into toys and bonbon shops, and cafés. The rest consisted of a great many cattle, and an enormous number of horses and mules. In front of the cafés were assembled rows of smartly dressed people, watching the trials of horses and mules in and out of harness. Some of the mules were magnificent, 16 and 17 hands high, and in the highest condition, with coats like satin, in spite of the weather. We saw them driven both four and six in hand, and they moved at a very good pace. They were, in parts of the Féria, tethered to a long rope side by side, in consecutive rows. One pair of small ones were 'skewballs'—a most unusual colour for a mule. Some, intended for riding, were very curiously clipped in patterns, marking the places of the saddle, crupper, girths, breeching, &c.

We walked to the Caridad—a very picturesque old building. It is an almshouse for eighty old men, under the care of Sisters of Charity. The chapel was beautifully lighted, and, as far as we could see, the famous pictures by Murillo, which it contained, are very fine ; but although no service was going on, several people were on their knees, so we did not like to place ourselves between them and the chapels, in front of which they were praying.

From there we walked to the Paseo de Cristina, and sat down for some time ; and from thence went into a public garden, in which there is an open theatre for hot weather. The flowers were lovely, and the air perfumed with roses and orange-blossom, and the bushes full of nightingales in their richest song.

We returned home very tired, and feel glad that we are to leave Seville to-morrow ; with so much water about and around it, it cannot be healthy, and feels to us most relaxing.

Cordoba, April 23rd.—Left Seville by the 10.40 a.m. train. A dreadful crowd at the station, and finally, after much delay, we succeeded in getting another block of first-class carriages put on ; and, excepting for the first hour, we had one to ourselves during the whole journey. Passed Palma, which, with Álor, is said to grow the best oranges in Spain. Further on were large herds of cattle, and flocks of Merino sheep, besides large breeding-pastures for mares, and mule foals, and young bulls, the latter of whom are bred expressly for the bull-fights. We saw both eagles and storks. The train was very rough and shaky, and we did not arrive at Cordoba until 2.20 p.m., just an hour after its time.

After settling ourselves in the Fonda Suiza, and having some luncheon, we spent the remainder of the day in the Mosque, or 'La Mezquita,' as it is still called ('Mesgad,' Arabic, meaning to worship prostrate).

It is wonderfully beautiful,—unlike any other building. I believe that it is allowed to be quite unique. A perfect forest of columns of jasper, porphyry, verde antique, basalt, and other precious marbles. Of these, it originally contained 1200, but when it came into the possession of the Spaniards, Charles V. gave permission to the bishop, Alonso Maurique, to make an alteration in the interior. The Corporation protested against it, but Charles loyally supported the prelate. This was in 1523; but when he saw it in 1536 he reproved the Chapter, and exclaimed, ‘You have built here what you, or any one, might have built anywhere else, but you have destroyed what was unique in the world.’ These numerous columns support a series of the true Moorish horse-shoe arches, painted alternately in red and white stripes, and interlacing like a ribbon in many directions. In forming the choir, 104 columns were taken out of the Cathedral. The pulpits are very handsome, and there is an enormous silver lamp, weighing 425 lbs., which hangs in front of the high altar, and, thanks to the French, one of the few remaining in Spain. The chains, by which it is suspended, are very original, and pretty in pattern, but otherwise I cannot say that it has much grace of form to be admired. There is good carving in the choir-stalls, but the nave and aisles constitute, in my opinion, the whole beauty of the interior.

No one who comes to Spain should omit to see this marvellous labyrinth of columns and arches. The

latter are double, one above the other, and at first appear to need height, but that idea soon disappears. The aisles are so numerous, that, from whatever point you look, you have a radius of avenues in front. One can imagine from this, how glorious a sight it must have been on entering at the centre door, before the tasteless Chapter spoilt it, by the introduction of the incongruous choir. In the time of the Moors there were nineteen aisles, which opened into the Court of Oranges: now all but three have been built up, but the large fountain still remains in the centre, with magnificent old trees surrounding it. Many Moorish lattices still exist, and all the fire-shaped or bearded parapets upon the walls outside, which in some way resemble those around the Cathedral at Seville. There are still intact, some fine specimens of coloured tile-work, 'azulejos,' truly Moorish.

This Mosque ranked as the third, equal to the one at Jerusalem, and second only to that of Mecca. A pilgrimage to this, was held equal to that of Mecca. It was built between 961 and 967. The walls which enclose the Court are six feet thick, and from thirty to sixty feet high.

From the Mezquita we walked to the Plaza del Triomfo, in the centre of which is a tall column, crowned by a statue of St. Rafael, tutelar saint of Cordoba. The view, looking down from the parapet wall, upon the river Guadalquivir, the bridge, and the old Roman mills, is beautiful.

I was rather disgusted this morning by the *Ama* (hostess) of the Fonda de la Inglesa sending me back three 25 peseta gold pieces, saying, 'They were not gold, and would not ring.' I returned them to her, saying, 'As Señor Segovia' (Coutts's correspondent) 'gave them to us, you must go to him to change them for you.' We are told that this is a constant habit amongst the Spaniards; and now I begin to think them a most unattractive people, always excepting the superior classes. It is quite refreshing to come across an occasional Italian waiter, or chamber-maid, with their natural charm of manner.

April 24th.—This is a comfortable, clean hotel, and *cuisine*—better than at Seville.

Up early, and went again to the Mezquita for two hours. It is difficult to tear oneself away from the view of anything so extremely lovely.

We hired a carriage and horses and started with the intention of going to the Arrizafa, and the hermitage near it, on the Sierra, but found it impossible, on account of the dreadful state of the road, caused by the late rains; so we turned back, and drove to Señor Segovia's villa; and having sent in to ask permission to see the gardens, he came out himself, and begged we would go wherever we liked, ordering the gardener to gather me a large bouquet.

The villa is beautifully situated on the side of the hill, and has a fine view of Cordoba, and the plains below. In Murray's *Handbook of Spain* (a most

interesting volume, full of valuable information), at page 290, it is stated that, 'It is a charming residence for the winter and spring months,—the climate is delightful,' &c. Having seen how much protection plants require at this villa, which will live with little shelter in our southern counties and the Isle of Wight, I questioned Señor Segovia about it, and he told me, that from the end of November to the middle of February and beginning of March, the climate of Cordoba is most treacherous, and that he and all his family leave this villa at Cordoba from November to March on this account. From what I have heard in Spain, I believe Tarragona and Seville (when there are no inundations) to be the best invalid refuges in this country. The roses and orange-trees were covered with blossom, and the gardens full of nightingales.

We returned to the hotel for our second breakfast, and soon after, Hadji came to ask us, if we had not settled with him, to leave by the eight o'clock p.m. express train that evening for Madrid, as he had just heard that the express only runs on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; so we decided to leave by the mail at 2.21 p.m., and imagined that we had not much time to lose.

Madrid, April 25th.—'*Fonda de Londres, Puerta del Sol.*'—The train yesterday at Cordoba was an hour late, so we had just an hour and a half to wait at the station; and, when it did arrive, we found

that there was but one carriage, where smoking was *not* allowed, and that that one was full. We were fortunate at first in only having one very courteous man with us ; but later we had four more, who smoked during nearly all night, and whose manners were quite the reverse of courteous. In fact, I cannot discover any of the so much vaunted Spanish politeness.

We stopped at Menjibar for twenty minutes, where we had a really very good dinner. The night seemed interminable. We were nearly suffocated with smoke, as there were no ventilators ; and whenever I ventured to open the smallest chink of window, one of the four smokers immediately leant across me and pulled it up. At last the gentleman who had been our first companion protested against this, saying, that he too must have some air. It was delightful to watch the early morning moon, and the break of day, a little before five o'clock, which told us that this miserable night was coming to an end.

At half-past five o'clock we reached Madrid Station, and very cold it was. We passed an hour in driving from one hotel to another in search of rooms ; and at last got some very indifferent ones here, *au troisième*. The *Ama* told us, if we could be satisfied with these for a few hours, she would try to give us better ones ; and at twelve o'clock we moved into excellent rooms on her first floor. We saw no good rooms to be had at any of the

other fondas, which we had tried on our way to the Paz y Londres. At the Fonda de Paris, where the rooms they showed us were without a ray of sun, and looked very unattractive, they asked us 4*l.* a-day. Hadji, being a Moor, always arranged for himself.

We were very tired, but it was impossible to go to bed; so, after warm baths and *café au lait*, we went out, driving to the Museo, or Royal Picture Gallery. The Velasquezes are wonderful, and so are the Murillos, Titians, and Rafaels; though I have seen other pictures by the latter in Italy, which gave me much more pleasure than the celebrated one of 'La Perla,' so called from Philip IV. having exclaimed, when he first saw it, 'This is the pearl of my pictures!' It belonged to our Charles I., and was sold by the Puritans, with many other pictures, some of which are in this Gallery. Philip IV. paid 2000*l.* for it—an enormous sum at that time. The subject of it is a Holy Family. It is hard, and the shadows look black. It was carried off by the French, and is supposed to have been restored in Paris; but has been painted up and much spoilt. Many believe it only to have been designed by Rafael, and finished by one of his pupils. After two hours here, we were so tired that we returned to the hotel.

The Judas and horse-chestnut trees are in most lovely blossom, and strawberries abundant. The

country before arriving at Madrid is ugly and flat, and, so far, the town is disappointing; and the famous Prado, with its fountains and avenues, looks like a recently planted small Champs Elysées. The dust is terrible, in spite of water-carts being constantly employed.

In the centre of the Long Gallery in the Museo are two glass cases; one full of very fine specimens of cut crystal, and the other of various tazzas of lapis lazuli, agate, &c., mounted and set with pearls and jewels. Amongst them is a vase made from the largest cornelian known. The enamels are also very fine. Some are said to have been made by Benvenuto Cellini. They all originally belonged to the Bourbons, and were brought to Spain by Philip V. During the invasion of the French they were rescued from falling into their hands, by having been buried in the royal stables.

During all our railway journeys there have been two gendarmes in every train, who were relieved at each stopping station. They are very clean, smart-looking men. There are 20,000 foot and 5000 mounted, and by their exertions have almost entirely put down brigandage; and it is said, that now, no considerable robbery ever remains undiscovered, which is more than we can say in England.

April 26th.—Very good beds, and a very comfortable, pretty sitting-room; but in this fonda, as almost everywhere else in Spain, Persian powder

is a necessity! I even required it on my journey from Cordoba with our smoking companions.

We began the day by going to the Atocha—the Convent which was founded for Dominicans, in 1523, by Charles the Fifth's confessor, Hurtado de Mendoza, the cruelly-bigoted priest at the siege of Granada; whom all those, who have read Lord Lytton's *Siege of Granada*, will remember. Since that time, the chapel has been rebuilt, and is an ugly, white-washed edifice, with some rather richly decorated chapels. In one of these is a very handsome metal tomb, erected to the memory of General Prim; in another, a monument to Castaños, Duca de Bailen, who defeated the French at that place; besides those of Palafox, who defended Zaragoza, and General Concha, Marques del Duero, who has an elaborate monument in, I think, very bad taste—a mixture of marble, steel armour, &c.

Over the high altar is the celebrated image of the Virgin. She ranks in holiness as third in Spain, only surpassed by the Virgins of Zaragoza and Guadalupe. There is no end to the miracles said to have been performed by this wonderfully ugly little Virgin, who has become quite black with age, dirt, and smoke. She wears a golden crown, and gold-brocaded dress over a hoop. She has a Mistress of the Robes and Ladies in Waiting. All the Royal Family are married here, and the wedding dresses become the perquisite of this Virgin. We were

afterwards shown the wardrobes, containing all the dresses. The handsomest was that of Charles V.; and perhaps one of the least so, that of the present Queen, Cristina Maria, of apple-green satin, embroidered in gold, of which the gold flowers are already frayed out. The dress, in which Queen Isabella was stabbed, is here, having been presented to the Virgin, as a thank-offering for her escape. It was of silver brocade, and the cut of the knife is in it.

The *custode* pointed out to us, in one of the chapels, a most extraordinary picture, representing the Virgin looking down from a cloud; whilst below, after the manner of Rafael's 'Transfiguration,' were kneeling figures, of the ex-Queen Isabella, in a royal crimson velvet mantle, holding the hand of the little Prince of the Asturias (the present king), on one side, and near her the Archbishop of Toledo, the head of the Church in Spain, and on her right is her husband—Francisco d'Assis—and the little Princess Marie Isabel, all *en grande tenue*. On State occasions the bareness and whitewash of the chapel are entirely hidden by *colgaduras* (hangings) of the richest velvets and brocades. There was a flag on one side of the altar, taken by Cortez from the Mexicans, and a mass of others—trophies of Spanish victories. The King and Queen go to the Atocha for the 'Salve' at four o'clock every Saturday.

We came home for our twelve-o'clock breakfast, and then drove to the Royal Stables, which are very

handsome, large, high, and airy—‘La real Cochera y las Caballerizas.’ There are six separate stables, each built like an aisle, with columns. Of these we only went through four, which contained all the King’s riding-horses, four ponies belonging to Princess Marie Isabel, his sister, which she drives herself, and eight beautiful ponies used for riding and driving by the King, Queen, and Royal Baby. One delightful little fellow, really beautiful, who ate sugar out of my hand; another, a black Segovian pony, with the most wonderful mane and tail, with tufts of hair at his heels—the hair standing up in every direction, which would make up a dozen ordinary manes and tails—quite the most extraordinary pony that I ever met with. He is always sent on in front, to act as out-rider. These two were called ‘Mona’ and ‘Rizo.’ The King’s two favourite riding-horses are English—‘Emperador’ and ‘Afortunado,’ the latter a remarkably handsome horse, of the finest dark chestnut possible. The King was riding him when he was so mercifully preserved from a bullet which was fired at him. The King’s and Queen’s own riding-horses only were in loose boxes, all the others stood in bales. We then went to the principal carriage-horse stable, of which there were two or three pair of English, all the rest were German and Spanish. The six stables contained 270 horses, ponies, and mules. The latter are some of the finest animals in the world, standing 17 and 18 hands high, with coats

like thoroughbred horses. When the Royal family move in their heavy travelling carriages, they are always drawn by six or eight of these powerful mules. They then have to ascend mountain roads, as to 'La Granja,' and other royal summer residences.

The carriages, of which there is an enormous quantity, are well worth seeing. The State carriages of the present time are much like those used in England, but there was nothing to be compared in magnificence to our Queen's State coach. Those of Charles IV. and Philip II., and one carved entirely in ebony, above 200 years old, were very remarkable ; especially the last, which was intended to be used for mourning for a king or queen, but has chiefly served as a hearse, and is always used in the great procession in May of the 'Fête Dieu.' The young King went in it to the funeral of the poor little Queen Mercedes, his wife of one year. They say it is the first carriage 'that went over a Spanish road.' The designs, carved upon the panels, are in most exquisite taste ; and seated upon the bar, into which the pole is fitted, carved in solid ebony, was an owl, supported by two angels. Old as this carriage is, its preservation is as perfect as if it had been made yesterday. Two of the State carriages had been presented to Ferdinand VII. by Napoleon I., who recouped himself for this piece of liberality by taking possession of his country and crown !

Upstairs was a gallery full of all the State uniforms

for the servants and grooms (inclosed in glass cases)—saddles, bridles, and saddle-cloths in velvet, satin, and cloth, embroidered with the Royal coat-of-arms, used for gala-days of every kind, bull-fights included; plain saddles, even to the child's first one, and panniers for ponies and donkeys. In contrast to all this magnificence were the dresses of the grooms at work! We waited for one to go round his stable with us while he put on his shoes! The rest of his costume was a loose smock-frock and trowsers in blue striped linen, and a sort of forage-cap. They only required to substitute for this a white nightcap, and a pair of *sabots*, to exactly resemble the old hostlers in the posting-days of my youth in France and Italy. The stables are built round two very handsome square gardens, now a mass of roses and other flowers.

We drove from this to the Museo on the Prado. This, to me, is the most fascinating gallery in the world. The more I look at Titian's exquisite picture of the lovely young Empress, Doña Isabel of Portugal, wife of Charles V., the more lovely it becomes. She was only twenty-four when it was painted.

April 27th (Wednesday).—Up at six o'clock, and left Madrid by the 7.50 train for 'El Escorial.' Rather a fresh but fine morning. The Sierra de Guadarrama looked beautiful covered with snow. Galapagar is seen in the distance, where the Royal dead rest on the way to their last earthly home. On these occasions a great officer of State, standing by the coffin,

demands 'Whether his Majesty will please to move on?' At the Escorial station, we got into the Miranda Hotel omnibus, and soon arrived there, and walked on to the Palace, or former Monastery, dedicated to San Lorenzo. It is a wonderful pile of buildings, and full of historic interest. It was built by Philip II., whose second wife was our (bloody) Queen Mary. He hated Madrid, and determined to live entirely in retirement; and in the Escorial, combined under one roof, a palace, convent, temple, museum, treasury, and tomb-house. He was called by the monks 'El Prudente,' and the holy founder, 'El Escorialense.' His father, Charles V., had desired that he would build a royal mausoleum, and with that view he commenced this fine building in obedience to the paternal wish.

We began by seeing the Palace, the rooms of which are very comfortable-looking. The reception-rooms formerly were full of good pictures, but now they are all removed to the Museo in Madrid, and in their place is Spanish tapestry—all good; but that, which is made in the French style is by far the best, as the Spanish tapestry has the border made separately and joined on afterwards. The subjects are chiefly from Teniers' and Goya's pictures. On my observing that some of it was Gobelin, the official assured me that it was all made at Madrid during the last century. The furniture is all of the time of the Empire, which has no grace of form. Four small rooms are quite

beautiful; the walls of three out of the four are covered with primrose-coloured silk, and panelled with broad borders of embroidery, done by the hand, in silks on white satin,—some in arabesque patterns, some in flowers—the perfection of work, both in drawing and colouring. The fourth and smallest room is entirely panelled with white silk, the furniture being covered with the same. The whole of the white ground is worked in wreaths of ivy, the stalks in gold and leaves in green silks. The borders of flowers forming the panels are, as the whole is, exquisite specimens of needlework. The doors, window-frames, shutters, and dados, of these four rooms, are of the finest marqueterie, with gilt and steel fittings of most unusual beauty. All the latter were made in the Escorial. The ceilings were painted by Maella, but I did not admire them. It is said that these rooms cost 280,000*l*. There is a very fine piece of ‘Buen Retiro’ porcelain here, representing a hunting scene, with the figures of Charles IV. and Maria Luisa. In a long gallery, called the ‘Sala de las Batallas,’ is a curious fresco of the battle of La Hiqueruela, fought in 1431, when the Moors were defeated by the Spaniards under John II. The costumes are very curious, and Hadji was quite excited in examining them. Hence we passed into the room in which Ferdinand VII. was born, and on, through others, to the Queen’s oratory. Lastly, we came to the humble rooms which were occupied by

Philip II. In his sitting-room are preserved the furniture that he used—curious old chairs, and tables, and inkstand, &c.—bare and uncomfortable. From here, fifty-three days before his death, he was carried into the little marble-lined room, which overlooks the beautiful church, in order that he might hear and join in the services, and that his last look might rest on the altar, and statue of his father. Philip had a long, lingering death, giving himself up to penance and painful self-inflicted suffering: and, history says, ‘Was haunted by doubts, whether his bloody bigotry was not, after all, a damning sin.’

The church is beautiful—so handsome and grandly simple, nothing tawdry or over-gilded, as in most of the Spanish churches (which were not mosques). It has three naves, is 320 feet long, 230 feet wide, and 320 feet high to the top of the cupola. The reredos, or ‘retablo,’ as it is called in Spain, is very fine; and the screen, 93 feet high by 43 feet wide, employed the artist, Giacono Trizzo, of Milan, seven years. The ‘relicario’ was wonderfully rich in gold and silver vessels of every kind, and jewels, collected by Philip, who was a maniac on that subject. General la Houssaye and his soldiers carried off fourteen cartloads! On the north and south sides of the altar are small, low chambers, or oratories, of black marble, for the use of the Royal family, whilst above them are placed, on either side, two groups of statues in gilt bronze, kneeling and facing the altar. On one side,

are those of Charles V., Isabel his wife, his daughter Maria, who became a nun, and his sisters, Eleanor and Maria. On the other side are those of Philip II., Anna his fourth wife (mother of Philip III.), Isabel his third wife, and Maria his first, at whose side is her son Carlos. They are all portraits, and in the costume of the period, and are very curious. In one of the small side-chapels is deposited the body of the poor young Queen Mercedes, who died little more than two years ago.

We now descended into the Royal Tomb-house, or 'Panteon,' which is exactly under the high altar, in order that the celebrant, when he raises the Host, may do so exactly over the dead below. It is an octagonal domed building, lined with marbles, as are the walls of the staircase by which you descend to it. It is 36 feet in diameter and 38 feet high. There are four deep niches on each of the eight sides, in which are four black marble sarcophagi, ornamented with gilt bronze, each having a shield on it for the name of the occupant. These are called in Spanish, 'Urnas.' The kings are placed on one side, and the queens on another. Many of the urnas are awaiting future sovereigns. None but reigning sovereigns, or mothers of kings or queens, can be buried, or rather placed, in this 'Panteon.'

We reascended to the church, and went up into the choir, which is above, and singularly placed, looking down upon the church, so that there is nothing

to interfere with the glorious perspective of this magnificent and finely proportioned building. It is called the 'Coro Alto.' The stalls are richly carved in seven different sorts of wood, and we were shown the one in which Philip II. was accustomed to sit amongst his brother monks, and where the news of the victory of Lepanto was brought to him. It has a lectern ('Facistol') of enormous size, which weighs 650 kilos, yet it turns with the slightest touch. The choir is lighted by a chandelier of crystal de roche, the sconces being upheld by four peacocks, life size, also of cut crystal. It was made at Milan, and is very fine as a work of art, but quite out of character in a church.

Next we went into one of the monks' cells, which has not been appropriated to the College, for which the convent is now used. It looked most cheerful and comfortable, with an alcoba for a bed, and another for a library. The kitchen shows, that the monks did not despise the creature comforts which God had given them. The Library is a magnificent room, both as to size, height, and decoration, and contains some interesting pictures, especially of Herrera, the architect of the Escorial, and Arias Montano, the librarian; an excellent portrait of Philip II. when old, of Charles V. in armour, and of the two silly kings, Philip III. and Charles II., the latter when a boy. The books all have their edges placed outwards, instead of the backs, having been originally arranged so by Montano, who considered that they were not made for 'vulgar

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use and reading.' The vaulted ceiling is painted in too vivid colours, and the frescos, in the Pompeian style, are introduced over the bookcases in doubtful taste. The illuminated missals and manuscripts are exquisitely beautiful, especially those of the fourteenth century. There are some fine ones of the Koran by the Moors; a Prayer-book of Queen Isabel, 'la Catolica,' which is very interesting: she always carried it in front of her saddle during the siege of Granada.

The Sacristia is a beautiful room of 108 feet long by 23 feet wide. There is a very curious picture here by Claudio Coello. It represents the story of the miraculous wafer, which is said to have bled when trampled upon by Zuinglian heretics at Gorcum, in Holland. The portraits are those of the Prior Santos (the historian of the Escorial), Charles II., and the Dukes of Medina Celi and Pastrana, with priests and monks, &c., behind them. The perspective is excellent. This picture is removed every 29th of September and 28th of October, when the wafer is exhibited in its place for adoration. There are three curious small looking-glasses in this room, with frames of crystal de roche.

The *patios* (courts) are numerous, and the views from the palace windows into them, and the beautifully kept gardens, are delightful. The latter are entirely of box and gravel, with fountains. The box is chiefly laid out in the forms of the Spanish coats of

arms, and excellently clipped ; the outer lines are trained up above the flat hedges, and cut into the shapes of spikes and balls. The Patio de los Evangelistico is very pretty. The centre has a fountain, surmounted by a dome, and at the angles stands a statue of the four Evangelists. In front of each is an angular stone basin of water, the remainder of the *patio* being filled with gravel-walks and patterns in clipped box. In these basins the pilgrims' feet are washed every Easter Eve.

There are three rooms of pictures downstairs, called the 'Salon de los Capitolos : ' all inferior, as the best have been removed to the Museo at Madrid. There is a grand staircase, with fresco paintings on the walls and ceiling.

On leaving this wonderful pile, the impression which was left upon my mind by the great church was only second to that upon leaving St. Peter's at Rome !

Very tired when we got to the hotel for our luncheon, and glad of some rest there.

On our way to the station we walked down the hill to the 'Casita del Principe de Abajo,' built in 1772 for Charles IV., when Prince. It is surrounded by woods, in which avenues are planted, radiating from a centre, and edged with lilacs, now in full bloom. The whole grove was alive with the songs of nightingales, thrushes, and blackbirds.

The Casino, which much reminded me of the

'Petit Trianon' in size, is enclosed by an iron fence, within which is a stiff box garden, with a few flowers round it, and some fine diodaras and Wellingtonias. The house is made up of diminutive rooms, exquisitely furnished, the walls being hung with hand-embroidered silk and satin. One room was entirely covered with plaques of figures and flowers in the 'Buen Retiro,' biscuit porcelain. The staircase and its walls, and the passages, were entirely of coloured marbles, and the doors were beautifully ornamented. The whole is a lovely plaything for a Prince, and just what I should like to live in myself. A table of Wedgewood coloured 'Buen Retiro' ware, in the Casita, is said to be of immense value. The present Queen has never been to the Escorial. The King and his sister have generally spent two months here each year.

The evening was lovely. With the almost cloudless blue sky above, and the snowy Sierra Guadarrama, tinted with rose-colour by the rays of the setting sun, bounding the horizon, the vast building of the Escorial, backed by purple mountains, looked anything but a gloomy pile; and as we sat listening to the nightingales amongst the sweet flowers of the lilacs, we wished that we could spend the summer on these mountains.

We had a walk from the Casita of five minutes to the railway station, and got home by eight o'clock, after a very enjoyable, but most fatiguing, day. We went to, and from the station, in an omnibus drawn by

two horses in the shafts, and four horses abreast, as leaders.

April 28th.—We set off on foot before ten o'clock to the Museo, believing that the armoury was in the same building, but, rather to our dismay, we found it was attached to the king's palace, on the other side of the town. As we left, we saw an *affiche* of a 'Panorama of Tetuan,' and went in to see it, and found it exceedingly well painted. It represented the battle which occurred twenty years ago between the Moors and Spaniards, when, after the Sultan's death, his two sons both claimed the succession to the throne, and the Spaniards came to the assistance of the lawful heir. The second son was the child of a negro woman, and the Arabs refused to accept him as their sovereign. The eldest, after passing four months at Madrid, was placed on the throne of Morocco. Both brothers are now dead.

In the afternoon we went to the British Consulate, and saw Mr. Macpherson, and found some letters ; and then again to the Museo for the whole afternoon. We again lingered over Titian's exquisite portrait of the 'Empress Doña Isabel of Portugal.' The minute details of dress and jewels are wonderfully painted. Amongst the pictures that interested me most were the equestrian portrait of 'Charles V.,' by Titian, said to be the finest picture he ever painted ; the 'Conde-Duque de Olivares ;' 'Conde de Benevento in Armour,' by Velasquez ; 'Bloody Mary of England,' by Moro

(Antony Moore), who was sent over to England by the Emperor Charles V. to paint this picture before her marriage with his son, afterwards Philip II. ; 'David Rycknert ;' 'Henry, Count de Berg :' 'Earl of Bristol,' Ambassador from Charles I. to the Court of Spain, with Vandyke as his Secretary,—all by Vandyke; the young 'Prince Balthazar,' son of Philip IV., looking as if he would ride away out of the picture, by Velasquez. This picture is quite worth the fatigue of a journey from England, without any other attraction here. Many valuable pictures here were sold by the Republicans of England after the execution of Charles I., amongst them the celebrated 'Salomé,' by Titian.

We walked through the Botanical Gardens, which are on a large scale, but have no beauty. I should think the Madrid climate, of alternate great cold and heat, must be fatal to plants. The *Fraxinus Pornus*, labelled *Fresno florifera Europa*, is in full bloom, and would probably do well in England. The flowers of the lilacs look dried up with the wind and sun, and the greenhouses are miserably filled ; yet the flowers for sale in the streets are beautiful, especially carnations—even at a 'Show' I have never seen any as fine. The colours vary from white to deep yellow, and from pale pink to the richest reds and crimsons, and their scent is that of the most highly-perfumed clove. They are so cheap, that for half a real you may select the best flower in the jug of water, in which they are carried about the streets for sale.

Royalty does not seem much more popular here than in some other parts of Europe. Bombs were again found yesterday, placed near the route which the King, when driving, had to pass over. Had the wheels gone over them, they would have exploded, and blown his carriage to pieces. He drives the Queen daily in an open phaeton, generally without any escort, and endeavours in every way to please and show confidence in his people ; but those of the south of Spain seem to me to be devoid of either loyalty or religion. The Spaniards do not like their Austrian Queen, and she finds it impossible to please the ladies especially, with her natural manners. This, a Spanish gentleman told me, adding, '*They speak* with their eyes, and fans, at every moment, while *she* only uses her gentle voice.' The strawberries are most abundant here, and excellent with the juice of an orange squeezed over them. They chiefly come from the mountains around Aranjuez.

April 29th.—By our Consul's advice, went to the Palace to see the royal armoury, and the church of San Francisco el Guarde. At the first, the arms were being packed to send to England for exhibition, and the armoury itself was under repair. The church we saw, but full of scaffolding and dust, also under repair. Saw the troops parading for guard-mounting in the great palace square, and the King and Queen and the royal baby were at the windows. A very good band was playing the whole time.

On our way home we went into a shop to see the 'Eibar' work, which is the process of inlaying iron with gold and silver. It is really an inferior imitation of the Tetuan work. The iron is stamped with a pattern, and then gold and silver threads are hammered in. The Moorish work is far more solid. It is very pretty, but too expensive to tempt one to buy, and I should not think it could last. Paid our last visit to the glorious Picture Gallery, and to our especial favourites there. There were some wonderful portraits by Coello, principally of the Royal family at different ages. The details of dress, &c., are quite marvellous. Ribera, who is better known by the name of 'Spagnoletto,' or 'the Little Spaniard,' as he was called in Italy, I cannot admire: his subjects are always unpleasant, and his delight seems to have been to render them as painful and horrible as possible. One of the great charms of the pictures in this collection is, that they are full of the greatest historical interest, and not made up almost entirely of Madonnas, Magdalens, Saints, and other religious subjects, as in Italy, though they are not quite neglected here.

Soon after five o'clock we drove to the Buen Retiro, the Hyde Park of Madrid. It is extremely pretty, and beautifully kept. I have never seen such Judas-trees, either in size or in the richness of the colour of their masses of flowers. The guelder roses, too, were of gigantic size, and the lawns were green

and velvety. The Wellingtonias are in large groups, and splendidly grown ; and so are the diodaras and cypress-trees.

To me this is a most puzzling climate. The people speak of its being a common thing for a sentinel to be frozen to death at his post ; and yet many trees flourish here which would not stand the English frosts. I can only suppose that it is, first of all, from the hot sun of summer having ripened the wood thoroughly, and, secondly, from the absence of damp. All the spring flowers, roses, &c., are in full bloom at the present moment, whilst our letters from England of the 25th inst. tell us there is hardly a leaf to be seen yet, the larches alone showing a tint of colour.

The carriages and horses are very well turned out, and the Drive, which is of great width, was well kept by mounted gendarmes. The ladies' dresses were in exaggerated French fashion, which reminded me of the saying in Paris, respecting any very *outré* costume, 'that it would do very well to send to Madrid.' The old *régime* still wear the pretty mantilla, though of a smaller size, over their heads, with a fan to keep off the sun ; but plenty of smart bonnets and hats, and still smarter parasols, are to be seen, the latter with full-sized cocks, and other birds, and butterflies, on them.

Unluckily, the King and Queen did not drive out to-day, but the baby Princess of the Asturias was

there in a closed landau, seated on her nurse's lap—a pretty, healthy child, in a white satin bonnet and cloak. A lady sat opposite to her. The carriage was drawn by a very fine pair of horses, and the footman and coachman were dressed in the royal livery of blue and gold, with gold-laced hats and scarlet stockings. In front of the carriage rode an outrider, another by the side of it, and two following, in gold-laced, three-cornered cocked hats, leathers, and jacked boots.

April 30th.—Went to some shops. George gave me one of the small black lace mantillas, and some white lace, the pattern being curious of Spanish crowns and fleurs-de-lis. Busy preparing to leave Madrid to-night. Hadji brought us our three first-class tickets for the express train to Hendaye. Sent off our luggage to the station, settled our hotel bill, and, lastly, arranged with Hadji for his return *via* Cordoba and Malaga to Gibraltar and Tangier. We are very sorry to part with him, and he, I think, is equally so to leave us. George gave him an excellent recommendation, which he perfectly deserved. 'Abdaraman Absolon Hadji Mejid,' for such are his names. I advise any one going to Tangier to secure his services. He is always to be heard of at Bruzaud's Hotel.

We were pursued by beggars — (by-the-by, we never went out of our hotel without the old porter's warning 'not to have our pockets picked')—to the very last. I never was in any other country where

beggars were so universal, not excepting in the royal stables and picture galleries.

The lower classes have the worst possible manners, but money can do anything. On paying a visit, people are declared to be out, but a duro given to the porter will almost always find them at home! Even in the churches, respectably dressed people will tap you on the shoulder, asking you either to buy of them or to give them money.

Hendaye, May 1st.—Left the hotel at a quarter before four o'clock, and the station at Madrid at a quarter before five o'clock p.m. yesterday, and arrived here at 10.50 a.m. this morning, after a fatiguing journey.

After we were in the railway carriage at Madrid, yesterday, two French gentlemen came to the door to ask us, as they concluded we came from the south, whether we had heard any complaint of want of civility and comfort on board the *Ville de Tanger*, as they belonged to the Company, and they had heard that great complaints were made respecting the whole management. We told our story, and they thanked us, and assured us that all this should be remedied.

We started with a carriage to ourselves, which Hadji had put us comfortably into, and I promised the guard a liberal *mancia* if he would secure it for us, and so enable us to have a quiet night. At the Escorial Station two men (I think, Russians) got

into the carriage, much to our despair. The country from this point is lovely. We passed through large forests of pine, part belonging to the King and La Granja Palace, but the greater part, to the Duque de Medina Celi, to whom the pine-trees, treated as those are in the Landes, are a source of great riches. At Las Naras, the nearest station to the Duke's chalet, the road reaches a great height (we were told, over 4000 feet above the level of the sea); and the views over the mountains and valleys, with the pines in the foreground, and a most beautiful sunset in addition, were quite splendid.

We reached Avilior just as it began to get dark, half-past eight, and there dined—a great scramble, as only twenty minutes were allowed. To our great satisfaction, on returning to our carriage we heard our two companions tell the guard that they wished to get out at Medida at eleven o'clock, so we did not settle ourselves for the night until our arrival there, and then the guard locked the door, and promised that no one should come in. At Burgos and other places it was assailed, but in vain, and we were left in peace, although it was too hot for sleep! It had been very hot all day at Madrid, and every one was complaining of how very early the heat had set in this year. It was curious to look down the streets leading from the Puerta del Sol from our balcony, and to see them crowded with people on the shady, and not a soul on the sunny side. We let in air on both sides of

the carriage during the whole night, in spite of the dreadful dust, for which we found our dust-coats invaluable. The train was a good one, and very superior to any other, by which we have travelled south of Madrid. I believe a French Company manages this, in connexion with their own continuing line to Paris ; but above eighteen hours, with only one stoppage, is rather severe work in this heat. We were thankful to get a cup of coffee at the station here, while the luggage was being arranged for the douane. The officials were most civil, and only asked for a hat-box to be opened, while we saw other people's boxes nearly emptied. We found that the Grand Hotel no longer exists, so we came here. Very clean and most civil people.

In the afternoon we walked towards the Plage, and to Miss Probyn's Villa, Fonterabia, across the Bay, very picturesque, but the air oppressively hot. This is a quiet little village. One side of the Bay is Spain, the other is France. On the north side of Madrid the gendarmes do not travel in the train, but from two to six of them in number meet it at every station, according to the size of the town to which it belongs. A thunderstorm with heavy rain has just begun, and has already cooled the oppressive air. The Judas-trees in Spain were beautiful, and continued at intervals, with acacias and other flowering trees, all the way to Irun, as far as daylight allowed us to see. The country in parts was very ugly.

May 2 (Hôtel de France, Bordeaux).—Left Hendaye at 12.20 to-day, and arriving at Bordeaux at six o'clock, came to this comfortable hôtel.

May 3 (Hôtel Balmoral, Paris).—Another early morning, in order to leave by the eight' a.m. express. The country looking dreary and saturated with heavy rain. All the rivers much swollen. The climate became so cold, that we were glad to get out our fur cloaks, and other wraps—a great contrast to the dear sunny south, with its clear blue skies and flowers. So ends our winter expedition in search of health.

I must always cherish a grateful recollection of Tangier, not only as having, under God's blessing, by its climate, conferred this upon us, but as affording a lasting remembrance of many great kindnesses received there, when we were, as the name of Tangier truly expresses it, the

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